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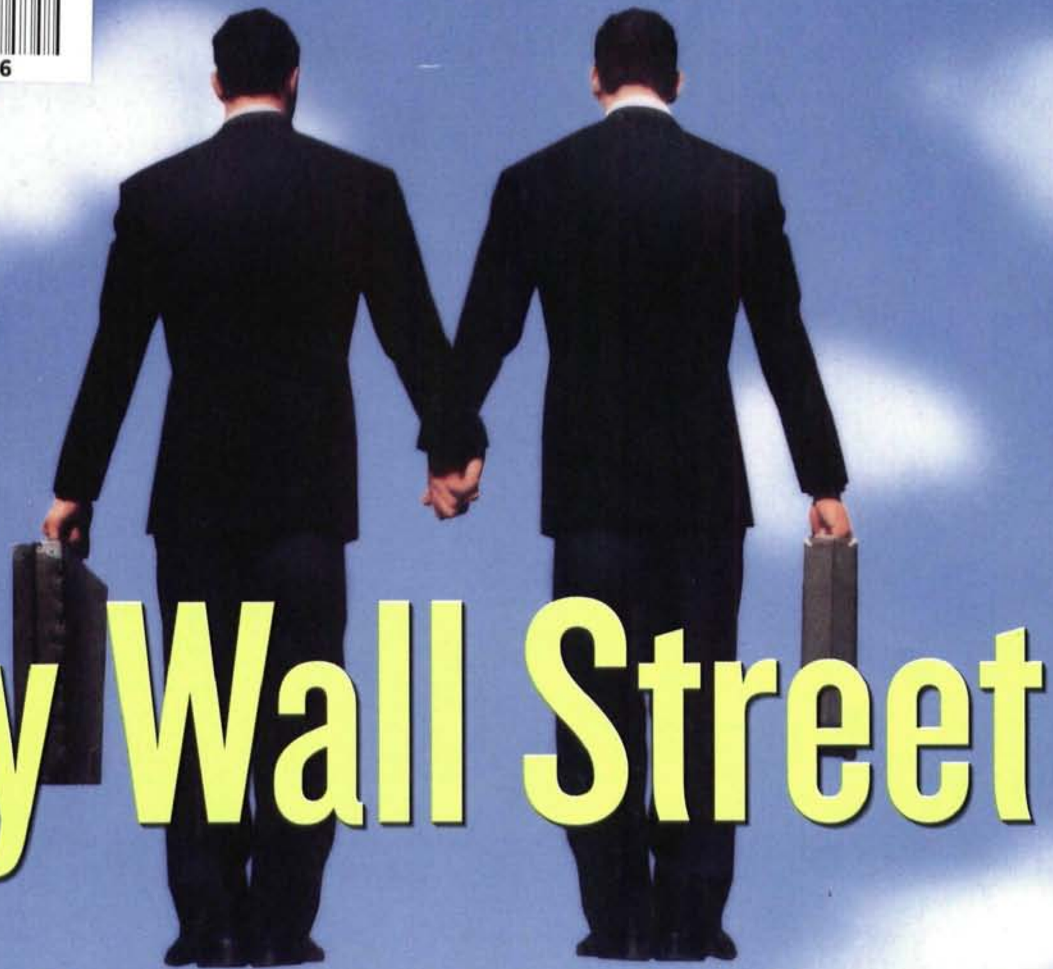
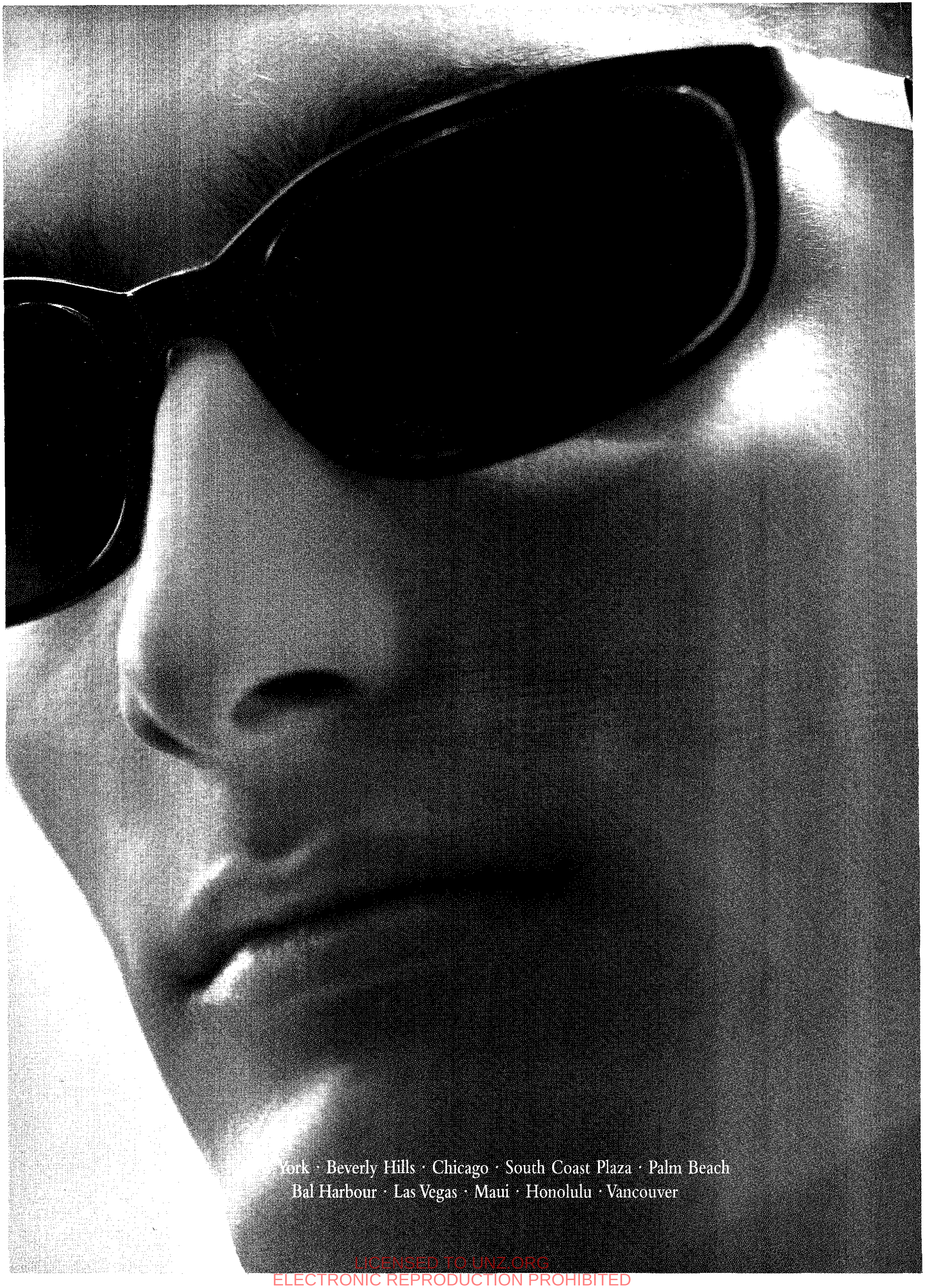


Gay Wall Street

In the financial industry, the city's last bastion of homophobia, coming out of the closet may be hazardous to your income.

By Alan Deutschman

MAR 26 1999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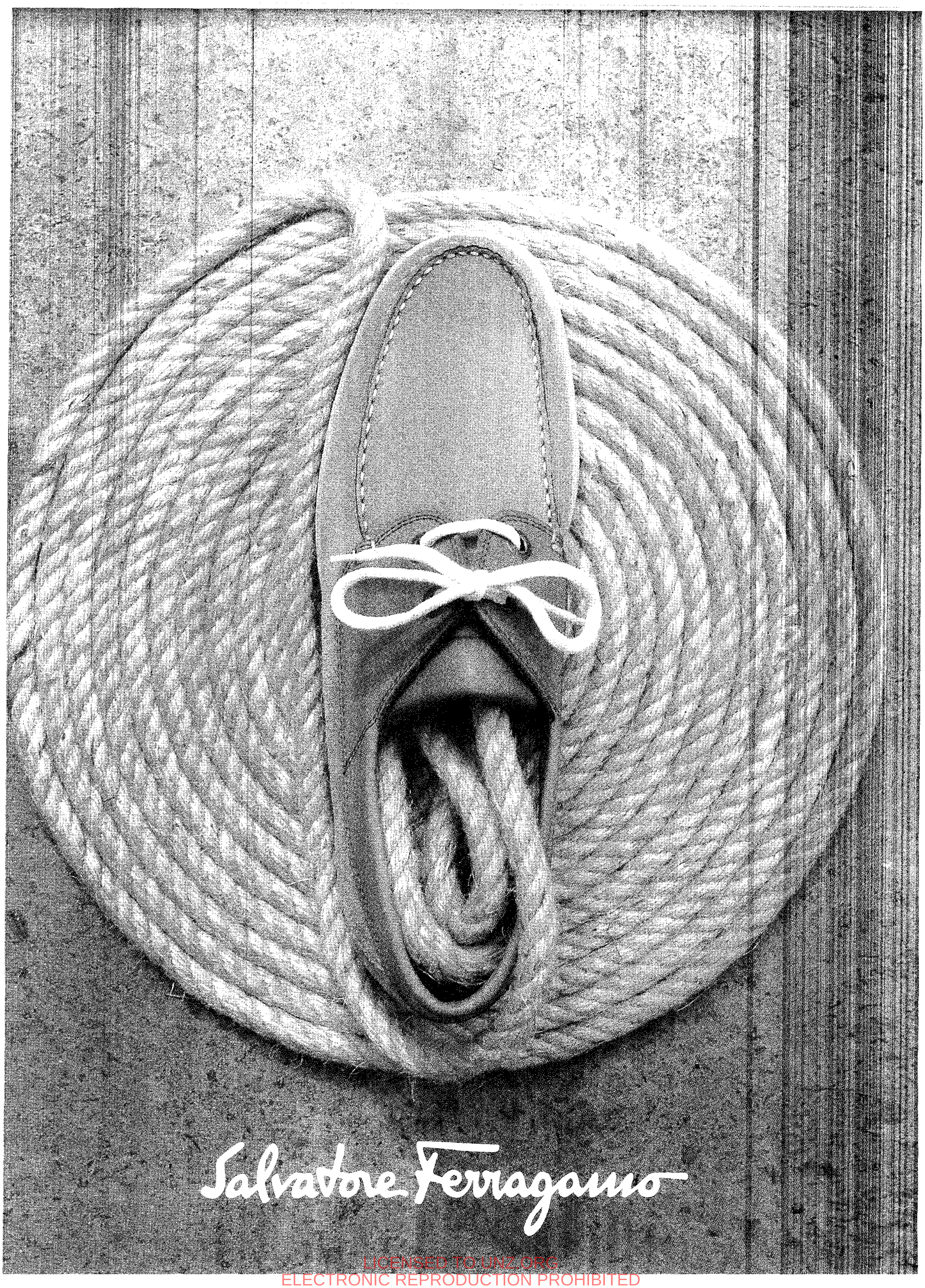
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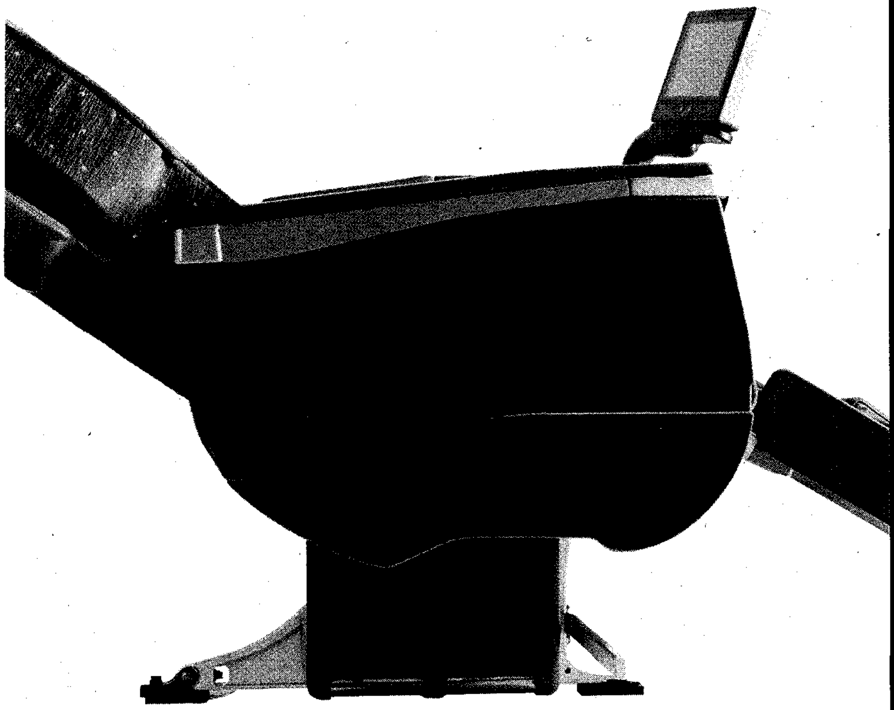

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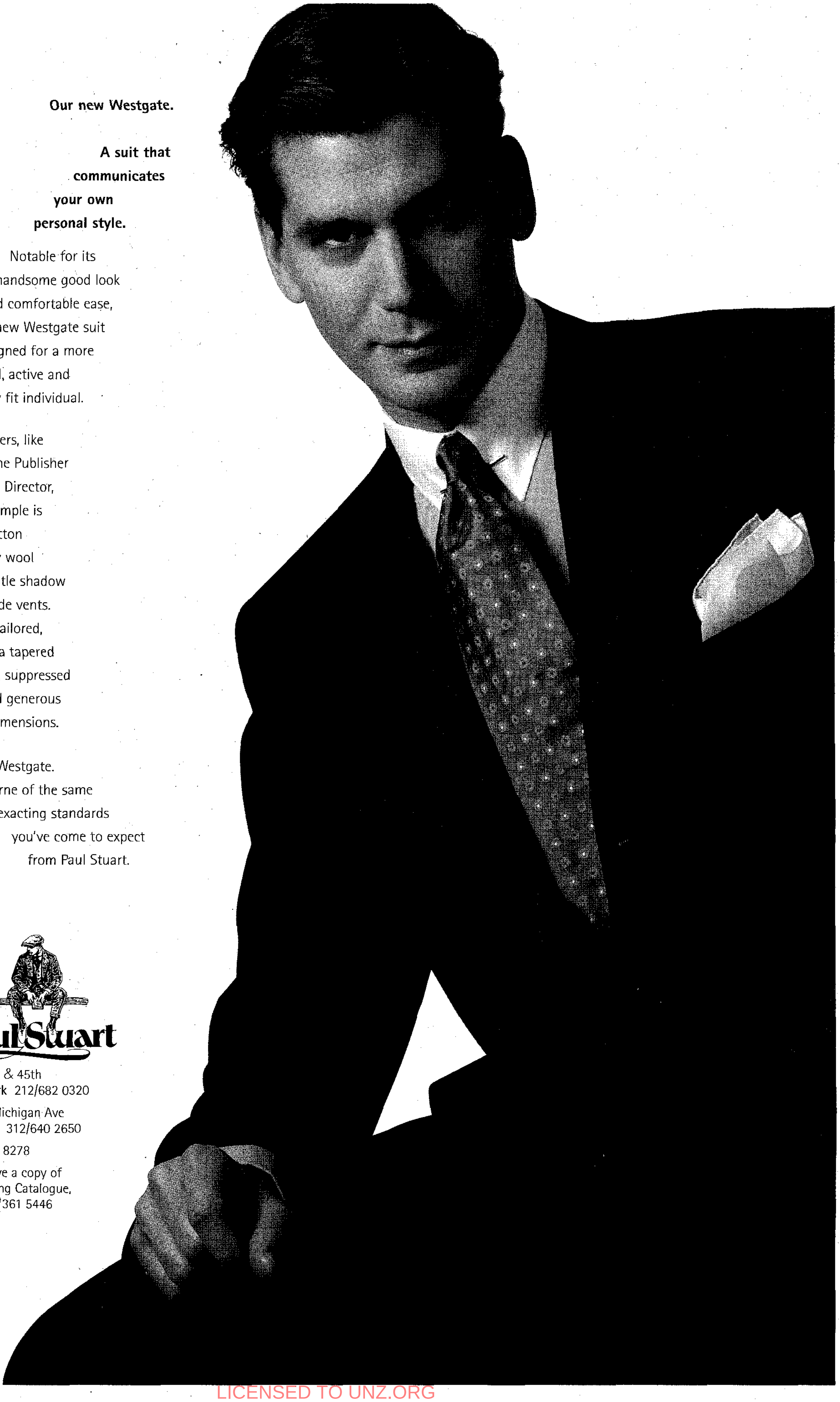

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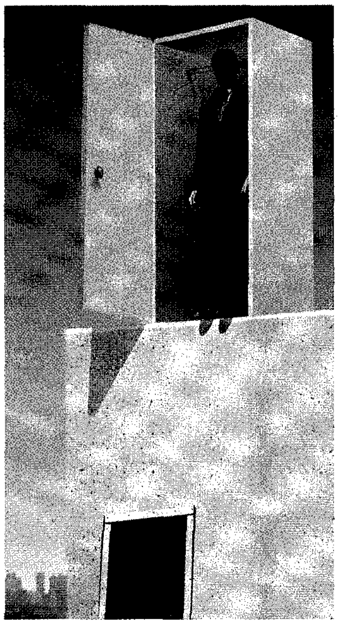

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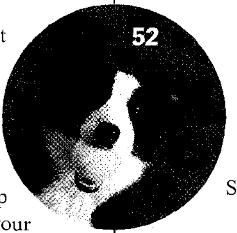

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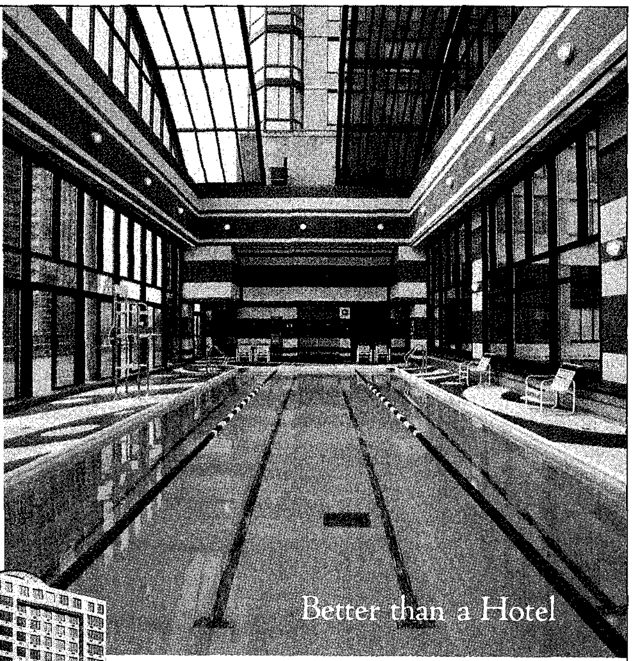

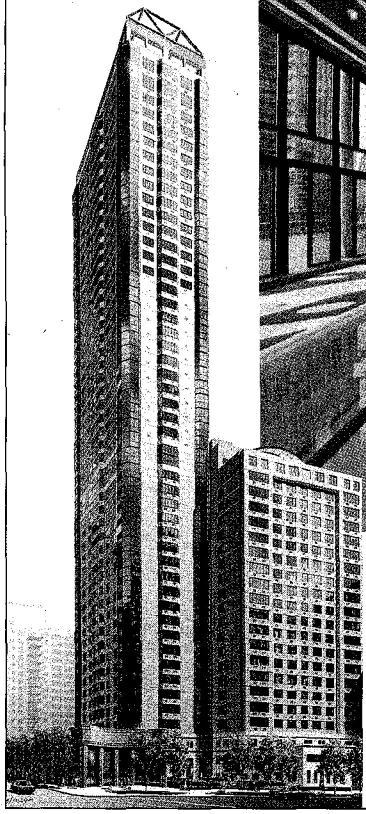

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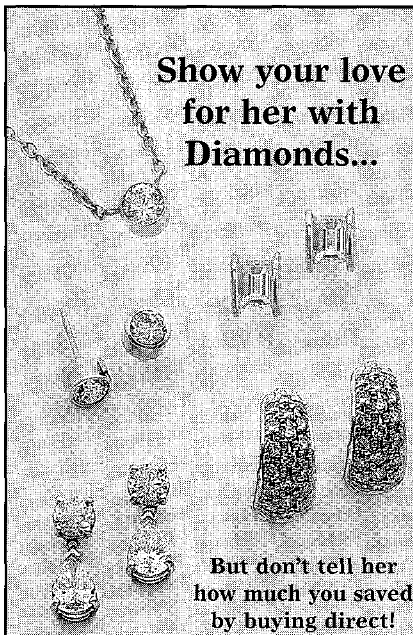

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Church Business

Greek Orthodox Americans don't just want a new archbishop—they want their own church; high praise for high fashion; Miramax bites back.

THE BITTER FEELINGS OF SOME OF THE laity and clergy of the American Greek Orthodox Church cannot be taken lightly ["Crisis in the Cathedral," by Christopher Bonanos, March 8]. However, the current crisis is not just about the shortcomings of the current archbishop. Fundamentally, it is about a widening gap of perception, and even a conflict of values, between a secularist, Protestant-influenced Americanized version of Orthodoxy and Traditional (I capitalize on purpose) Orthodoxy. Perhaps it is true that Archbishop Spyridon has sometimes acted in a heavy-handed or insensitive way. But it is also true that a small, vocal minority within the church has been totally unprepared to respect his authority and to work with him in a constructive manner. Rather, they have relentlessly and unceremoniously pursued their own agenda of turning the Holy Orthodox Church in this country into a glorified social club.

Part of the beauty of the 2,000-year-old Orthodox Christian tradition is its timelessness. Rather than quarreling bitterly in front of the neighbors, all the clergy and all the laity of the Greek Orthodox Church in America should be single-mindedly focused on finding ways to bring back to the church the very thing it was established to preserve and transmit: the Saving Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ through the workings of the Holy Spirit.

L. D. Robinson
Montclair, N.J.

A VERY DEMOCRATIC ABSENCE OF RIGIDITY is what I've always liked about the Greek Orthodox Church in the States. Mr. Catsimatidis is mistaken when he says that 97 percent of the laity support Archbishop Spyridon. GOAL (Greek Orthodox American Leaders) membership is on the increase. Traditionally, Eastern Orthodoxy is composed of national, multilingual churches that honor the patriarch of Constantinople. Some of us believe that the time is ripe for an American Orthodox Church whose leaders would be chosen without reference to their ethnic origins. Because Turkish law requires that the patriarch be a Turkish citizen, the pool of potential candidates is minuscule and getting smaller year by year. To say the least, the church is not popular in Turkey. As a result, there are those who believe the spirit of Constantinople would flourish were the patriarchate to move to another country, where it would be as free of constraint as Vatican City.

Fotine Z. Nicholas
Hampton Bays, N.Y.

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I WAS OFFENDED BY THE IDEA THAT OUR church's crisis has resulted because "Greeks love nothing so much as a good political fight." This crisis has emerged from, as Helen Bender says, the "very, very unfortunate appointment" of Archbishop Spyridon. Father Mark Arey is quoted as saying, "Nobody writes about the tremendous love for the archbishop among the younger generation in the church." I consider myself a member of the younger generation, and I certainly don't feel that way. I would love to know where John Catsimatidis came up with the idea that there is "a 97 percent approval rating on the archbishop." A 3 percent approval rating sounds more accurate to me. I would be happy with an archbishop who could share his love of the Greek Orthodox religion and be a teacher and a spiritual father to all of us. It may not be an easy task, but I don't think it's too much to ask.

Crystal S. Condakes
Manchester, Mass.

High Fashion

WHAT A GORGEOUS FASHION ISSUE [FEBRUARY 22]! Bravo, Sally Singer! The Roxanne Lowit spread was gorgeous, and the casting was just the right mix of high and low celebs that make New York (the city) great. There were some really good ideas at work—"Lawbreakers," with Lucie de la Falaise and Marlon Richards, was quite a topical brainstorm. Keep up the good work.

Mickey Boardman
Associate Editor, Paper
Manhattan

Oscar-Worthy

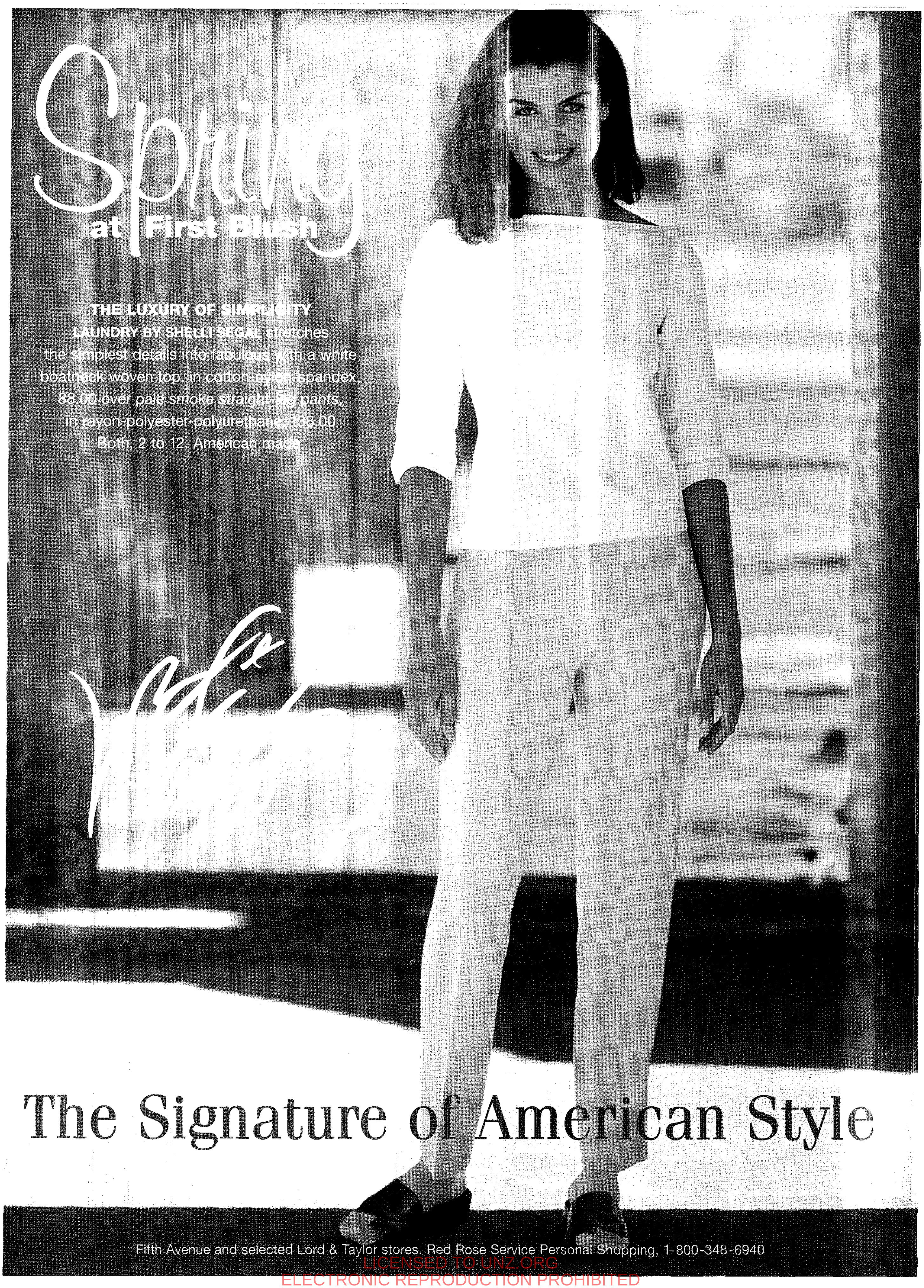
O TRUTH, TRUTH! WHEREFORE ART THOU truth? In Nikki Finke's March 15 "Hollywood" column, "Much Ado About Oscar," not a single source is on the record, and for good reason: Not a single statement is true. Our Oscar campaign came in for slightly less than $2 million. In addition, we bought consumer newspaper and spot television advertisements in New York and Los Angeles for another $1 million. All of this must be distinguished from the national ad buy that is running concurrently, which is solely designed to sell tickets. All of us at Miramax respect and admire the other nominees for Best Picture, and in no way should speaking about the strengths of our films be construed as talking down the others. At the end of the day, Academy members vote solely on the basis of achievement—period.

Marcy Granata
Executive Vice-President, Marketing & Publicity, Miramax Films
Manhattan

READING NIKKI FINKE'S COLUMN, I WAS numbed by the author's misleading and inaccurate references to me as well as to several respected motion-picture-industry executives. Moreover, I was particularly troubled by Ms. Finke's obvious biases against the film *Shakespeare in Love,* Miramax Films, that company's employees, its business practices, the Academy itself, and, lastly, me. I unequivocally deny her allegation that I "trashed" *Saving Private Ryan* or any other film to the anonymous source that Ms. Finke quotes, or to anyone else for that matter. Simply put, there is no need for me to make negative comments about *Saving Private Ryan* in order to promote *Shakespeare in Love.* Both are excellent motion pictures, and each is in competition to receive an Oscar due to the respect accorded the picture by the members of the Academy. Each is deserving of recognition, as are the other pictures nominated this year.

Tony Angellotti
Studio City, Calif.

Editor's note: New York stands by the story. ■



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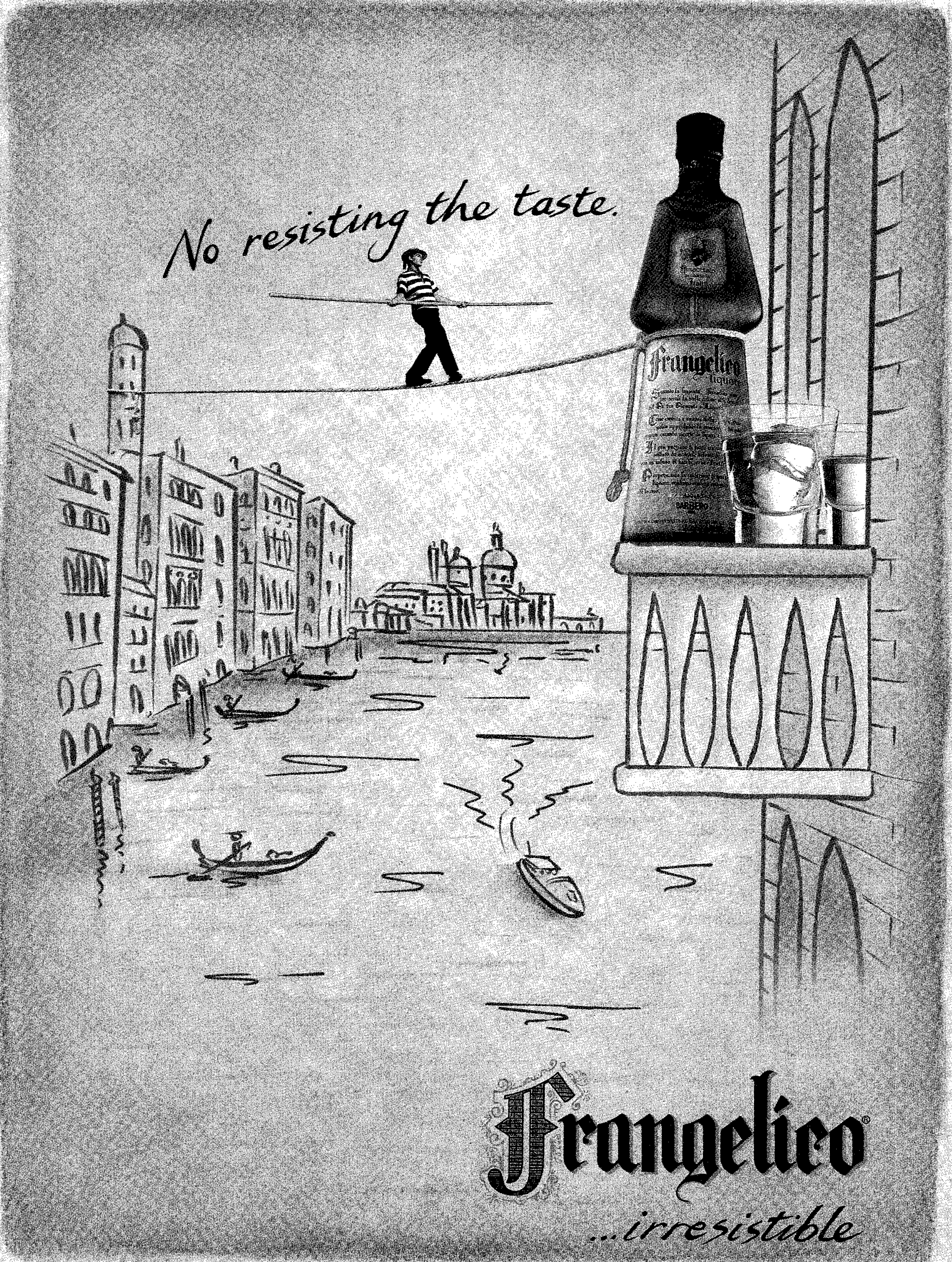
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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

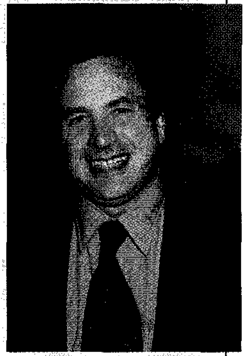
INTELLIGENCER

THE CAPITALIST TOOL HITS WALL STREET

Forbes isn't content just to keep writing about all those rich initial public offerings for Internet companies. Evidently, **Steve Forbes** wants to play, too. Word is seeping out that company execs have quietly been meeting with Wall Streeters to explore an IPO. The idea, according to one source, would be to spin off the *Forbes* Website and other Internet businesses to make a pile of cash. Last week, Forbes became the first person to announce his presidential candidacy on the Net, leading to speculation that the money could come in handy for his political campaign. A *Forbes* spokeswoman said only, "We're a private company and don't comment on rumors." But the magazine empire already knows that not everything on the Web runs smoothly. *Forbes* hired **Chris Isaak** to perform at the party for the magazine's first "Power Celebrity 100" issue—an event ballyhooed in an ad that promised "a free live Webcast" over the rocker's name. But the star had a contract that specifically prohibited advertising or broadcasting for corporate dates. "His tour manager had seen the ad," says Isaak's publicist, Liz Rosenberg. "But it was straightened out before it ever became a problem. The *Forbes* people called up and said, 'Ignore the ad. There was a miscommunication.' " Isaak played for an hour and a half for the invited guests, while the Website was reduced to running interviews with the partygoers.

STRANGERS ON A PLANE

Dick Morris knows a pretty woman when he sees one, but sometimes not well enough. On a recent flight from Austin to New York, Morris didn't realize that the perky blonde he started a conversation with was **Jane Pratt**, editor-in-chief of *Jane* magazine. Morris apparently found freedom in his airborne surroundings, telling someone during a flurry of cell-phone calls, "I'm seated safely back in coach where no one will hear me." When he then began discussing the impeachment trial with someone named Bill, Pratt, seated in front of him, thought she might be within earshot of the president. "It was not Clinton," says Morris now. "I haven't spoken to him in a year. Besides, I don't call the president Bill on the phone." The next call in the telethon was on the topic of **George Stephanopoulos**'s *All Too Human*, which Morris leafed through while announcing inaccuracies to the party on the other line. Morris says he was discussing a critique he wrote for the *National Review* that will appear this week, in which he calls the book "the most gripping tale of a man's struggle against his conscience since Albert Speer's *Inside the Third Reich.*" Pratt remained an anonymous fellow traveler even after landing and sharing a taxi with Morris. "Despite his reputation," says Pratt, "he was quite a gentleman. He gave me a ride back to my hotel and didn't try anything." Morris asserts that there were two other people in the cab with them.

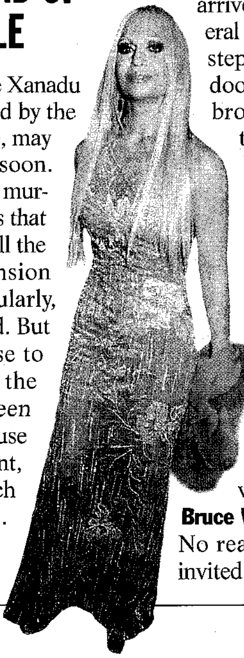


BRONFMAN'S GLASS IS HALF FULL

Just because you've paid $5.7 billion for the company doesn't mean you get to take the glasses home, as **Clarissa Bronfman** discovered last Tuesday night. Her husband, Seagram's CEO **Edgar Bronfman Jr.**, has been stuck with troubled Universal studios for all the billions he's spent in Hollywood so far, but such folks as director **Ron Howard**, producer **Brian Grazer**, and stars **Matthew McConaughey**, **Jenna Elfman**, **Elizabeth Hurley**, **Ellen DeGeneres**, and **Woody Harrelson** came out for the premiere of Universal's *EDtv*. While the Bronfmans were waiting for their limo after the event, a security guard noticed that Clarissa still had a drink in her hand. Not recognizing the boss's wife, he walked up to her and demanded the glass back, according to a well-placed West Coast source. "Clarissa, to her credit, didn't cause a fuss. She didn't do one of those 'Do you know who I am?' or 'You won't have a job here tomorrow' speeches," the source says. "She just very meekly handed him the drink." Even though, quips the source, "it's her liquor in more ways than one." Well, not in that glass. Clarissa, who is pregnant with the couple's fourth child, was drinking water.

ANOTHER KIND OF VERSACE SALE

Casa Casuarina, the Xanadu by the beach created by the late Gianni Versace, may be on the market soon. Since the designer's murder in 1997, rumors that his family would sell the Miami Beach mansion have surfaced regularly, always to be denied. But now a source close to the situation says the decision has been made to list the house quietly with an agent, perhaps for as much as $30 million. "Plans are under way to sell this house, but I don't know exactly when," says the source. The sixteen-bedroom pleasure palace, which was restored and decorated exquisitely, is the only home on a busy commercial strip, making it a hard sell for your typically reclusive billionaire. **Donatella Versace** and her brother **Santo** stayed in the casa last week for the first time since the tragedy. As soon as she arrived, Donatella put several dozen red roses on the steps leading to the front door, the spot where her brother died, according to a Miami source. Versace's spokesman insists that the house isn't for sale: "Donatella and Santo are at the house and enjoying it tremendously." Last Thursday night, the Versaces hosted a dinner there for Miami's Museum of Contemporary Art with **Anna Wintour**, **Bruce Weber**, and **Kate Moss**. No real-estate agents were invited.



Photographs: clockwise from top, Robin Platzer/Twin Images; Barry King/Gamma Liaison; Gregory Pace/Sygma.

CAN WE TALK? WELL, NO, ACTUALLY.

The feud between freelance fashion critic **Joan Rivers** and the style editor of *The New York Times Magazine,* **Amy Spindler**, isn't over yet. Spindler threw the first barb by dissing Rivers's Oscar coverage in the current *W,* a skirmish that was duly reported in the *Post's* "Page Six." The comedian responded by giving out the *Times's* phone number on her radio show. "I said, 'Call her—or call her editor, even better,' " says Rivers. "Why should I be the only one to say we don't like the fashion section of the *Times Magazine*?" But Spindler says she only got one "very long and very funny" message from Rivers and ten others—four con and six pro. "Believe me, I had no intention of starting a *guerre,*" she says, laughing. But she's not waving the white flag either: "Joe McCarthy was really upset when Edward R. Murrow spoke out about him for the first time, too, so I can understand Joan Rivers's being upset." Rivers reports that publicist **Nadine Johnson** (wife of Richard, of "Page Six") has offered to broker a peace between the two. "I'm dying to meet [Spindler]," says Rivers. "I want to see if she can wear a pink thing with a safety pin, which is what she featured last week. I have a feeling she's one of those all-in-black ladies." Retorts Spindler: "She told everyone she did windows at B. Altman, so I could ask her if she used Windex when she did the windows." Maybe there's still time to take up a collection toward a flak jacket for would-be mediator Johnson.

ZUKERMAN UNBOUND IN COURT

Violinist **Pinchas Zukerman** is playing a sad tune in Manhattan Supreme Court. He filed for divorce in December from his wife of thirteen years, actress **Tuesday Weld**. The musician is clearly aggrieved over his soon-to-be-ex's lack of interest in his profession, according to a courtroom source. His court papers quote her as saying, "Why do I need to go to another concert when I've heard the piece before?" and "I can't stand the backstage scene. I don't want to hear another note." Weld's attorney, **Norman Sheresky**, is sympathetic to his client's plight. "She did get a little tired of the same concerts all the time," he says, going on to dismiss the complaint as "slim pickin's." Zukerman's attorney, **Eleanor Alter**, didn't return calls.

DOIN' THE VATICAN DRAG

Lady Bunny:
Dress-code violation

Subtle cultural differences can present any amount of difficulty to the average traveler, let alone a famous drag queen strolling through the Vatican. Downtown fixture and Wigstock founder **Lady Bunny** was ejected from the pontiff's place two weeks ago after showing up in a zebra-print cocktail dress. "It covered her down to her wrists and ankles," insists PETA director **Dan Mathews**, who was with Bunny. "She fit the dress code fine." Members of the Swiss Guard first noticed Bunny when tourists gathered around her, aiming their cameras. "The guards kept saying, 'No pictures of the signora.' Then, they realized she wasn't a signora," says Mathews. "I felt like I was on vacation with Jayne Mansfield." For Bunny, the experience wasn't all bad. "The most devilishly cute man in uniform insisted I take a picture with him, and he put his arm around me," says Bunny. "But he turned out to be a garbage man—I guess he's used to picking up trash."

DOWNSIZING AT BOARD OF ED

Some of the folks at the Board of Education are getting serious about cutting governmental fat—from their waists. Each Thursday afternoon, about 40 well-nourished staff members, including deputy chancellor **Judith Rizzo** and chief-of-staff **Lynne Savage**, have been getting a little continuing education of their own by attending Weight Watchers meetings at the Board of Ed building. "You tend to eat badly here," says **Karen Crowe**, a board spokesperson (who's lost eight pounds so far). "You skip lunches and end up eating five candy bars at the end of the day." Portly chancellor **Rudy Crew** isn't part of the group, but, says another spokesperson, "we wish he'd join. We worry about him. He is a bit . . . robust." But **Priscilla Wooton**, chair of the City Council's education committee, thinks Crew is looking quite svelte. "I had to do a double take," she says of his appearance at a recent budget hearing. "I barely recognized him." Crew was equally impressed by Wooton's reduction from a size 22 to a size 16. "Let the record reflect that the councilwoman has lost a lot of weight," he said at the hearing.

Michael Eisner:
No curtain call

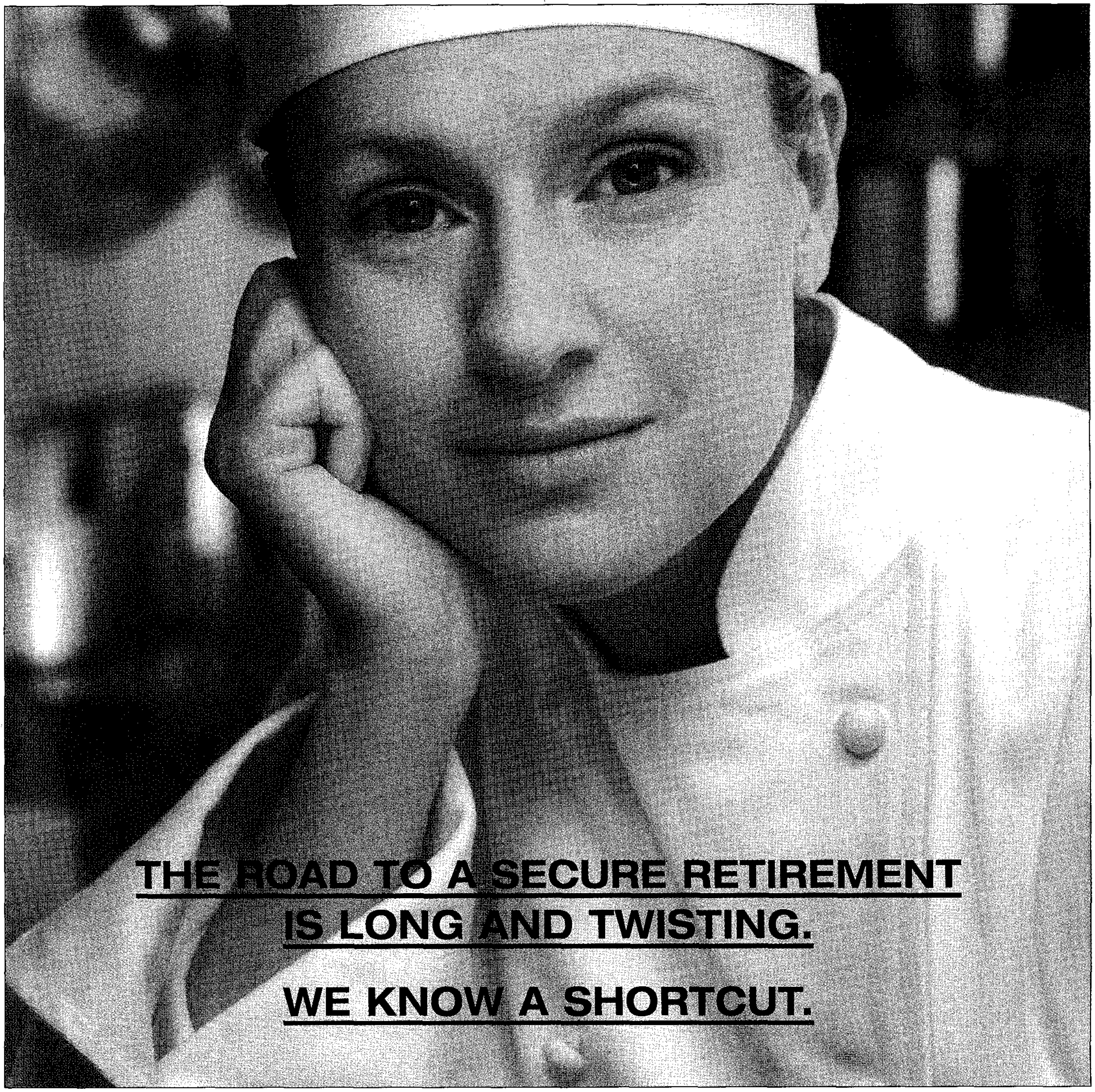
SALADINO'S PIX; EISNER'S TIX

COPY EDIT: Are the editors at *Departures* magazine fans of *House & Garden,* or do they just have similar taste? The same photo of a **John Saladino**–designed Park Avenue apartment that appeared in the February 1997 issue of *House & Garden* is serving as the cover of *Departures'* current special issue on home design. *Departures* editor-in-chief **Gary Walther** admits he was aware of its prior appearance, but says, "We didn't really use it on a story on [Saladino]. It was just an example of the taste level and style that the issue was about." *House & Garden's* publisher, **Lisa Hughes**, says, "Reruns on the cover? This is a *Departure* from journalism."

MATINEE IDLE: Among those who lost out on seeing *Death of a Salesman* when **Brian Dennehy** took ill was **Michael Eisner**. The head of Disney and his family showed up for a Sunday matinee in casual chic, mogul-style: sportswear and a four-wheel-drive complete with chauffeur. The driver was still there to whisk them away when the chief Mouseketeer and his brood discovered that the performance had been canceled. Dennehy was back on the boards last Wednesday, though not before **John Lithgow** and **Al Roker** also had to reschedule plans to see the play.

Additional reporting by Ian Spiegelman.

Photographs: left, Gregory Pace/Sygma; right, Robin Platzer/Twin Images.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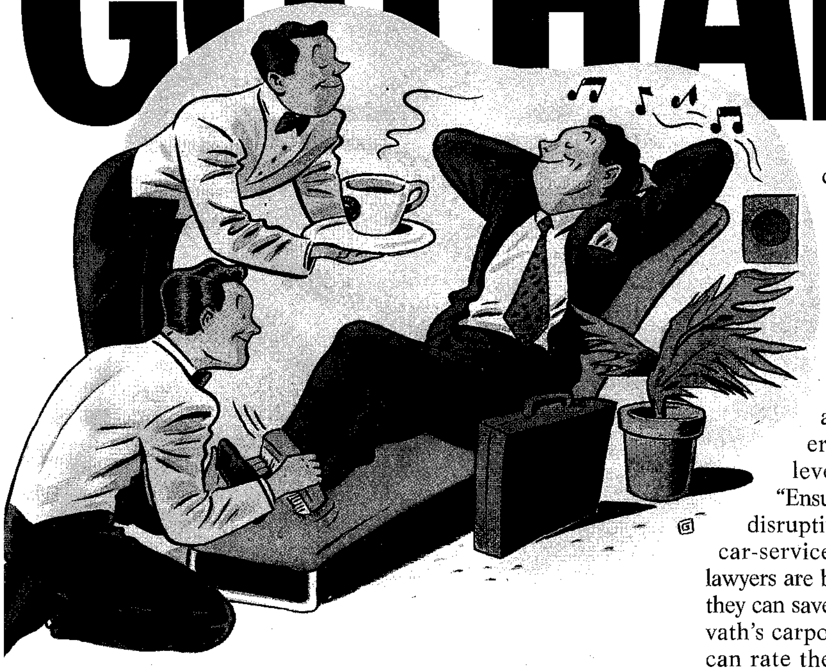
GOTHAM



Shiny, Happy Lawyers

Cravath gets all warm and fuzzy.

> *"Our customers are Cravath's clients, attorneys and each other worldwide! When we serve all customers well, our own success follows. . . . We are the legal industry's equivalent of a '5-star' hotel."*
>
> —from an internal "Administrative Staff Service Principles" memo

LAWYERS AT THE VENERABLE law firm of Cravath, Swaine & Moore have suddenly found themselves in the midst of a social experiment of sorts. Robert Joffe, the presiding partner who took over the firm's leadership in January, is trying to improve office life by viewing Cravath lawyers as customers of the firm's services. It didn't take Joffe long to hear grumbling from the ranks—complaints, for instance, about bad coffee, car-service delays, and a less-than-swift fax-delivery system. If Cravath were more like Kinko's, with a chirpy, efficient staff making copies, or like Starbucks, with *baristas* providing a constant flow of tasty, fresh, hot drinks, wouldn't the high-stress law firm be a better place to work?

Joffe believes that "lawyers who are not grouchy and unhappy will serve their own clients"—which at Cravath include IBM, Time Warner, and DreamWorks—"with more enthusiasm." He was inspired, he says, by an early camp-counselor job, where he noticed that "the staff were unaware that the purpose of camp is to make life better for the campers."

Last fall, Joffe circulated a 27-page survey that asked Cravath's approximately 400 lawyers to rate numerous aspects of life at the firm—"the attractiveness of food presentation" in the cafeteria and pantries, the "helpfulness" of the security staff, the "timeliness" and "reliability" of the mailroom guys, and so on. The results have been tallied, and phase one of the Cravath response is being instituted.

Cravath lawyers now get to drink an unlimited amount of Starbucks coffee in the cafeteria, according to an earnest internal "Action/Benefit" memo. For those who want to freshen their drinks without taking the elevator, additional ice machines are being installed throughout the firm. The volume of the paging system, meanwhile, is being adjusted to "a moderate, comfortable level." (The benefit? "Ensures audible yet nondisruptive pages.") On the car-service front, exhausted lawyers are being reminded that they can save time by using Cravath's carpooling option—and can rate their drivers using a handy evaluation form on their car vouchers. And Joffe also took the unusually democratic step of listing partners alphabetically—instead of by seniority—on the firm's internal directory.

A key lieutenant in Joffe's campaign to improve Cravath's quality of life is the firm's executive director, Harry Silver. Silver has added traditional marketing touches to motivate those who serve the newly coddled lawyers: After the completion of a tough computer project, for instance, Cravath's techies got commemorative T-shirts. The firm's nonlegal staff now follows a set of principles Silver wrote, including "Customer [i.e., lawyer] complaints and criticisms are good" and "We do 'whatever it takes' to get the job done."

"We don't want to turn our lawyers into little princes and princesses," says Joffe. "We just want to get rid of those things that impede their performance." Indeed, it turns out that Cravath's high-performance lawyers have proven surprisingly easy to please. "A lot of people's lives have changed," says one associate. "It makes a big difference that there is a plastic spoon on every floor if you're too busy to go to the cafeteria." SHERRIE NACHMAN

N.Y.P.D.Q.

How often do the police get their man?

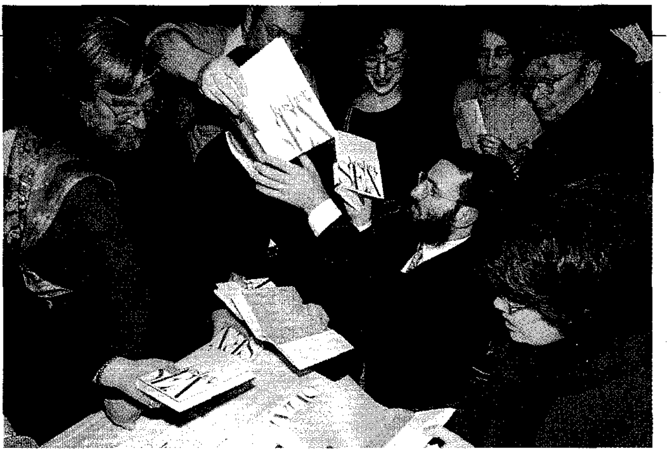
The recent stabbing death of Amy Watkins in Brooklyn was one of those high-profile murders (like Jonathan Levin's; see next page) that the tabloids swarm over, with coverage almost invariably tailored to inspire panic—*the suspect is still at large; you could be next.* NYPD detectives, of course, also swarm all over such cases. But with what results? A decade's-end homicide historiography:

- **The 1990 subway stabbing of Utah tourist Brian Watkins:** *Cops found four of eight suspects partying that night at the Roseland Ballroom. In the end, seven got 25 years to life.*
- **The 1992 murder of ex–*El Diario* editor Manuel de Dios Unanue:** *The Cali-cartel-funded hit man was sentenced to life in 1994.*
- **The 1995 murder of Maria Isabel Alves, a Madison Avenue shoe-store salesclerk whose body was found in Central Park:** *No arrests.*
- **The Zodiac killer:** *Found in 1996, six years after his first murder; that June, he shot his half-sister and engaged police in a three-hour shootout. A sergeant noticed the perp's mystic doodles and did a fingerprint match. Sentenced to life last year.*
- **The June 1996 murder of a Park Avenue dry cleaner known as the "Lollipop Lady," along with the brutal beating of a piano teacher in Central Park the same week:** *Police matched a fingerprint to John Royster, a turnstile-jumper booked three weeks earlier. Life without parole.*
- **The 1996 murder of 2nd Avenue Deli owner Abe Lebewohl:** *Investigation still open.* BORIS KACHKA

Illustration by A. J. Garces. Photograph by Wegee/ICP/Gamma Liaison.

Thou Shalt Have Dirty Thoughts

Thanks, Bill. Now even Orthodox rabbis are talking about oral sex.



***Sex* sells: Rabbi Boteach presses the flesh on Park Avenue.**

"LOOK," SAYS RABBI SHMULEY Boteach, leaning across a white linen tablecloth in the staid dining room at the Stanhope Hotel, "everyone already knew that guys love blow jobs. Clinton didn't make them chic!" The rabbi from Oxford University, in town to promote his new book, *Kosher Sex* (just published here by Doubleday), raises his voice, as he tends to do when he gets excited. "If anything, Bill Clinton made blow jobs *really boring.* Half the time he refused to ejaculate. I mean, this was pretty awful sex they had. This was, like, barnyard sex."

A dozen blocks away, at the conservative Park Avenue Synagogue, 300 people are waiting for the holy man to show up and spill some more seeds of wisdom.

"God, we're late," says the rabbi, picking up his cell phone and dashing for the door.

"You were great on the *Today* show this morning!" yells the doorman.

"Hey, thanks! So, no," says Rabbi Boteach ("Call me Shmuley") as he steps into the cab, "Bill Clinton was not having kosher sex." By the rabbi's definition, that would have been with Hillary (see Boteach's last book, on adultery), in the dark ("so you use all of your senses, not just your eyes"), and with the goal being "intimacy" ("not stopping and running to a sink"). "And his primary desire would have been to give her pleasure," the rabbi says as Ayatollah the driver eyeballs him in the mirror. "That's the beautiful part, isn't it?"

Since the 31-year-old Orthodox rabbi and father of six published *Kosher Sex* in England last year, Boteach and his ideas (oral sex, good; masturbation, bad; sex toys, see Chapter Nine) have, as he puts it, "freaked out some people, but the book was a best-seller for 37 weeks, thank God." Now he is taking his show to America ("I'm doing twelve cities over the next couple weeks"), where he thinks Jews will be "more accepting. Especially in New York."

At the Park Avenue Synagogue, Boteach dons a yarmulke and basks in the applause that erupts every couple of minutes as he does his shtick. On premarital sex: "No *chuppah,* no shtuppa." On the way men operate: "One moment he can't keep his hands off you, the next he's in a coma." On the key to great sex: "Vulnerability. To need someone is far greater than to love them." On undressing: "When you take off your clothes, your spouse *should* have dirty thoughts." On the reason men fear commitment: "Because women focus on the positive aspects of marriage and men focus on the negative. Anyone ever hear of *Groom* magazine?"

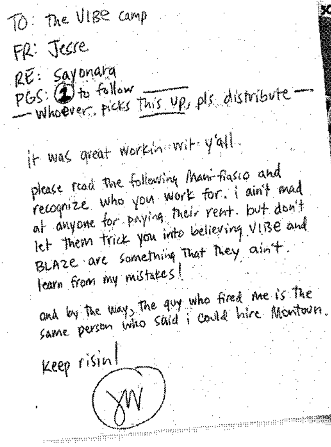
By the end, they're waving $20 bills at him to buy his book and get it signed. And he hasn't even mentioned oral sex. "Honey, I'm past that," says an elderly woman named Tootsie. "But I wouldn't have minded if he at least brought it up." LISA DEPAULO

Firing Lines

AFTER LAST WEEK'S OUSTER OF JESSE Washington, editor-in-chief of *Vibe* spin-off *Blaze,* fax machines in and music-industry offices across town were all churning out the same thing: Washington's defiantly self-pitying farewell to his *Vibe* and *Blaze* colleagues. Accompanying the swan-song missive was one of the reasons for Washington's dismissal: a killed column in which he championed Montoun Hart, the controversially acquitted defendant in the murder trial of Jonathan Levin. Levin, of course, was the son of Gerald Levin, the chair of Time Warner, whose company was originally a partner in *Vibe,* and who has close associations to top brass at *Blaze* parent company Miller Publishing. (Washington's other mistake was putting Hart on the *Blaze* payroll as an $8-an-hour intern.) For those whose fax machines were out of paper last week, some selections from Washington's self-titled "manifesto" (a photo of a laughing Hart with the caption FREE AT LAST accompanied the ill-fated text):

Montoun told a few different stories about what had happened that night. But one aspect of his story, the part I believed, remained consistent: The dead teacher was the son of one of the world's most powerful men. The police were under tremendous pressure to solve such a high-profile case—and they forced Montoun to sign a confession of their own invention.

Montoun went on trial as we prepared this issue. . . . A plethora of overlapping concerns soon emerged. How can Blaze *discuss crime and punishment without glorifying criminals? How can I support someone with such a checkered history? Does the injustice of the criminal justice system make us forget that some people need to be there? There are no easy answers.*



TO: The VIBE camp
FR: Jesse
RE: Sayonara
PGS: ① to follow
— whoever picks This up, pls distribute —

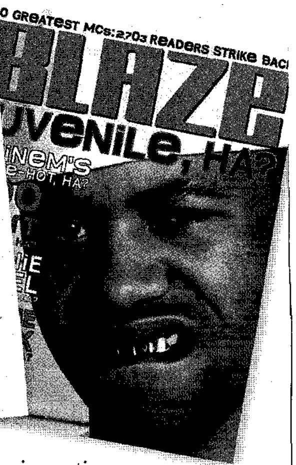
it was great workin wit y'all.

please read the following Mani-fiasco and
recognize who you work for. i ain't mad
at anyone for paying their rent. but don't
let them trick you into believing VIBE and
BLAZE are something That They ain't.
learn from my mistakes!

and by the way, The guy who fired me is The
same person who said i could hire Montoun.

Keep risin!

JW



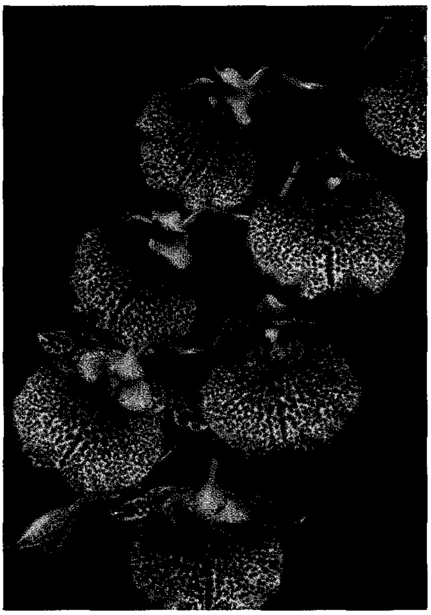
The uncontrite former editor-in-chief, above; Washington's farewell fax, center; Miller Publishing's tinderbox, right.

Photographs: top, C. Taylor Crothers; bottom, Helayne Seidman.

Faded Bloom

Orchid enthusiasts discover that their precious, prestigious posies are . . . over?

IT MAKES SENSE THAT THE ORchid has become the fin-de-siècle "It" girl of flowers; popularity in life, as in high school, often flows toward that which is most expensive and intimidating. Of course, orchids have always been a favorite ornament of the upper class. "In the fifties, it was considered elitist among growers to cultivate orchids," explains Carlos Fighetti, president of the Greater New York Orchid Society. "It was something you did for rich people to keep in their greenhouses on their estates." Orchids picked up a few glamour points along the way, from all those sexy Robert Mapplethorpe photos and Georgia O'Keeffe paintings of blossoms in compromising positions, but only recently have the hothouse flowers become truly indispensable status symbols.



Like all late-nineties celebrities, orchids have had to cross-pollinate a number of synergistic culture industries to achieve market domination: Calvin Klein will have *only* orchids in his office, and has been known to send them as tokens of gratitude to certain deserving journalists; Susan Orlean gave them a title role in her nonfiction crime story *The Orchid Thief;* and Courtney Love keeps her home filled with them. (As floral-arranger-to-the-stars Robert Isabell puts it, "Orchids elevate people's taste.") Suddenly, it seems, you can't get away from them—everywhere you look, it's *Gwyneth! Orchids! Afflecks! Orchids!*

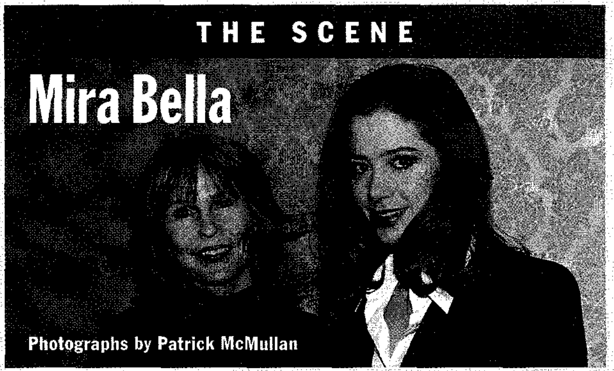
But take comfort: Every star must fall. Orchids, you see, are on the verge of becoming just a little *too* popular for their own good. "For years, we've been trying to convince people they can grow orchids in their homes. *Finally* they are in the top ten houseplants," says Fighetti, who is expecting an unusually large turnout at this year's New York International Orchid Show, which comes to the World Financial Center Winter Garden March 25 to 28 and is democratically free. "Orchids are being developed in the millions in Hawaii and Florida for sale at Home Depot," he says. "It's no longer just the $250 plant sold in a fancy shop in Manhattan—now everybody can have one."

Indeed. Next to the discount makeup at the Astor Place Kmart is a magnificent display of jewel-hued phalaenopsis—the most common variety—priced at a mere $9.99 a pop. While this is good news for hoi polloi, it is the beginning of the end of the orchid's reign. "We don't even get near them," says up-and-coming floral arranger Avi Adler. "They're *so* overexposed."

ARIEL LEVY

THE SCENE

Mira Bella



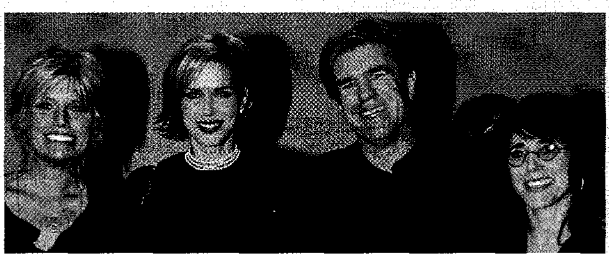
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Donna Hanover and Mira Sorvino at the National Alliance of Breast Cancer Organizations' seventh annual "Celebrate Life" event.

Elizabeth Vargas, Ron Perelman, Wendy Goldberg, and George Hamilton at "Brite Nite Whitney," the annual benefit at the Whitney Museum.

Peter Duchin and Shelly Wanger at Katharine and Billy Rayner's home to celebrate Donald Sultan's book *Visual Poetics.*

Mammoth Records' Jay Faires with Rachael Horovitz at Lot 61 for Joe Henry's record-release party.



Patti Hansen with Kathy and Tom Freston and Jane Rose at the Tribeca Ball, a benefit for the New York Academy of Art.

Cynthia Rowley, Simon Doonan, and Kate Spade at G. Page for Absolut Spring, a garden party in honor of Spade.

Steve Rifkind and Damon Wayans at a party to launch the Fila Renaissance line.

Photograph courtesy of the Greater New York Orchid Society.

GOTHAMSTYLE

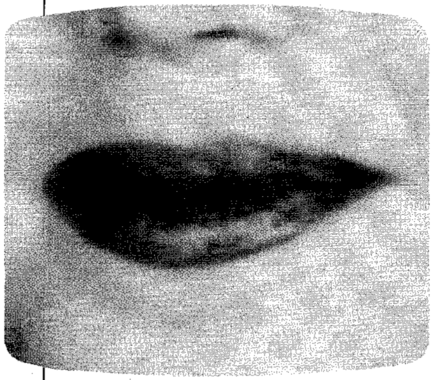
Coming to America

Other than a short-lived bit of talk when fledgling Cerruti designer Narciso Rodriguez created Carolyn Bessette-Kennedy's slinky wedding gown—then bolted from the family-run empire—the Italian design house has lacked the American recognition of say, Giorgio Armani (another ex–Cerruti employee). But with the recent hiring of a new womenswear designer, 37-year-old Peter Speliopoulos (formerly of Donna Karan), and the opening this week of the first American Cerruti boutique, on Madison Avenue, the company is poised to add Wall Streeters and New York socialites to its roster of well-heeled European and Asian clients. The 3,000-square-foot flagship store will house Cerruti's sophisticated ready-to-wear and custom-made men's clothing as well as the lower-priced "1881" sportswear, plus Speliopoulos's luxury women's collection. For the ladies, there are irresistible mix-and-match separates with subtle feminine touches—a cropped, beaded hem on a pair of beige pants ($1,300) or sparkly plastic appliqués on a simple white cotton-voile skirt ($1,017). "I'm forever exploring new ways to define *classic,*" says Speliopoulos. Let's hope that at these prices, the clothes stay classic for at least a little while. **SHYAMA PATEL**

The Bride Wore Weed

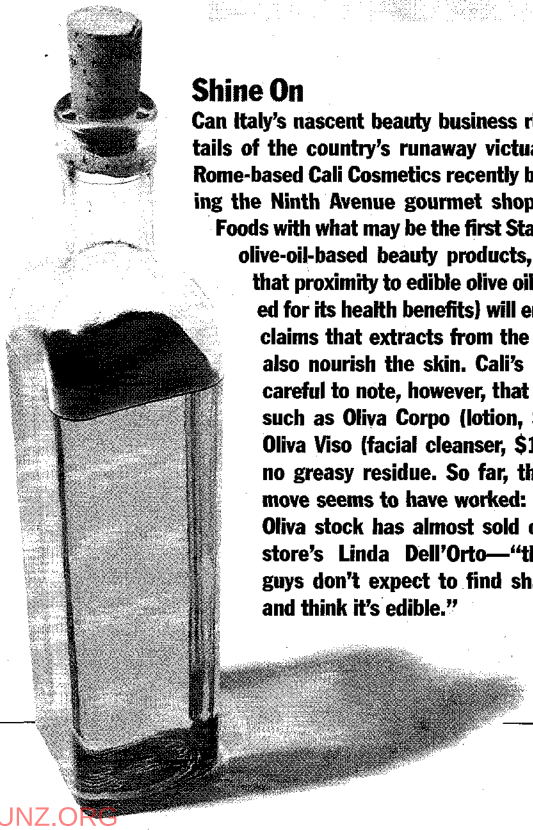
The most common accessory for hemp is, of course, the simple yet classic Bic lighter, but now comes word that the newest accoutrements are a bride's veil and bouquet. This week, Ethiopian couture designer Manalé debuts the world's first hemp bridal gown, a sleeveless design that pairs the natural fiber with silk charmeuse and was inspired by Grammy winner and hemp advocate Lauryn Hill. Maybe Hill will wear the dress if she ever gets around to marrying her honey, Rohan Marley. That's the kind of buzz any designer would want to catch.

MEGAN QUITKEN



Kiss and Tell

While there may not have been a run on berets or navy Gap dresses when Monica's dalliance with the prez was first exposed, one of the former intern's signature touches has proved utterly covetable: that perfectly telegenic shade of berry-pink lipstick that shaped every word of her Barbara Walters interview. Club Monaco immediately sold out of the colors used to create the lip look (a combo of Glaze lipstick and Cherub gloss). Now the hue gurus at Three Custom Color Specialists have done the politically—and economically—correct thing: copied the color and labeled it Miss Monica. Call 888-262-7714, and in just two to three days, for $45, you can have the same lipstick as the girl Walters called "Big Mouth." KAREN ROBINOVITZ



Shine On

Can Italy's nascent beauty business ride the coattails of the country's runaway victuals success? Rome-based Cali Cosmetics recently began supplying the Ninth Avenue gourmet shop Manganaro Foods with what may be the first Stateside line of olive-oil-based beauty products, in the hope that proximity to edible olive oil (highly touted for its health benefits) will enhance Cali's claims that extracts from the humble fruit also nourish the skin. Cali's packaging is careful to note, however, that its products, such as Oliva Corpo (lotion, $12.95) and Oliva Viso (facial cleanser, $14.95), leave no greasy residue. So far, the marketing move seems to have worked: Manganaro's Oliva stock has almost sold out, says the store's Linda Dell'Orto—"though some guys don't expect to find shampoo here, and think it's edible." **JANE BLAKE**

EDITED BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

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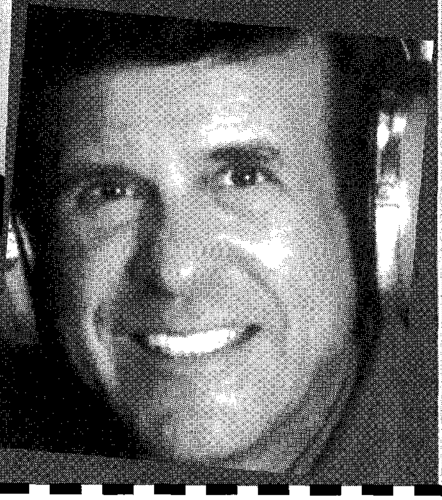

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THE BODY POLITIC LAWRENCE D. MASS, M.D.

C-Sick

Hepatitis C infections are spreading beyond high-risk groups, causing a few physicians to call for widespread testing. But the medical Establishment is stalling. Sound familiar?

WHEN DR. DOUGLAS DIETERICH was completing his residency in internal medicine at Bellevue, in 1981, something happened that would portend the future of his own career: One of his co-workers, a nurse on his floor, died of complications of hepatitis after she accidentally stuck herself with a contaminated needle. For Dieterich, the death was a tragedy, but an anomalous one. He had no idea then that within a decade, hepatitis C would become a personal crusade, one that would place him at odds with many of his colleagues.

When Dieterich started his practice, hepatitis C was still an unidentified "street disease" largely confined to heroin addicts who shared intravenous needles. But in the early eighties, Dieterich, who treated a large number of AIDS patients, began to see hepatitis C—one of the more virulent opportunistic diseases that targeted immune-compromised people—crop up more frequently. Eventually, Dieterich says, more of his HIV-positive patients were dying from hepatitis-related liver disease than were dying of AIDS.

Even then, almost all of Dieterich's hepatitis C patients were intravenous drug users, many of them from racial and sexual minorities. By 1989, however, his caseload began to include a significant number of upper-middle-class professionals, many of whom insisted they had no obvious risk factors for the disease. "I was suddenly seeing a lot of little old ladies who had undergone transfusions, people who had done drugs just once or twice decades ago and had no idea they were infected. Now, after years of slowly, often silently, progressive disease, their livers were failing."

Even more disturbing, he says, he began to see a small but growing number of men and women who almost certainly contracted the disease sexually, since they had no other risk factors. "That's when I decided to pull the alarm."

A mild-mannered 48-year-old family man who commutes to his East 37th Street office from Long Island, Dieterich is an unlikely medical rabble-rouser; the walls of his office are lined with impressive Establishment credentials: chief of gastroenterology/hepatology at Cabrini, chairman of the HIV Independent Physicians Association, chief of the New York chapter of the scientific-advisory committee of the American Liver Foundation.

But Dieterich says he became increasingly angered at his colleagues' lackluster response to the rising incidence of hepatitis C cases, and especially by their failure to endorse more-widespread testing for the virus. "It's apparent to me that we have the makings of a crisis here that is in some ways like the AIDS crisis in its early days," he says. "The fact is, the magnitude of this disease is a lot larger than the medical Establishment is letting on."

NOT SURPRISINGLY, THE EARLY MEDICAL and media response to HIV—or the lack of it—haunts the current debate over hepatitis C. Like AIDS in the eighties, "hepatitis C is . . . almost a stealth disease for many medical practitioners," reported the British medical journal *The Lancet* in a recent issue. "Tracking the incidence of HCV is nearly impossible. . . . Symptoms are lacking or nonspecific in at least 80 percent of newly infected patients, chronic liver disease develops insidiously and takes decades to present." In the U.S., the conservative estimates are that there are now 4 million people infected with the virus. "Two percent of the adult population here is infected," says Dieterich. "Worldwide, the numbers infected are probably more than four times that of HIV."

Dr. Douglas Dieterich, a one-man crusade for hepatitis C testing.

While hepatitis C has been on the radar screen since the early eighties, the medical community is still deeply divided over how much public money and effort should be marshaled for ambitious testing and education programs. The central issue is whether hepatitis C should be considered a sexually transmitted disease. While it's agreed that it is transmitted at a lower rate than viruses like HIV or even hepatitis B, there is growing sentiment that it can be passed between sexual partners, especially among gay men.

NOT EVERYONE AGREES. IN RECENT months, a string of articles has downplayed the magnitude of the threat posed by hepatitis, pointing out that the number of new cases in the U.S. has plummeted and that, Dieterich's experience to the contrary, most new cases are still primarily confined to traditional risk groups.

Reported new cases of hep-

Photograph by Brian Velenchenko.

atitis C in this country *have* dropped annually, from a high of 230,000 in the eighties to 36,000 in 1996. But the decline, which reflects a reduction in transfusion-related cases that came about after blood banks began routinely screening for hepatitis C in 1992, masks the existing large number of chronic cases, Dieterich argues. Moreover, he charges, CDC statistics widely underestimate the impact of the epidemic in urban centers like New York City.

Dieterich believes that the long gestation period of the hepatitis C virus has helped obscure a new epidemic among people who experimented with drugs and sex during the sixties and seventies. Typically, hepatitis C may cause so low-grade an infection that it remains undetected for years, even decades, before it is finally diagnosed. Nearly 85 percent of those who contract the disease develop chronic infection, and up to 60 percent of those in turn develop chronic liver disease. Many patients have already incurred major, often end-stage, liver disease, such as cancer or cirrhosis, before they even realize they have been infected.

At present, the virus is responsible for 8,000 to 10,000 deaths per year in the U.S., a figure expected to triple or even quadruple in the next ten to twenty years. Liver failure due to hepatitis C is now the No. 1 cause of liver transplants in the U.S. As tens of thousands of currently infected patients advance to cirrhosis and liver failure early in the next century, a study headed by Dr. Jay Hoofnagle, director of the Division of Digestive Diseases and Nutrition at the National Institute of Diabetes and Digestive and Kidney Diseases (NIDDK), predicts a quadrupling of patients with liver disease—and nearly as many "liver-related deaths" —around the year 2018, along with a nearly *eightfold* increase in requests for liver transplants.

Last week, a study in *The New England Journal of Medicine* reported that the incidence of liver cancer in the United States almost doubled in the past decade, an increase the journal blamed primarily on hepatitis C. Dr. Mary Jeanne Kreek, a world-renowned addiction expert, calls hepatitis C "the emergent and preeminent public-health problem of the twenty-first century—surpassing HIV."

Other doctors maintain that the risks of the epidemic are being wildly overstated. While hepatitis C progresses to chronic liver disease in up to 50 percent of cases, the majority of people infected with the virus show no symptoms for decades. Speaking at a recent symposium at Mount Sinai, Dr. Sharon Stancliffe, a consultant to the New York State Department of Health and the AIDS Institute, said, "Most of the scientific evidence indicates that the majority of those with hepatitis C will remain well, despite having the illness. We do not want to go around creating panic."

GIVEN THE DIVERGENCE OF MEDICAL OPINION, it's not surprising that whether to test patients routinely for the virus has become a particularly divisive issue. While even Dieterich acknowledges that universal testing will be difficult and expensive, he believes that the definition of "high-risk groups" for the disease should be broadened. Everyone agrees that the vast majority of those who contract hepatitis C are heterosexuals with histories of drug abuse. Also at high risk are people who received blood transfusions prior to 1992, at least 50 percent of whom are expected to test positive.

But by most estimates, at least a third of all patients with hepatitis C have no histories of these risk factors at all. Indeed, even the CDC acknowledges that 15 to 20 percent of patients with acute hepatitis C report that their only exposure to the virus was through sexual contact. Given these statistics, some doctors believe that transmission through sexual contact or shared drug paraphernalia is much more common than is thus far believed.

> *Dr. Mary Jeanne Kreek, a world-renowned addiction expert, calls hepatitis C "the emergent and* **preeminent public-health problem** *of the twenty-first century—surpassing HIV."*

CDC officials acknowledge that hepatitis C can be transmitted sexually. But they insist that the risk of such exposure is very, very low. Unlike AIDS, which is transmitted in semen and other bodily fluids, hepatitis C is passed solely by blood. As a result, sexual transmission is only possible during high-risk activities like anal sex. But because hepatitis C is more easily transmitted by men than by women, gay and bisexual men and sexually active females with multiple partners are probably at much higher risk of sexual transmission. One dangerous result of recent advances against HIV is a well-documented drop in safe-sex practices. Decreased vigilance puts many at risk not just for HIV but for hepatitis as well.

At the December national gathering on hepatitis C, the CDC's own Ian Williams, an epidemiologist, presented evidence to suggest not only that sexual transmission of hepatitis C is greater than previously thought, but that men 30 to 50 years old are infected at more than twice the rate of other age groups.

DR. MIRIAM ALTER, CHIEF OF EPIDEMIOLOGY of the hepatitis branch of the CDC, isn't so sure about Dieterich's other area of concern: people who share inhalation paraphernalia to ingest drugs like cocaine, crystal meth, and Special K, all recently on the upswing. While the risk of sharing needles is clear, explains Alter, "there is only one study to date that demonstrates a link between the snorting of drugs and HCV, and it's not conclusive." Further studies are needed, she says, before the CDC could urge such a diffuse cohort to be tested routinely.

Dieterich's response is definitive. "Screening and testing for hepatitis C should be routine everywhere. Certainly for those who have been sexually active with multiple or high-risk partners, or who have engaged in high-risk activities such as unprotected anal intercourse, as well as for those who have shared nasal paraphernalia for snorting drugs."

The reason Dieterich and his supporters believe testing is so crucial is that there are breakthroughs on the treatment front. "We've had more success combating this virus than we ever had before, but it's important that exposed patients be treated as soon as possible, even if they are asymptomatic," Dieterich says.

While 15 to 25 percent of hepatitis C patients with liver disease recover without any treatment, up to 40 percent can now be cured with combination therapies. For those infected, there used to be only interferon, an anti-viral drug with painful side effects. Now there is ribavirin, which has shown considerable success when used in tandem with interferon. Coming down the pike are protease and helicase inhibitors, which doctors hope will prove as effective against hepatitis C as they have against HIV.

Some of his colleagues dismiss Dieterich as an alarmist. But if the misguided and overcautious early response to AIDS taught us anything, it's that yesterday's alarmist may turn out to be tomorrow's visionary. ■

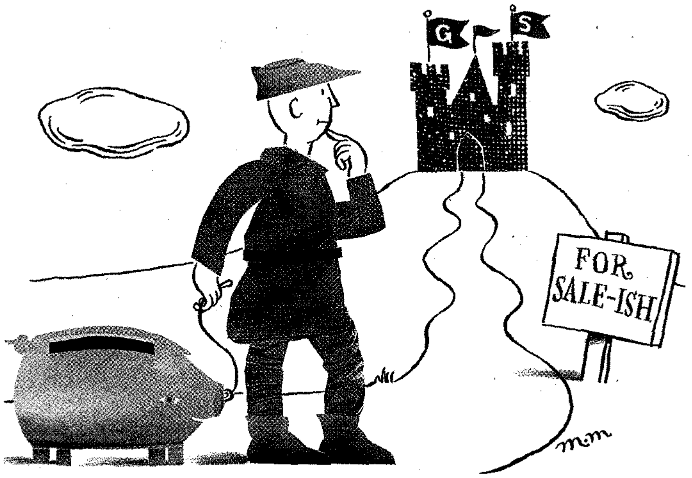
Lawrence D. Mass, M.D., is a co-founder of the Gay Men's Health Crisis and the first writer to cover the AIDS epidemic in any press.

THE BOTTOM LINE JAMES SUROWIECKI

I.P.Oh?

Sure, when Goldman, Sachs goes public, the firm's partners will get obscenely wealthy. But the real beauty part? They won't have to give up any control.

FOR THE PAST DECADE, THE PARTners at Goldman, Sachs have wrestled with that age-old question—I believe it was Shakespeare who first asked it—"To go public or not to go public?" They've known, of course, that if they changed Goldman from a partnership into a publicly traded company, they'd score Scrooge McDuck–style piles of loot. But they've also feared that going public would wreck the firm's famously tight-knit culture and would require Goldman to submit to the kind of public scrutiny that it's actively repelled for the past 130 years.



Last year, of course, the partners succumbed and voted in favor of an IPO, which after innumerable delays will finally take place sometime in the next few weeks. But even though Goldman will now become a public company, offering 60 million shares to investors at a price expected to be somewhere between $40 and $50 apiece, it's done everything it could to make sure it's the most *private* public company in America. If the prospectus for Goldman's IPO had a headline, it would read: THE MORE THINGS CHANGE, THE MORE THEY STAY THE SAME.

As the last major Wall Street firm organized as a partnership rather than a corporation, Goldman has spent the past decade in what you might call the white-shoe tower. Goldman's partners rarely speak to the press. They haven't had to sit in on conference calls with analysts or disclose the sources of the firm's revenues. There's no Goldman, Sachs thread on the Silicon Investor Website. And this, coupled with the firm's stellar performance in recent years—Goldman's earnings have been growing at near–geometric rates since 1995—has given the firm an almost cultish aura in the eyes of the rest of the Street. When Goldman, in the prospectus for its IPO, refers to "the loyalty, the intimacy, and the esprit de corps" of its employees, it calls to mind some strange mix of Camp Lejeune and the Harvard Club.

If an important part of Goldman's reputation rests upon its distance from the madding crowd, though, the very act of going public would seem to threaten that reputation. But what's most striking about the Goldman IPO is how carefully the partners have devised a plan to invite outside shareholders in from a financial point of view while ensuring that they stay out in every other way. In a sense, Goldman is going public in name only. Taking money from individual and institutional investors usually means ceding some measure of control. (That's why "shareholder rights" has been the mantra of every takeover specialist of the past two decades.) But Goldman wanted the benefits of public financing without the drawbacks. And it appears that's what it's going to get.

The benefits are obvious enough. In one fell swoop, Goldman will raise almost $2 billion in capital that it can deploy however it wishes. (The prospectus, in typical sphinxlike fashion, says only that it will be used "for general corporate purposes.") In a partnership, each partner contributes capital to the firm and can just as easily remove it. A corporate structure removes that instability and should enhance Goldman's creditworthiness, which would lower its borrowing costs.

As for the costs, well, normally when you go public it means that you have to let the commoners come in and track dirt all over the carpets, or at the very least that you have to let them have a say in running the corporation of which they putatively own a part. It also means that you have to worry, at least distantly, about the possibility of an outside takeover. Goldman, though, will have none of these concerns. All of the power in the company will reside in the hands of a small group of managing directors, who will, according to the prospectus, be able to "elect the entire Board of Directors, control the management and policies of the Company and, in general, determine (without the consent of the Company's other shareholders) the outcome of any corporate transaction."

Now, as managing directors sell shares, that stranglehold should be lessened. But even so, there will never be a way for an outside shareholder to overturn the company's management. Goldman has instituted every anti-takeover provision in the book, including a poison pill and the staggered election of directors. More remarkably, directors can be removed only "for cause" (whatever that means), and even then it takes an 80 percent vote to remove them. And if directors *are* removed, the rest of the board has the sole right to fill vacancies.

Then there's the preferred-stock provision. At any time, and for any reason, the board of directors can issue preferred stock to whomever it wants and give each share of preferred as much voting power as it wants. (That means that each share of preferred stock could be worth 100 shares of common stock, in terms of voting.) In other words, the

Illustration by Matthew Martin.

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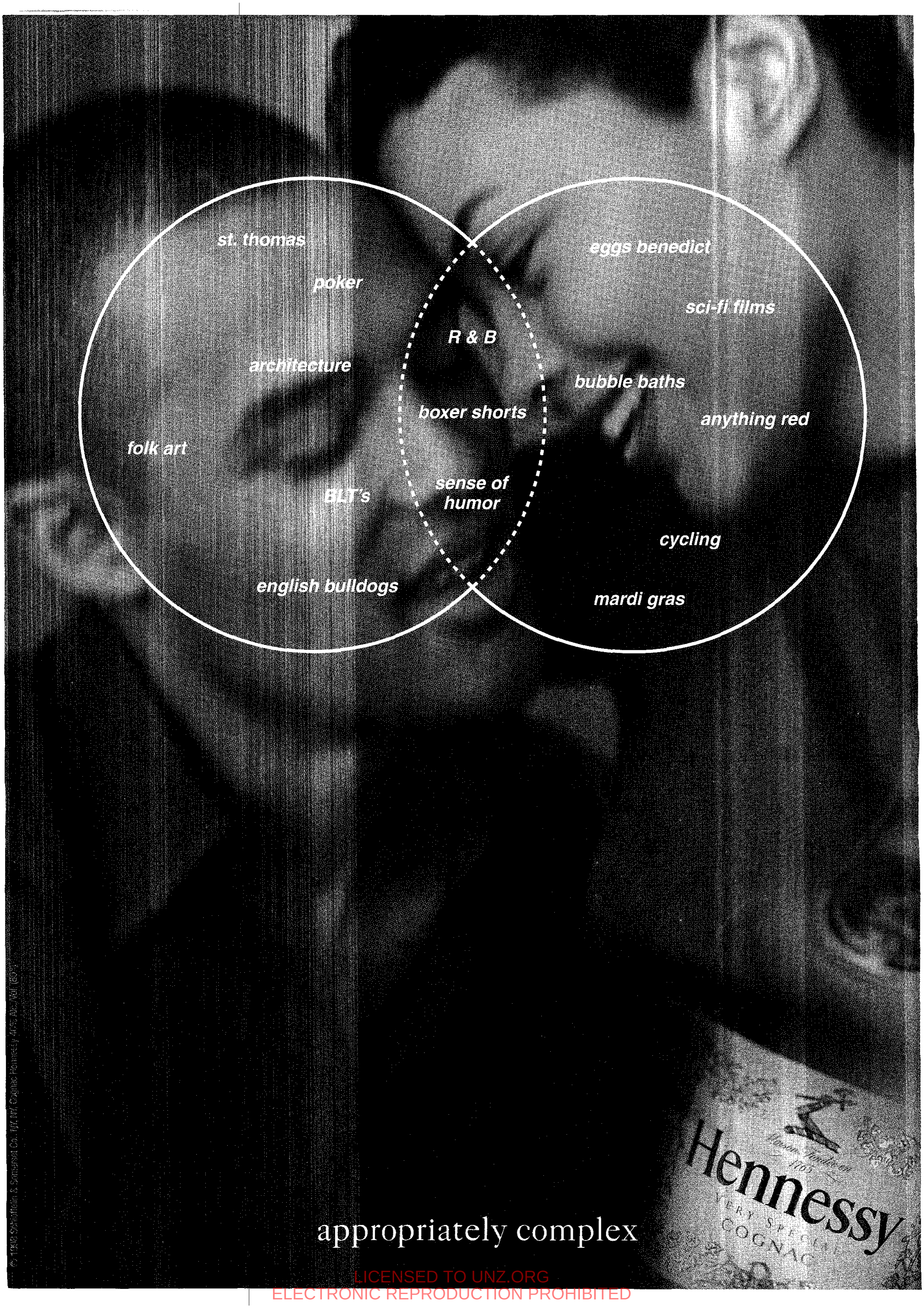
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way things are is the way things are going to be.

There's something fitting about the partners' self-protectiveness, given Goldman's past record as an adviser to companies resisting hostile takeovers. And it is the partners' company right now, so it's understandable that they'd want to keep it as much theirs as possible. But there is something deeply ironic about one of the great avatars of globalization and restructuring—processes often associated with the eradication of entrenched management by outside investors—so carefully ensuring that there will be no corporate raiders in its future.

Public ownership is traditionally seen as one of the great innovations of American capitalism and one of the things that gives it its vibrancy and competitive edge. Since the eighties, CEOs have known that if they don't perform, they can get dumped. But Goldman, I suppose, wants to make sure that if its CEO gets dumped, it's Goldman's partners who are doing the dumping (as they did earlier this year, when co-CEO Jon Corzine was told to start packing his bags).

Of course, there aren't too many people out there who are going to refrain from buying Goldman because of its antitakeover provisions. What most investors are going to be more concerned with is whether Goldman is worth the $18 billion to $24 billion at which the current IPO will value it, especially after what happened last summer and fall, when the firm had $663 million in trading losses and saw profits tumble 81 percent.

The answer is that Goldman *is* worth it, precisely because it has scaled back the IPO and, in a sense, priced investors' doubts into the new offering. When you compare the new IPO with the one Goldman had planned last fall, the traces of last summer's market turmoil are visible. Where valuations of the company as high as $30 billion were routine last summer, the firm will be valued at $24 billion at most. Where the company was initially expected to sell just 10 percent of its shares, it may now sell as many as 14.7 percent. (Technically, Goldman itself will sell a little more than 10 percent, with other shareholders selling an additional 4 percent.) And Goldman will, at least at first, trade at a significant discount, on a price-to-earnings basis, to competitors like Merrill Lynch and J.P. Morgan. By almost any measure of performance, Goldman has been superior to most other financial institutions. But its performance is heavily driven by trading, which is by nature risky. And even in today's market, people demand a greater return for greater risk. That means Goldman's shares have to be cheaper than those of firms whose revenue streams—from brokerage customers or from banking—are more stable.

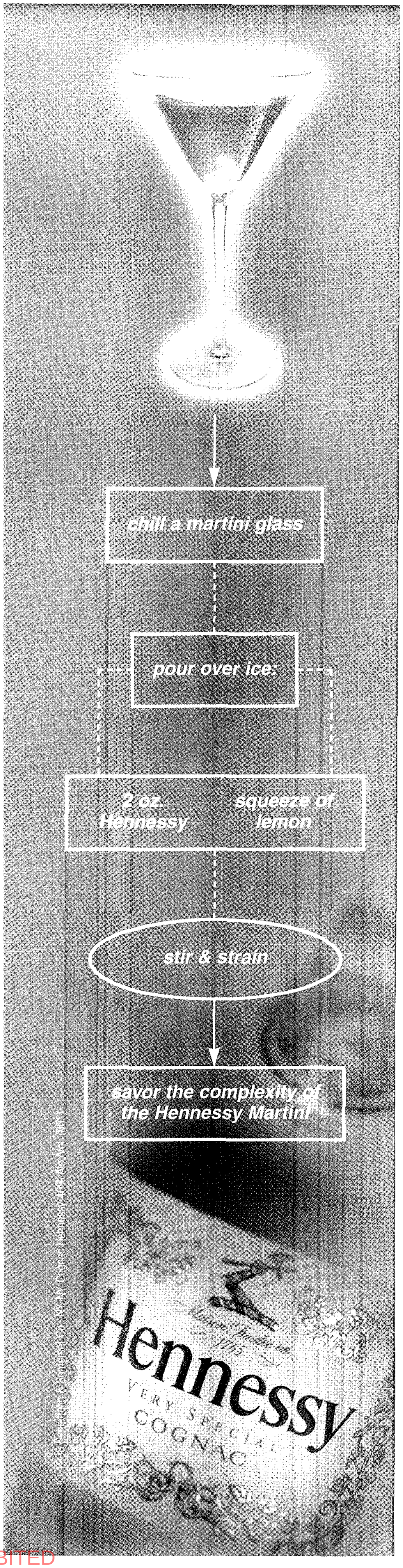
At the same time, though, the Goldman IPO is a testament to the really remarkable rebound of not just the U.S. equity market but global financial markets as a whole. I know we live in a world where speed is everything, but it really was just six months ago that everything appeared to be on the verge of collapse, and no sector appeared more shaky than the financial one. But the turnaround, which began in early October, was both sudden and fast-paced. Goldman, for example, went from barely breaking even in the fourth quarter of 1998 to earning $1.2 billion in the first quarter of 1999. Across the board, banks are reporting healthy revenue growth, brokerage stocks are booming, and global bond traders are making money again. And what makes this all the more surprising is that it's happening despite the fact that Brazil remains unstable (although improving) and much of Asia is still mired in crisis.

Goldman has instituted **every anti-takeover provision in the book,** *including a poison pill and the staggered election of directors. There will never be a way for* **an outsider to overturn management.**

In retrospect, in fact, last summer's correction appears to have been exactly that: a much-needed step back that wrung some speculative excess out of the system without bringing the whole thing down. In that sense, Goldman's new IPO, with its lower valuation and its greater air of caution, suggests that the summer of 1998 was not without its chastening effects. Of course, with the Dow hovering around 10,000 and Net stocks on the fly again, it may be hard to accept that the market is any more thoughtful than it was just before everything fell apart.

But it is. ▬

E-mail: JamesSuro@aol.com

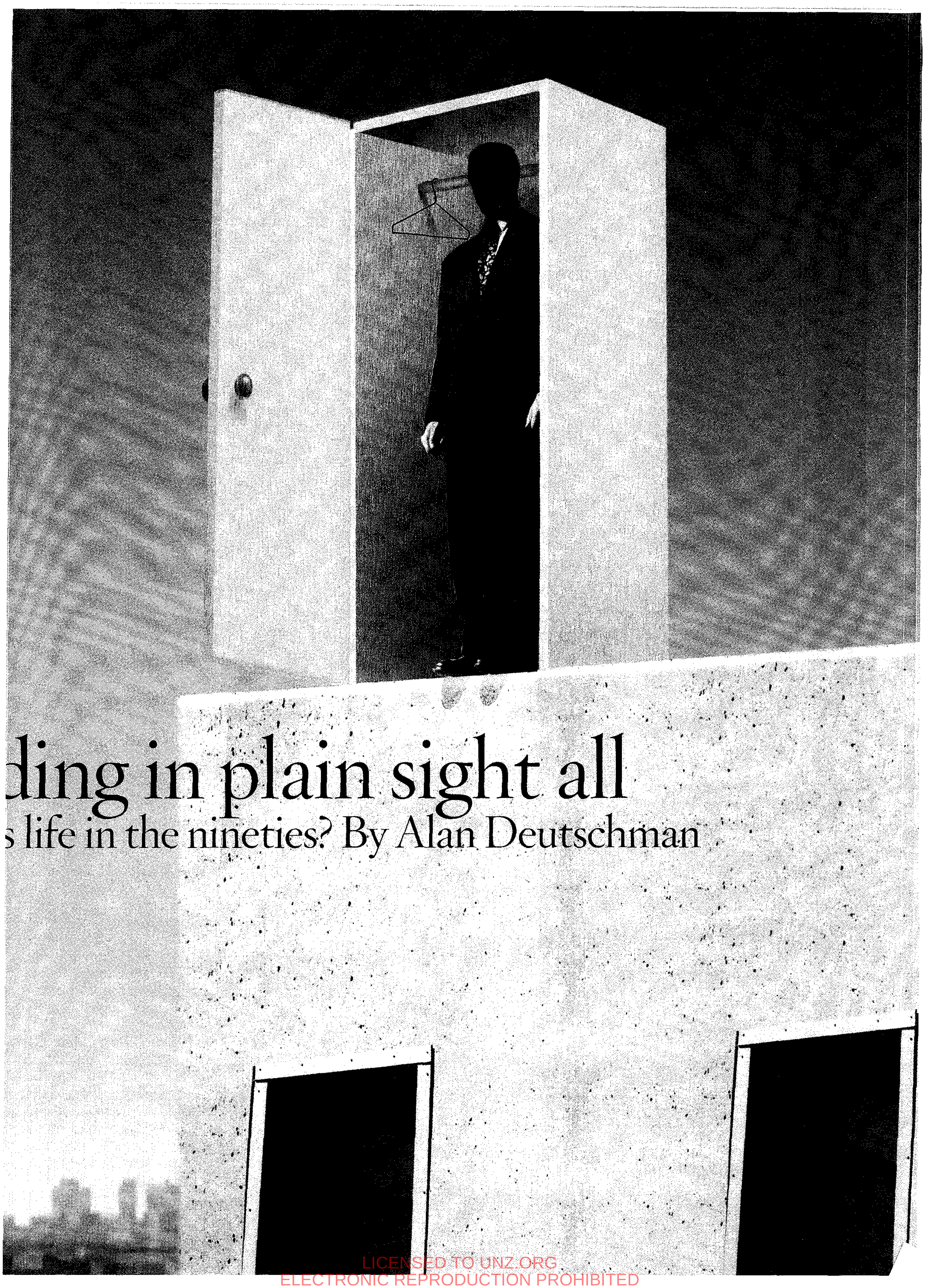


Wall Street's Secret Society

Gay men and lesbians are
over the financial industry. Why are they living a fi

Joe Daniel's salary had broken the six-figure mark, and he had just received a promotion to vice-president. But something was about to sink his career on Wall Street: He couldn't bring himself to lie. • It was a Monday in late June, and Daniel had reported for work at the securities division of Dresdner Bank, Germany's second-largest. When a colleague remarked on his suntan, Daniel explained that he had spent the weekend at his beach house. *Where's your rental?* asked his co-worker. • For most of his colleagues, the question would have been an innocuous one. For Daniel, it posed a dangerous dilemma. • A quiet, button-down executive with master's degrees from both Harvard and Yale, Daniel was hardly an activist.

Photo Illustrations by Matt Mahurin



ding in plain sight all

s life in the nineties? By Alan Deutschman

Like most other gays on Wall Street, he had lived a strictly closeted existence at work. In the past, he would have constructed a plausible cover: a particular Hampton that he could bluff some knowledge about, the name of a fashionable restaurant or two. But after four years at the firm, he was tiring of the charade.

His beach house was on Fire Island, he replied. At the Pines. His colleague looked stunned. Daniel had just outed himself.

Until then, Daniel's career had been proceeding according to plan. His boss complimented him regularly on his work and, Daniel says, rewarded him with a big promotion a few days earlier. The firm had printed new business cards and stationery and even fabricated a new signboard for the door of his office. A memo announcing his new position was distributed to all departments.

But according to Daniel, gossip about the Fire Island remark quickly reverberated through the office and soon reached his boss, George Fugelsang. In the past, says Daniel, Fugelsang, a gruff, fiftyish executive who heads Dresdner's North American division, had made crude antigay jokes. Suddenly he seemed more careful about his language. But beyond the superficial correctness, something was very wrong. Though Daniel had assumed the duties of a vice-president, Fugelsang never got around to signing the papers that would make the promotion official. Instead, Daniel says, he was relegated to a kind of purgatory, shunned by his boss and many of his colleagues.

The situation festered for nearly a year, until the following April, when Daniel, emboldened, decided to force the issue. He approached Dresdner's personnel department, asking whether the firm could extend the same health benefits to the domestic partners of gay employees that it provided to the spouses of straight ones. A few days later, he was laid off in an abrupt "downsizing" of his department. Daniel was the only person fired.

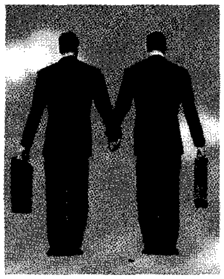
Unemployed for nearly a year, Daniel is now suing Dresdner Bank for $75 million under a New York City statute that outlaws bias based on sexual orientation. It is a landmark case, Wall Street's first gay-discrimination lawsuit ever, although other clashes have been secretly settled in arbitration. In order to avoid unwanted publicity, brokerage firms require new hires to sign an agreement stipulating that employment disputes will be resolved by a Wall Street arbitration panel rather than by the courts. Intent on proving a point, Daniel's lawyer, Madeline Lee Bryer, circumvented this agreement by suing the foreign bank that owned his firm, not the New York securities outfit he worked for.

Attorneys for Dresdner insist that Daniel's promotion was not official and that sexual orientation played no role in his "restructuring." The case is currently in pretrial discovery, and after a flurry of publicity, the presiding judge issued a gag order on both litigants. Nonetheless, it has drawn serious attention to a rarely discussed issue, spurring anxiety not only among Wall Street firms suddenly worried about lawsuits but also among their largely closeted gay and lesbian employees.

Welcome to turn-of-the-century Wall Street. In a city where openly gay professionals are commonplace in such industries as media, advertising, and law, Wall Street remains a notable exception—one where the prevailing mind-set seems more characteristic of 1959 than of 1999. Like the military, the financial world promulgates an unwritten policy of "don't ask, don't tell," which affords gays and lesbians a chance to prosper, and even rise to prominence, but only if they deliberately obscure their personal lives.

"Living in a liberal, diverse environment like Manhattan, you realize that banking isn't really part of that," says one closeted banker. "It's a different world. My boss and my boss's bosses live in very sheltered communities in Westchester and Connecticut. They don't live in the Village or the Upper West Side. They find it very difficult to manage sexual diversity."

For young gay Wall Streeters, he says, "it's very common to have gay friends, party on the weekend, live in Chelsea, then put on a suit and take the subway to work on Monday. No one needs to know you spent Saturday night at the Roxy."



"I don't think straights o

us," says Robert Fenyk, a Merrill Lynch vet

HOW MANY GAYS AND LESBIANS are there on Wall Street? James J. Cramer, the seemingly omnipresent and omniscient hedge-fund manager, can't name any. Jessica Reif Cohen, the top-ranked analyst of entertainment and media stocks, doesn't know any gays at her firm, Merrill Lynch, which has nearly 10,000 employees in New York City alone. Within the broader community of research analysts, "there's only one person I even *think* is gay," she adds: a middle-aged guy who supposedly lives with his mother, a fact that has provoked gossip at his firm because "almost everyone else is married with children." Elizabeth Goldstein, who recently left Bankers Trust after six years as a star on the trading desk, says, "I can't think of anyone. I'm sure they exist, but it's very, very, very, very quiet." When a trader talked about attending a lesbian wedding, she recalls, "People's mouths were wide open. It was totally foreign to their experience."

This enforced invisibility is all the more remarkable given the fact that gays are actually all over the Street, working as traders, brokers, securities analysts, money managers, and investment bankers at such major houses as Goldman Sachs, Merrill Lynch, CS First Boston, and Salomon Smith Barney as well as at a slew of smaller private-investment firms. Many hold positions of considerable stature. Two of the street's best-known firms, Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette and Drexel Burnham Lambert, were founded in part by gay men; three others include gays at their very top levels.

Walter Schubert, the founder of the Gay Financial Network (gfn.com) and the only openly gay member of the 1,365-member New York Stock Exchange, estimates that there are thousands of gay financial professionals in New York and perhaps tens of thousands nationwide. A gay Wall Street organization called New York Bankers' Group boasts 300 members; more than 100 were on hand for a Christmas party last December. Still, the membership list is kept strictly secret, and six of the group's eight board members are not out at work.

FOR MANY GAYS AND LESBIANS, WALL STREET is a not-so-quaint throwback—a testosterone-drenched frat house complete with ritual hazing. One man came to work to discover the word FAGGOT Magic Markered on his office wall; another found nude pictures from a gay magazine glued to his computer. For most, however, the pressure is more subtle. “It's like high school all over again,” says one mid-level trader. “You hear people talking and joking and whispering, and you're sure it must be about you.”

One gay banker recalls a group meeting with his boss (who was a managing director) and another vice-president to discuss a prospective client. Paging through the company's annual report, his boss opened it to the photo of the company's president. “God, this guy looks like such a faggot!” he exclaimed in disgust, looking directly at the employee, who wasn't out at work. “No offense,” he added sarcastically. An investment banker says she was told she was being passed over for a promotion because “the firm wanted to uphold a family-values image.”

Not surprisingly, fear and paranoia persuade all but the boldest gays and lesbians to conceal their private lives. Some count on a stable of attractive “girlfriends” and “boyfriends” to escort them to business dinners and company functions. One investment banker asked a woman friend to leave a breathless outgoing message on the answering machine he shared with his male lover. Another decorates his desk with portraits of friends' children that he passes off as his own.

In some ways, gay white males on the Street have enjoyed an advantage over other minorities—blacks and women—because they can pass as straight white males. In the fifties and early sixties, when Wall Street was a less macho place, gay men in particular found it easy to hide in open sight. These men were perceived by their clients—conservative, midwestern CEOs—not as New York queers but as cultured, urbane gentlemen.

The code of silence was so strict that in 1983, an executive named Robert Hudson co-owned a brokerage firm with a gay partner, and neither realized that the other was also gay. But as the culture of Wall Street turned increasingly rabid during the late eighties, the Gentleman Bankers of an earlier generation were shoved aside by Swinging Dicks so big they made even Tom of Finland's look modest.

AIDS FURTHER CHANGED THE equation. Like every other industry in the city, Wall Street suffered a number of AIDS deaths, the majority of which were disguised as pneumonia or cancer in death notices. Among the epidemic's earliest casualties was Leon Lambert, a name partner at then-mighty Drexel Burnham Lambert and a familiar figure on the city's gay circuit. Activist Larry Kramer, who was invited to attend Lambert's funeral, remembers that Henry Kissinger and David Rockefeller delivered eloquent eulogies—but neither mentioned that the financier was a closeted homosexual or that the real cause of his death, according to Kramer and others, was AIDS.

The epidemic also pitted gay activists against their more conservative Wall Street counterparts. Up until the eighties, most activists were willing to grant closeted tycoons their privacy, but as the gay movement took a radical turn, Kramer and his cohorts dispensed with the rules. Magazines like *Outweek* began outing closeted titans like David Geffen and Malcolm Forbes. In a much-talked-about speech in 1982, later published in his book *Report From the Holocaust*, Kramer took aim at one of the Street's most celebrated figures, Richard Jenrette, for not taking a more public stance during the epidemic.

At the age of 30, Jenrette co-founded, with two of his Harvard Business School classmates, the investment-banking firm Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, which now grosses more than $5.4 billion a year. In the late sixties, Jenrette launched Alliance Capital, which became one of the world's largest money-management firms, and he went on to head the Equitable, leading a stunning turnaround at the struggling insurance giant. Now retired at 69, he remains the courtly southern gentleman, favoring conservative Brooks Brothers suits. An avid art collector and an antiques buff, he spends most of his time restoring old mansions. He currently owns six, including an 1840 plantation in South Carolina, an 1838 house in Charleston, and a spectacular 1820 house on the Hudson River.

Though scrupulously low-key about his sexuality, he has lived with the same partner for nearly two decades and occupies a position on the periphery of the Gay Establishment. Kramer says that when Gay Men's Health Crisis was founded in the early eighties, Jenrette was among the first to write a check, but the financier spurned subsequent requests to donate more or to serve on the GMHC board.

“The fact is, Jenrette has benefited a lot from the strides of the gay movement,” argues Kramer. “We, in turn, need visible people like him to self-identify. Why are gays on Wall Street living by the fears of a previous generation?

“If Dick Jenrette had been a real hero and honest about his sexuality, maybe the current generation would be bolder,” Kramer adds. “At this point, he has absolutely nothing to lose.”

Jenrette is just as vehement in response. “I've always thought a person's sex life is their own business,” he bristles when asked about criticisms such as Kramer's. “I don't see why I have to declare my sexuality. I don't need to have a confessional. I think it's terrible: Are you gay or straight? People are everything. I think it sets a worse example if everyone declares how they do it. Orally, anally, with the family dog? One's personal life is a very private thing. I think my personal life is my own.”

WHILE MANY YOUNGER WALL STREET GAYS cite Jenrette's unwillingness to take the lead as a disappointment, Andrew Tobias, the best-selling financial writer and gay memoirist, believes the reticence of people in Jenrette's generation is understandable. “They came of age at a time

Wall Street want to deal with

l. “I don't see full acceptance in my lifetime, and I'm 31.”

when to be gay was an abomination, like cheating on your wife," he says. "The younger, more junior gay people on Wall Street are proud, but they say, *Why jeopardize the chance of making big money?*"

In fact, for younger gays, many of whom came out in the liberal atmosphere of college only to find themselves pushed back into the closet at work, the transition can be especially difficult. "The anti-gay jokes are common, accepted, and almost encouraged," says Robert Fenyk, a young Merrill Lynch broker who left the firm in disgust in 1994. "When traders make anti-gay jokes, they really do it because they are anti-gay, versus just 'busting' on a Brooklyn guy because he has an Italian accent. I don't think the straight community on Wall Street wants to know you're gay. They don't want to learn how to deal with gay men. I don't see full acceptance in my lifetime, and I'm 31."

WHILE THERE ARE NO PARTICULAR FIEFDOMS at the big financial firms that are uncommonly tolerant of homosexuality, some institutions and divisions are reportedly more tolerant than others. Most gays and lesbians take pains to avoid the trading floors—raucous boys' clubs that one gay trader compares to "a holding pen at Rikers—but less refined."

Nevertheless, there are exceptions. One trader began his career in mergers and acquisitions but transferred after just two years, partly because he figured that the trading floor would be easier to take than the suburban-country-club socializing expected of investment bankers: "Sure, there's an awful lot of machismo on the trading floor. There are guys who smash phones. There's a lot of shouting, talking about football, going out for beers after work. But I don't find that particularly problematic. I always thought that M&A was a more difficult environment to be out in, especially at a senior level, when you're forced to take clients and their wives to golf events."

WHILE WALL STREET MAY TALK UP THE MERitocratic ideal, its entrenched culture is still socially conservative. Wall Street firms do keep very close tabs on who produces what profits, but they don't always pay the individuals in direct proportion to their performance.

This discrepancy is particularly pronounced when it comes to bonuses, which often constitute the biggest part of a professional's pay. Elizabeth Goldstein, the former Bankers Trust trader, says that married guys with children are usually able to plead rather effectively for the largest bonuses, claiming they need the money for things like private-school tuition.

Their supervisors—often family men with financial burdens—empathize with them and pay up. Single women and gay men tend to be shortchanged at bonus time, because they can't make as effective a case for higher compensation. Since the system rewards married providers with children, it's not surprising that many Wall Streeters seem to have unusually large families and traditional, stay-at-home wives. In this environment, a single gay man with no children—and a partner whose existence he doesn't dare discuss—seems conspicuously out of place.

In fact, some find it especially hard to maintain relationships in the atmosphere of Wall Street. "Every time I'd find a relationship, my company would move me to another continent," sighs one trader. "If you're straight, the firm will make provisions to move your wife or girlfriend along. Because you can't be open, they move you around at will."

James Pepper, an openly gay managing director at Brundage, Story and Rose, a money-management firm, describes the dilemma of a closeted investment banker currently under consideration for a lucrative partnership at one of the Street's most prestigious houses. "If he were out, they might not feel comfortable having him as a partner. Yes, they will shut their eyes if he makes a strong economic contribution. But if there are five partnerships available and six people who make equal money, then they won't choose him."

There are exceptions, of course. When Joe Cherner was trading 30-year Treasury bonds at Kidder, Peabody in the eighties, his lover accompanied him to Christmas parties and social events. "My sexuality had very little to do with my job," says Cherner, who was president of his class at Columbia Business School. "I don't see where sexuality is or should be an issue. In my specific instance, I didn't have a problem being accepted." But Cherner left Wall Street after seven years.

THOUGH GAY BANKERS AND TRADers may know one another by reputation, they by and large take pains to avoid one another at work. A loose social network of gay financial types sometimes hooks up at private homes and parties, but "when you run into someone that's gay during the day, you're not gonna ask them how their boyfriend is or anything," says one banker. It's not something you want to bring up." At Goldman Sachs, two partners in a long-term relationship were so worried that their secret would be exposed that they didn't speak to each other at Goldman's offices.

In 1983, a group of gay financiers at J.P. Morgan and Bankers Trust founded a professional association they called the New York Bankers' Group, with the idea that it would allow them to share experiences and contacts. In the group's early days, meetings were held at private homes, and many of the addresses on their mailing list read "Mr. and Mrs." because members were pretending to be married.

Today, NYBG has more than 300 members, 70 percent of them male, ranging from traders in their mid-twenties to retirees, who meet monthly at various Manhattan locales. The majority are in commercial banking, but there is a large investment-banking contingent as well. Ironically, even the president of the organization, a 27-year-old working for a foreign bank, declines to be identified.

"We provide a way to network with other people in your institution," he says. "Many people meet their boss's boss or a close co-worker who they didn't know was gay."

Though the group's president says NYBG members include senior execu-

One gay banker got a woma

on the voice mail he shared with his lover. Another tives at J.P. Morgan, Standard & Poor's, Bank of America, Bear Stearns, and Bankers Trust, the group's membership list is kept strictly confidential: NYBG internally publishes a networking directory that's available only to members.

Last December, 106 members attended the group's Christmas party at Flute, a swank champagne bar in an old speakeasy. NYBG events like this are "not cruisey," says one NYBG member who met his first boyfriend through the group, "but a lot of business cards are exchanged. There are a lot of good-looking guys, professional and well-off—very high dating-and-relationship potential."

More important, he says, he has found the Bankers' Group to be a great way to find mentors—though for the most part, their experience has convinced him that it wouldn't be advisable to be out at work.

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rated his desk with pictures of children.

JUDGING FROM THEIR REPRESENTATION IN groups like NYBG, Wall Street's lesbians are even less visible and organized than their gay male counterparts. "There so much competition that most of us feel fortunate just to be here," says "Gina," who works in the securities operation of a major firm. "Plenty of people with strong credentials would like to sit in my chair right now." A trader in her thirties, Gina is out to her family, friends, and neighbors but not to her co-workers, with the exception of her closest colleague, whom she told only after they worked together for years.

Personal lives are usually left alone, she says: "I wouldn't lie ever, but nobody has ever asked me, *Do you have a boyfriend?* or *Are you married?*" But since the firm sent around an announcement saying that it was beginning to extend health benefits to domestic partners, Gina has pondered whether to participate: "I'm not worried about being fired, but I have no doubt that I'd be treated differently given the quite blatant, openly homophobic culture in sales and trading.

"When I'm on the desk, I hear not-nice things about people who are suspected of being gay: 'Get me that faggot on the line.'. . . I've never heard any racial slurs on the trading desk, and though you hear things about women, they never say anything when I'm around. People have been trained to know better.

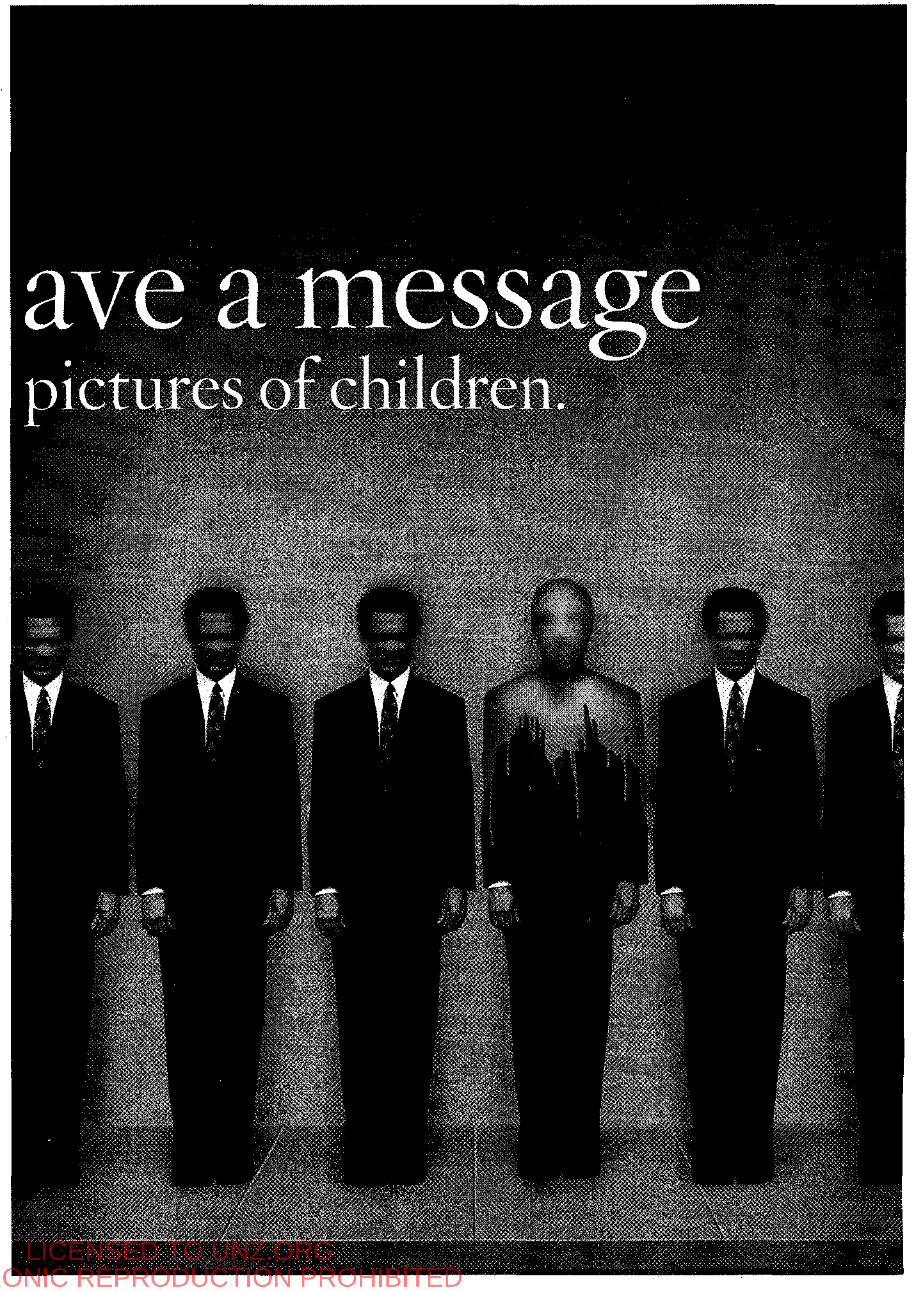
"There is progress," she adds. "You don't see strippers on the trading floor anymore as 'birthday presents' for traders, as there were in the early nineties. But the culture of the swashbuckling trader is definitely still there."

Personally, she admits, she has little incentive to push for lasting change at the firm, since she isn't committed to spending her entire career there, as most of her straight colleagues are.

"I don't foresee a career on Wall Street," she says. "I took the job to pay off my student loans. The money's been great for a while, but it's too oppressive an environment for me to stay here." Instead, she hopes to start a second career, related to public service.

That's not an uncommon ambition: In a field where it's possible to earn enough in a few years to retire in your forties, Wall Street gays often pack up their windfalls and start new lives in philanthropic or political causes. AIDS organizations and gay-rights groups like the Washington-based Human Rights Campaign and the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force are also supported by large pools of Wall Street money.

IN RECENT YEARS, IN PART BECAUSE OF the threat of lawsuits like Joe Daniel's, dozens of firms have taken steps to officially ban discrimination against gays and lesbians. According to the Human Rights Campaign, New York–based firms that officially ban



discrimination include the Equitable, Citigroup (which includes Travelers and Salomon Smith Barney), Goldman Sachs, Morgan Stanley Dean Witter, and PaineWebber.

American Express, Bankers Trust, Chase Manhattan, J.P. Morgan, Merrill Lynch, and Scudder Kemper also offer domestic-partnership benefits for the partners of gay employees.

In 1998, a gay financial writer named Grant Lukenbill helped start a service called the Equality Project, which surveys financial firms and *Fortune* 500 companies on their workplace policies toward gay and lesbian employees. The group's Website (www.equalityproject.org) lists companies that meet its seven requirements, which include diversity training as well as domestic-partner benefits and explicit anti-gay-discrimination policies.

Of the New York–based financial firms, only four make the list: American Express, J.P. Morgan, Merrill Lynch, and Bankers Trust. (Out-of-town firms on the list: BankAmerica in Charlotte, Charles Schwab in San Francisco, and BankBoston.) In any case, even Lukenbill admits that stated policies sometimes don't make much of a difference. "Some of the companies with the best policies," he says, "have people with the worst anecdotal examples to the contrary."

While Bear Stearns does have an official anti-discrimination policy, its existence is news to chairman Alan "Ace" Greenberg. "I don't think we need one," he says. "I think it's clear that we wouldn't tolerate that kind of thing. All we look for is smart, hungry people who want to be rich. I don't give a damn *what* they do at home. We don't discriminate against anybody," he jokes. "We even hire Jews!"

DESPITE OFFICIAL ADVANCES, MOST GAY Wall Streeters feel it's still too risky to venture out. "My manager doesn't have a problem with gays, but what about my next manager?" asks an experienced broker at one of the biggest firms, who believes his bosses could fire him at will without worrying about discrimination charges. They could simply claim that he didn't meet performance goals, since every year he's required to agree to new accounts and greater assets—incredibly high targets that only a tiny percentage of brokers actually attain. "They've always got that over you," he explains. "I'm constantly seeing people fired."

Those who are openly gay outside work worry about colleagues' finding out. One broker at a small, stuffy, conservative firm agreed to be filmed for a documentary about a gay march, but he was wary when the producers said they wanted to show the film in a city where he had clients. After much prodding, they agreed to run it only in regions where he had no clients, so the identification of his homosexuality wouldn't hurt his business. "My clientele is 99 percent heterosexual," he explains. "They're high-net-worth individuals, very well-off, and a lot of them are conservative in their political views."

Sometimes, even the most careful precautions misfire: In a scene out of a Paul Rudnick comedy, "Keith," an executive at a major investment bank, agreed to an after-work date with his boyfriend at a bar near his office. The boyfriend suggested the location, which he thought was a "gay lounge." It was, but just one night a week. That evening, it drew a mixed crowd.

When Keith arrived early for the rendezvous, the scene was set for a farce. He immediately ran into a straight associate who asked Keith to join him and a friend for a drink. As the trio talked, Keith noticed his boyfriend enter the bar and move quickly toward him.

Keith knew what would happen next. "It suddenly occurred to me that he was going to give me a kiss," Keith recalls. "I wanted to put up my arms to block him. My reaction was horror, which is appalling." Sure enough, the boyfriend kissed him on the lips. It was a chaste, closed-mouth "hello" kiss, but nonetheless, the straight financiers appeared shocked. On cue, they began talking about women, as if to prove their heterosexuality bona fides.

"It was a very awkward moment, and I was just happy to get out of there," recalls Keith, who points out that he faced no repercussions. "The bottom line is, I don't have a problem being myself. The danger in this business is being myself too loudly."

FOR A LONG TIME, WALTER SCHUBERT felt the same way. Now 42, Schubert grew up in a conservative, Republican, Irish Catholic family in West Orange, New Jersey, where "it was just not okay to be gay," he says. "I lived for many years with an inordinate amount of shame and guilt." He hadn't planned to follow his grandfather and father to the floor of the exchange. He really wanted to be a diplomat in the foreign service. But in 1977, when Schubert was a sophomore at Skidmore, his father was told by doctors that he had only six months to live. Walter, then 20 and the oldest of six children, quit school to learn the family business at the Big Board.

"My role was to be the provider for my mother, brother, and sisters," he recalls. "I didn't hesitate." A year after his father's death in 1979, Schubert became the youngest member of the New York Stock Exchange. He was 23.

"I knew from the start that I was going to have to face this, but I couldn't construct a successful career being an openly gay man on the floor of the exchange. In 1980, it was a very conservative, conformist place that didn't like anyone who was challenging to the status quo. To step out, to be even slightly different—people weren't going to go for that."

Trying to fit in, Schubert dated many women and was even engaged to be married—twice. But the pretense wore him down. "I was becoming unhappy, self-destructive. I started to sabotage my success. By the mid-nineties, after fifteen years of taking care of my family, I thought it was time to live *my* life."

In 1993, he began coming out privately to friends and relatives, though he remained closeted at work. But by 1994, the rumors of his homosexuality were spreading wildly. "It was becoming an open secret on the trading floor. It was pretty uncomfortable," he says. Finally, a colleague confronted Walter directly.

The New York Bankers' Gr

organization, has 300 members. Its president and n

"When I was asked on the floor, rather than being sheepish, I said yes. Twenty-four hours later, I was 'the gay guy.' Since then, I've been trying to get back my whole identity. It's been a hard journey."

When he came out, he held a meeting with his employees, many of whom feared that the firm would lose its customers. Schubert himself had the same fear. He told his people he'd understand if they wanted to leave. None did.

OTHERS WHO HAVE FOUND MAINSTREAM firms too stifling have struck out on their own. In 1994, Robert Fenyk, who spent two unhappy years as a broker at Merrill Lynch, switched from Merrill to Christopher Street Financial, which promotes itself as the only gay-owned-and-operated brokerage and financial-advisory firm in the nation. At Christopher Street (actually located on Wall Street), clients and brokers can talk freely about financial-planning issues specific to homosexuals—tax laws, pension benefits, and how to pass estates on to partners. Founded in 1981, the company was recently taken over by a group of investors including Jennifer Hatch, a 38-year-old veteran of J.P. Morgan and Bear Stearns. It recently opened an office in Fire Island Pines and is planning other branches in Short Hills, New Jersey; Los Angeles; and four to six other cities in the next eighteen months.

p, a gay professional
of its board are anxiously closeted at work.

Although Christopher Street had the gay market to itself for most of two decades, major firms such as Merrill Lynch and American Express Financial Advisors are also getting into the act. AmEx, in particular, has a reputation for fostering a socially active and politically vocal group of gay employees. Its efforts began five years ago, when an employee named James Law realized that he was the company's only financial adviser in New York who was openly gay. Noting that the major firms had forfeited the lucrative gay market to boutique firms like Christopher Financial, he and a group of colleagues argued that AmEx should broaden its reach into the community.

The company responded by advertising in national gay magazines such as *Out* and pouring money into gay charities and organizations. "We've found that if we make a commitment to community relations, that's how we get most of our clients," Law says. Today, almost 300 of AmEx's 10,000 financial advisers nationwide, including 30 in New York, are involved in its gay-and-lesbian network, although Law admits that a majority of these advisers are straight, not gay.

Dana Giacchetto, who runs the successful investment-advisory firm the Cassandra Group, says his company has also benefited by hiring openly gay employees and maintaining a welcoming attitude toward gay clients. "Because we focus on the entertainment business, we have a more open, creative client base," he says. "We serve many, many gay people, and I think they find it easier to do business with us than with buttoned-up firms. For us, it's not an issue at all."

Ironically, even as their straight colleagues wake up to the potential of the gay market, many gay brokers remain ambivalent about marketing to other homosexuals. A salesman at a top New York brokerage watched quietly as a straight colleague asked for and received funding from the firm to run a promotional booth at a gay-and-lesbian convention. He realized that he wouldn't be comfortable making the same request for fear of outing himself at the firm.

WHY, IN THE END, IF WALL Street is so inhospitable, do so many gays stay on? Perhaps because, like many of their straight counterparts, they accept that sacrifice is part of the bargain: Staying quiet, playing the game, ignoring the faggot jokes, getting a lap dance—this is the price they pay for a career that offers such lavish material rewards. "It's a deal with the devil," says one banker. "No one can say they didn't know what they were getting into."

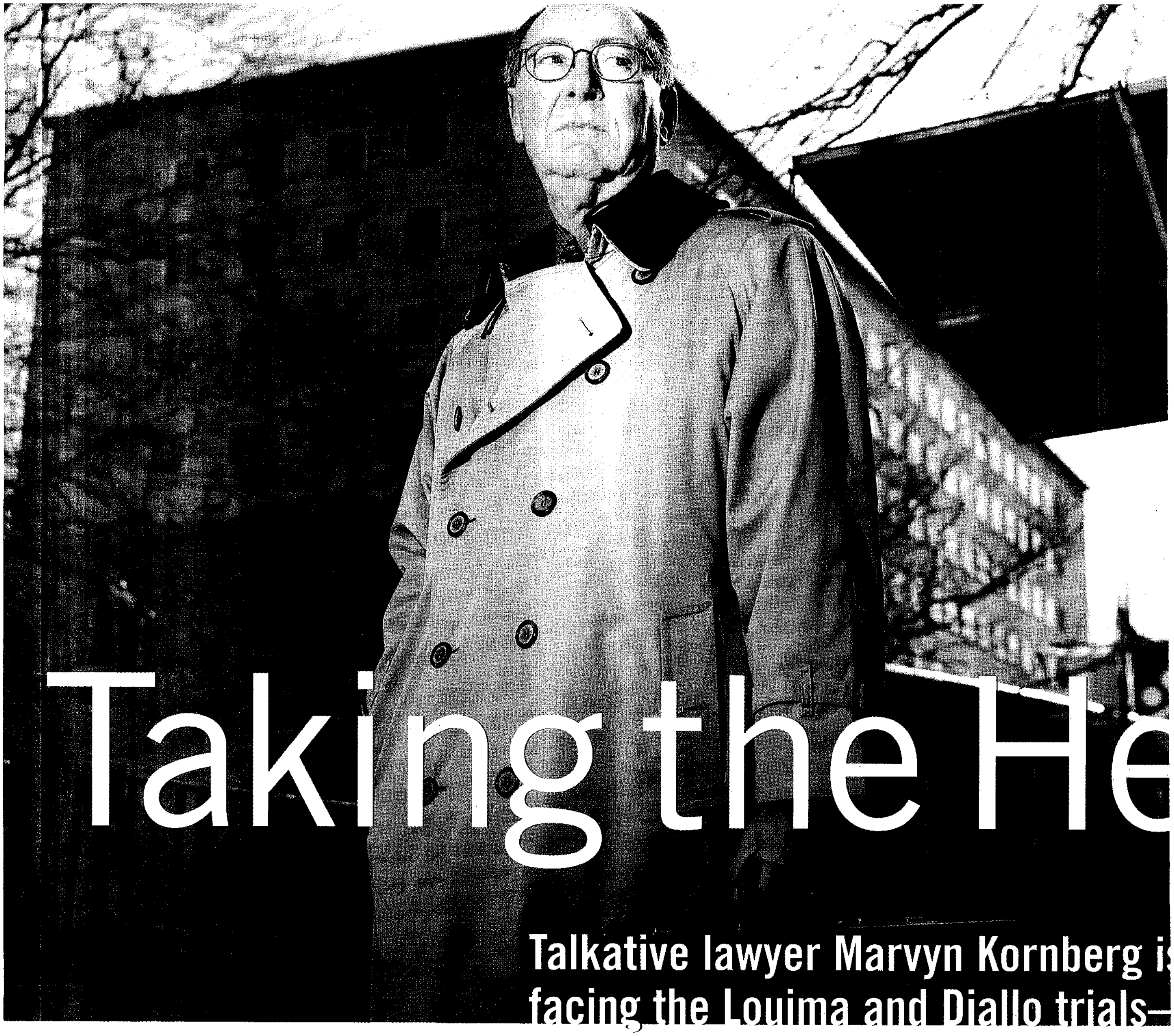
One top gay bond trader relishes the conflict. "Lets face it," he says, "there's no place in the world you can make so much money so quickly. Wall Street is the ultimate boys' club, and like all boys, they get off by pushing each other around and earn special points by bashing the fags. But it's a culture that rewards performance and aggression. If you earn enough, and you're mean enough, and you go with the flow, no one can hurt you. You just need to remember that every time they fuck with you, you fuck with them twice as hard."

On the worst days at work, they can comfort themselves with Rolex watches, Aspen ski weekends, Gramercy Park apartments, orchestra seats, and the other perks of their profession. At a recent party attended by gay financial-world types, the payoff was palpable. Well-dressed men chattered happily as a handsome server walked around with trays of hors d'oeuvre. They discussed plans for their Hamptons summer houses and Fire Island retreats, trips to South Beach, safaris in Kenya.

One man, a tanned, dapper banker in his forties, talked cheerfully, if a tad defensively, about his life. Working on Wall Street, he said, had allowed him to see the world, meet famous people, generously donate to the causes he found important. Yes, it was true that he had to be discreet at work, but in the end, what a small price to pay.

After his third glass of champagne, he settled into the plush leather couch, and for a moment his brimming confidence seemed to shrink. He acknowledged that he had not had a relationship in more than five years, and that sometimes all the posturing and hiding made him sick. He talked about moving out of New York, cashing out, settling down. "I guess it's true that in the end they buy you," he said. "They buy your dignity. And the worst thing is, you happily sell it to them." Thinking it through, he remained silent for about a minute, until a thought seemed to perk him up again. "I guess," he said, smiling, "people have sold their self-respect for a lot less than $3 million a year." ▬

Additional reporting by Maer Roshan.



Taking the He

Talkative lawyer Marvyn Kornberg i
facing the Louima and Diallo trials—

THE PHONE IN MARVYN KORNBERG'S dim, cramped law office on Queens Boulevard never stops ringing—reporters, other lawyers, witnesses, clients, and more reporters. The walls are hung with two plaques from grateful clients, his grandfather's naturalization papers, and a laminated 1995 *Daily News* story naming him one of the ten best lawyers in the city.

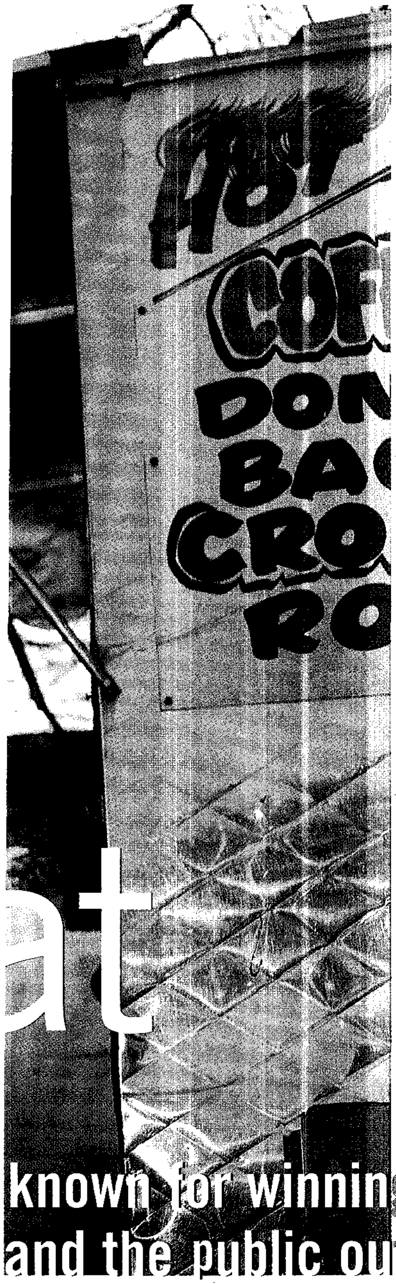
When he sees me eyeing the *News* piece, he interrupts his phone conversation. "Only lawyer from Queens who made that list," he crows, receiver still clamped to his ear.

The fax machine is spitting out dispatches from federal prosecutors. Kornberg momentarily hangs up and pores over a document as if it were a treasure map. One of the year's most sensational trials—of the cops accused of sexually torturing Abner Louima in the bathroom of a Brooklyn station house—is about to begin. Kornberg represents Justin Volpe, the officer accused of actually sodomizing the Haitian immigrant with a wooden handle. Another client, Sean Carroll, is one of the four policemen who fired 41 rounds at an unarmed man in the Bronx, a shooting that has outraged the city, put the mayor on the defensive, and prompted feverish news coverage, indignant editorials, and bitter public protest on a daily basis.

With these cases Kornberg confronts not only an angry populace but a hostile police union: Last month the president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association denounced Kornberg and blacklisted him to the rank and file. But officers in trouble have not stopped calling him—a situation some believe to be the real source of the union's ire. Kornberg is taking business away from the PBA and its lawyers. "Cops are willing to come here—paying out of their own pocket—instead of taking a PBA lawyer they get for nothing," says Kornberg, who bid unsuccessfully for the PBA contract himself last year. "What does *that* tell you?" Indeed, Kornberg points out that it was Volpe's brother—then a PBA delegate—who first brought Justin to the Queens Boulevard office.

Marvyn Kornberg has practiced here for 40 years, but he is something different, a tropical fish swimming in the duller hues of a freshwater pond. As he strides down Queens Boulevard, younger col-

Photograph by Brian Smale



known for winning acquittals of cops in trouble. Now he's and the public outcry against police brutality. **By Peg Tyre**

leagues try to meet his eye. Kornberg sucks his thin lips into a facsimile of a smile, silently acknowledging them, but he never stops talking. In his rough, rapid-fire courtroom voice, he is on the cell phone explaining a fine point of criminal law to another reporter. He checks his beeper and dials quickly, appreciative of television deadlines.

Occasionally, he fields calls from prospective clients who have read his name in the newspapers and are hoping that Kornberg might deliver them from their own squalid legal troubles. Most of them he turns down; Kornberg handles only criminal matters. The bigger the crime, the better. He lives for trials, says columnist Jimmy Breslin. "There is no other side of him, really. It's work—and everything else."

"I'M A HIRED GUN," RASPS KORNBERG, WHO is 63 and sounds like Jack Klugman but dresses more elaborately: Joseph Abboud suit; Rolex; a loud I-remember-the-sexual-revolution tie. It's the case, not the client, he cares about: "It could be a cop. Or an organized-crime figure, or a rapist on the street." He drops his voice. "Of course, I have grown to appreciate the plight of a group of defendants." He is speaking, of course, of cops, who make up, he says, 25 percent of his business.

"When cops get in trouble, they are the underdogs," Kornberg says, warming up. With a perfectly straight face, he continues: "Cops are more likely to get charged with a crime than ordinary citizens. It has become politically correct for district attorneys to go out and indict cops. And in this climate, cops are more likely to get convicted." Not a word of this, of course, is true. Cops are rarely charged with crimes, and those who are, are rarely convicted. But Kornberg's oratory is perfectly tailored to the prevailing sentiment at station houses.

Detective Olga Vazquez is a true believer. "I trusted him with my life," she says. Last November, Kornberg got her acquitted of brutality charges. "He has a lot of street smarts and a lot of book smarts," Vazquez says, "and in court, he backs it up."

To be sure, Kornberg has ridden the crest of tabloid headlines for decades, cultivating journalists while representing the Beast of Bellevue (a homeless man who raped and strangled a pregnant doctor); John Gotti's son-in-law, Carmine Agnello; and freak-of-the-week cases like Joey Buttafuoco. "Managing the press is a critical component of defending a high-profile client," said his close associate Barry Schwartz. "Marvyn understood that way back in the early eighties, before any of us."

But "managing the press" meant something different in the sixties and seventies. As a young lawyer in Queens, Kornberg regularly drank with "the boys" from the courthouse press room, testing defense strategies, planting stories, or simply talking trash. He learned the value of being accessible. "When I was just starting out, I had to always tell reporters how to spell it: *Mar-V-Y-N,*" says Kornberg, claiming the spelling was his mother's whimsy, not his own. "Now they pretty much remember it."

IRONICALLY, IT WAS A BATTLE AGAINST COPS that first put Kornberg on the map. In February 1985, he was called into Queens County Criminal Court, where 18-year-old Mark Davidson was being arraigned on a minor pot bust. "I saw the kid was crying," says Kornberg, recalling the day with relish. "I said, 'What's a matter, did the cops beat you up?' The kid nods and says, 'They did something else too.' Then he pulls up his shirt, and his whole back and side are covered with burns." Kornberg demanded Davidson remain in police custody until he could be seen and photographed by the medical examiner. Then he called Breslin, one of his old Queens Boulevard drinking buddies. The story ran on the front page of the *Daily News* and soon on the front pages of papers around the country. In the end, two policemen were convicted, much of the precinct was transferred, and dozens of others were forced to resign. Kornberg stoked the press coverage by leaking secret details of the investigation.

Telling this story, Kornberg all but glows; you can see flickerings of the eager son of a Bronx dry cleaner who endured Taft High, Long Island University, and Brooklyn Law School so he could finally realize a boyhood dream to practice criminal law. You can see a hint of the relentless energy that exasperates his wife of 25 years, Arlene, and the vaguely anti-authoritarian individualism that causes weary reporters to dryly refer to him as the Last Angry Man. But Kornberg's face tightens as he is pulled back to the present, and his voice becomes smoother.

"Of course, things are different now."

Indeed they are. Ahead of him lies the trial of Volpe for an act so repugnant it silenced even die-hard police supporters. The case will be a tough one, and a federal judge has barred Kornberg from talking with the press about it. Still, he's gotten Volpe's black girlfriend on the cover of the *Daily News* to deflect claims of racism and assigned a private investigator to dig up dirt that might help his client. If Volpe is convicted, it will cast an indelible shadow on New York's police force. If he is acquitted, the racial fissures zigzagging through the city could widen into a chasm. Yet Kornberg seems unfazed. Plenty of surprises will come out at the trial, he suggests darkly.

For once, he has nothing else to say. ■

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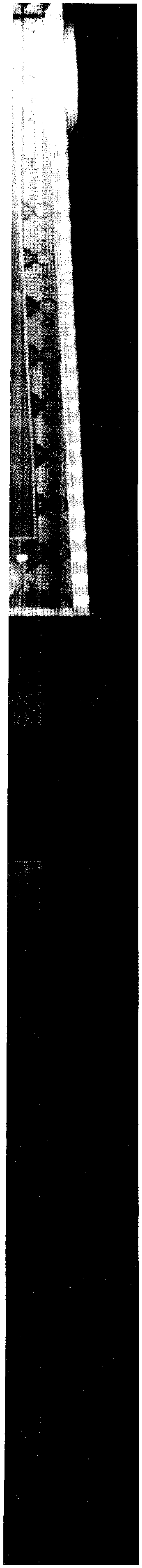


Steve Hanson Wants You To Be Happy

He knows you better than your shrink. He pays more attention than your spouse. The obsessed owner of Ruby Foo's and six other hot restaurants is trying to make a science of pleasing people.

BY MERYL GORDON

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERND AUERS

The Atlantic Grill is so busy on this wintry Tuesday night that it's nearly impossible to squeeze through the bar to get to the hostess. But owner Stephen Hanson, stopping by as part of his nightly rounds of his seven restaurants, doesn't seem pleased at the sight of the hungry throngs here on the Upper East Side. Instead, his eyes dart around, searching the room as if he were playing the child's game What's Wrong With This Picture? ▨ "The lights are too bright," he tells the manager, noting that the carefully calibrated romantic ambience is slightly off. ▨ Hanson confers with the hostess over where to seat Rudy Giuliani, who has a reservation later that evening. Next, the restaurateur scans his customers, trying to analyze their moods in shrink-to-patient fashion. As a divorced 49-year-old bachelor who knows all too well the perils of dating, he instructs his waiters to pay attention to body language, and if it's evident a couple is not having fun—staring into space awkwardly, conversation at a standstill—to put a rush on their food order. "They don't want to be here anymore," he says, "and we want to help them." Tonight, however, it's a happy crowd, and Hanson's only concern is a few women who have their arms crossed awkwardly as if chilly. Urging the hostess to turn up the heat, he says, "I want this place toasty." ▨ In an era when most new restaurants in Manhattan scarcely last as long as the foam takes to cool on a cappuccino, Stephen Hanson has built a restaurant empire that now feeds 35,000 people a week, the equivalent of the entire population of Hoboken—and he's done it in little more than a dozen years. His company B.R. Guest (inspired by the Chicago restaurant chain Lettuce Entertain You) grossed more than $40 million last year. Hanson, a former commodities trader and garment-industry executive, has a simple formula: fun and sexy neighborhood restaurants where dinner for two is safely under $100. Sure, dropping $300 at Le Bernardin offers a culinary thrill, and snagging a reservation at BondSt gives you bragging rights, but most nights, people just want a hassle-free, value-for-money meal. Or as Hanson puts it, borrowing a phrase from his retailing past, "I'm the bridge designer of food."

And he caters to Manhattan's notoriously fussy eaters: Hanson doesn't advertise his cuisine as spa food, but he's sensitive to the waistline concerns of his customers. "Steve's challenged me to try to thicken sauces without roux or butter," says Atlantic Grill's chef Joseph Boyer, an enthusiastic 25-year-old. "He figures everyone's into looking good, so let's help them."

Hanson's newest venture on the Upper West Side, Ruby Foo's, cost $3.5 million and features a dramatic David Rockwell–designed interior—a startling red-lacquered wall of Asian artifacts, handsome mah-jongg tiles backlit at the bar—yet the Pan-Asian food runs a mere $30 per person. The restaurant has been open only a few months, but it is already a West Side sensation, filled to overflowing. "Steve's restaurants aren't about high-end food," says Tim Zagat, whose survey ranks Hanson's Blue Water Grill in the top twenty of New York's most popular restaurants. "They're about getting thousands of people to come again and again and again."

AS KING OF THE ONE-STAR-RESTAURANT world, Hanson may be the best social observer in New York today. "I'm just the bozo," he jokes. "If I like something, I figure a lot of other people will too." But it's not quite that simple. "I don't buy that act," says an amused Danny Meyer, whose Union Square Cafe is just around the corner from Blue Water Grill. "Steve is a hell of a lot smarter than anyone gives him credit for." He makes it his business to know who his diners are. He has discovered, for instance, that people who hang their hats in different neighborhoods abide by different body clocks: His two Upper East Side restaurants start filling up at 6:30 P.M. and empty out well before midnight, while customers at his West Side and Union Square establishments get started later and party on longer. He can guess how long people are likely to linger over their espresso. "If two people go out, they'll stay 90 minutes, but for a party of four, it's two hours," he says. Eating habits are surprisingly predictable: 25 percent of diners always order the special, whatever it is. And when customers return to a restaurant for a third time, Hanson says, "70 percent order the same thing they had before."

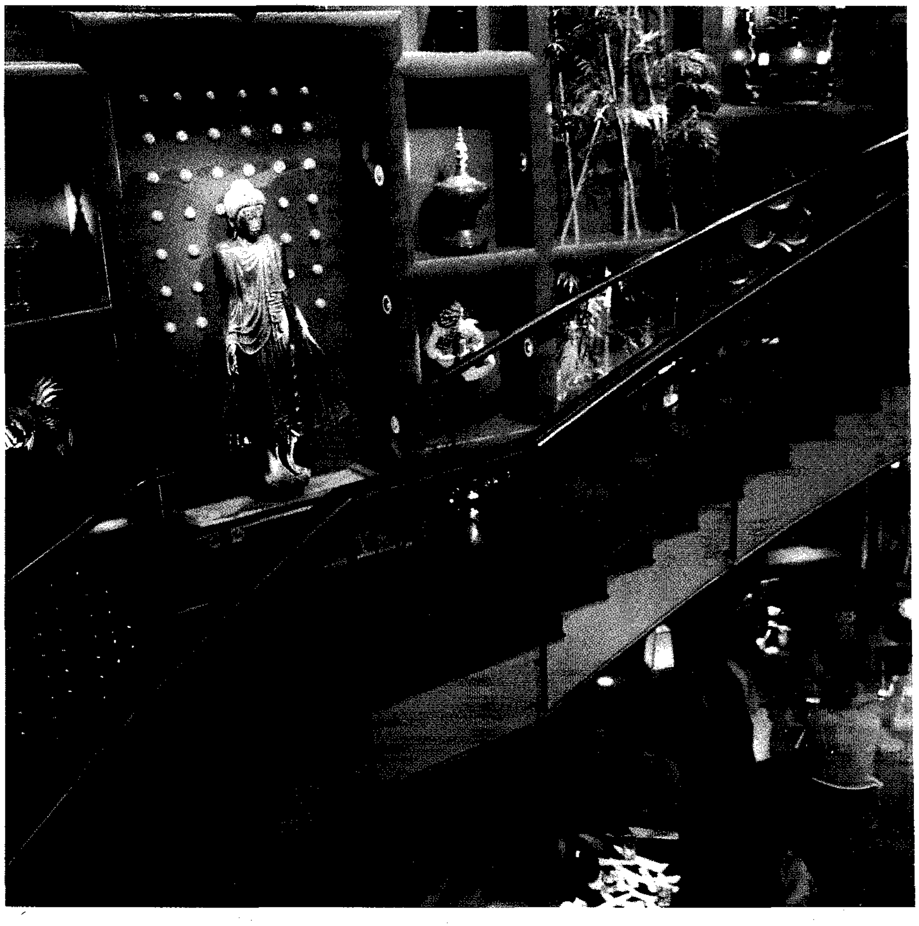
He wants to be able to quantify absolutely everything that goes on in his world. Each waiter is required to fill out a report after every shift, discussing whether customers liked the specials and whether the kitchen delivered promptly, and even answering a personal question—How do you feel?—by circling responses ranging from "Great" to "Depressed." (Why is it somehow not surprising to discover that one of Hanson's good friends is Mr. How-Am-I-Doing himself, former mayor Ed Koch, who enthuses that Hanson is "heading for the top of the food pyramid" in New York?)

Does anyone actually ever admit to being depressed? "They're actors, they're full of drama," says Jon LoPresti, chef at Ocean Grill, with a laugh. "They'll tell you." Anyone who checks off "Depressed" several times is likely to wind up having a how-can-we-help chat with management.

For a man who has deliberately deluged himself with paper, Hanson appears almost comically disorganized. Step into his cluttered warren of second-floor offices, right above his restaurant Park Avalon, on Park Avenue South, and you need to hopscotch around the piles of paper on the floor to get to a chair. "I know where everything is," he insists, and he triumphantly comes up with a document he wants to show me, the weekly breakdown of every meal ordered at his restaurants. At Ocean Grill, 686 people ordered the blackened swordfish, 643 ordered the bass with risotto, and—hold the presses—only 446 people ordered the salmon, usually one of the most popular dishes. "Mr. Salmon ought to be knocking Mr. Swordfish out," he exclaims, noting that LoPresti has been trying out a new recipe, and either the menu description or the dish itself will have to be changed.

Instead of relying on his hostesses to remember the names and faces of the regulars, Hanson has programmed his computers to do the job: Each time someone calls for a reservation at, say, Coconut Grill or Isabella's and his phone number is logged in, his NV (number of visits) pops up. Hanson uses those numbers to further build loyalty: giving VIP preference for reservations on busy nights, passing out restaurant-logo baseball caps, free drinks, or dessert.

Crosstown traffic: Below, the Fred Astaire staircase at Ruby Foo's contributed to the restaurant's $3.5 million cost; opposite, the more modest Atlantic Grill thrives on Third Avenue, a year after its opening.



His regulars tend to show up at his restaurants during the week, avoiding the weekend crowds. And here's another in-

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

triguing factlet: Saturday-night diners are the most adventurous eaters, going a little wild and crazy in honor of the fact that it's not a school night. As Hanson says, "They're willing to try something new because they're relaxed."

“No one person is essential to Steve, so he’s never in the situation where if he loses a chef, the place will never be the same.”

HANSON HAS BEEN OBSESSED WITH THE NUances of restaurant life ever since he first began working at the ultimate Manhattan singles bar of the seventies, T.G.I. Friday's, while attending New York University. Michael Whiteman, a restaurateur who with the late Joseph Baum operated the Rainbow Room until recently, says, "If you go to dinner with Steve, he'll want to discuss what the headwaiter said and how do the guests feel about it." Not to mention whether the rolls are too chewy or leave too many crumbs. Hanson once arranged to drive Michael Weinstein, the restaurateur who owns Bryant Park Grill and Ernie's, to work for the privilege of asking questions en route. "He'd even stand next to me at the treadmill at the gym so we could talk," recalls Weinstein.

At Ruby Foo's, Hanson bounds cheerfully up the handsome black curving stairs that separate the upstairs and downstairs dining areas. "I call this my Fred Astaire staircase," he says. Today he's unshaven and wearing sweats, his tousled hair standing on end (his other mode is the full slick Calvin Klein look). Gesturing about Ruby Foo's, Hanson is eager to explain the people-pleasing theory behind the architectural design. A dramatic skylight has been cut between the two floors, which reduces the potential number of tables. But the payoff is great views from all angles, with a focus on the striking wall of Asian artifacts by the staircase. Better to have 350 happy diners than jam in an extra 20 more who are miserable. "Instead of people demanding 'Where are you seating me, Siberia?' when a hostess takes them upstairs," Hanson says, "they're gonna *wanna* climb." (Sure enough, on a recent Saturday night, Diane Sawyer, Mike Nichols, and Anna Deavere Smith were sharing a table at Ruby Foo's . . . upstairs.)

Nothing makes New Yorkers crazier than feeling that somebody else has an edge—a better table, a better life—so Hanson tries to orchestrate a dining experience that is democratically welcoming. The 800 waiters, hostesses, and busboys employed by B.R. Guest are virtually brainwashed into doing the ultimate non–New York thing—being really, really nice. NO ATTITUDE signs are posted in the kitchen area of his restaurants. The waiter's training manual urges the staff: "Be cheerful! Be sincere! No one is too cool to not smile—NOT HERE." "Steve's attitude is that getting through the day in New York is so difficult," says Chris Giarraputo, the company's executive chef, who's been with Hanson for twelve years, "that it shouldn't be difficult going to our restaurants."

For any restaurateur, one of the most intractable problems is staff turnover: A waiter good enough to last nine months is considered to have Strom Thurmond–like longevity. Hanson, who freely admits he's a control freak—"I'm a very organized type-A personality"—has tried to deal with the problem by putting together more staff manuals than McDonald's. Not only does he describe what to do if a diner mentions a food allergy (alert the kitchen immediately and specially mark the order), but he even addresses flirting etiquette ("When not serving couples, slight flirting is acceptable. Please remember you are not here to pick up guests of the restaurant"). The manual lists his conversational pet peeves. Waiters must never say, "Hi, guys," "How you guys doing?," or "That's my favorite dish." If asked to recommend a wine, servers are urged to start by suggesting a moderately priced bottle, so the customer doesn't feel pressured. "If somebody suggests I buy a $90 bottle of wine," says Hanson, "I hate that guy."

HANSON GREW UP HEARING DIScussions about marketing techniques at the family dinner table in New Rochelle. His mother, Betty Hanson, was a legendary garment-industry figure who ran the showroom of her longtime friend the designer Anne Klein; his father, Viggo Hall Hanson, was a salesman for the popular line. The couple, both now deceased, later launched their own Betty Hanson sportswear company, where Steve and his older brother, Hall, worked for several years. "My mother had a mind like a steel trap," recalls Hall Hanson Jr., a gentle bear of a man who works as an architect and contractor. "My father was the Mr. Congeniality of Seventh Avenue." As for his kid brother, he adds affectionately, "Steve has always tested the limits; he's always been very, very driven. And he's always wanted to make a lot of money."

Hanson has certainly succeeded at that, and he has the toys to prove it: a 3,000-square-foot million-dollar apartment in the landmark Ansonia with an impressive modern-art collection (a Picasso nude etching graces the hallway; a Miró hangs over the fireplace), the house in the Hamptons, a Ski Nautique powerboat, and what friends say is an endlessly changing array of young, beautiful women. John Vassilaros, a friend who runs a coffee-roasting company, says, "We end up having the same conversation repeatedly—Steve will say, 'You have your wife and kids. But is it worth giving up your freedom?' " Ask Hanson, a health nut who runs several miles each morning, sees a nutritionist, and gobbles 30 or more vitamin pills daily, whether this behavior represents baby-boomer fear of mortality, and he grins mischievously and replies, "It's Peter Pan."

Perhaps that's why he's been so good at tapping into the cultural Zeitgeist. Hanson's career path has mirrored the trendier moments of his generation. After college, he did the *Saturday Night Fever* thing, opening a nightclub, Peachtrees, in Westchester. "What could be better as a 25-year-old kid than running a nightclub in the seventies disco era?" he says. After selling the place, he went into his Master of the Universe phase as a commodities broker. "I made $3 million trading in 1980," he recalls, "and then silver crapped out and I lost $1.5 million in five weeks." Knowing the money-is-no-object mind-set of Wall Street whizzes, he makes sure his restaurants offer elaborate reserve wine lists including $260 Montrachets.

Those wines, mind you, are being paired with comfort food (chopped salad, grilled chicken paillard with mashed potatoes, seared tuna) on menus on which entrées cost as little as $12.95 and peak at $19.95. Hanson has taken a lesson from his years in the fashion industry in designing his menus: He knows consumers profess to be intrigued by fashion-forward, trendy styles but stick with tried-and-true classics and less-expensive knockoffs. "The newest food inventions will show up a year later at B.R. Guest," says Barry Wine, the former chef-owner of the famed Quilted Giraffe, who consulted on the menu for Ruby Foo's.

Though Hanson occasionally splurges on an expensive consultant like Wine, he generally hires young chefs who can make a tasty asparagus-and-lobster salad but aren't encouraged to push the culinary edge. As Michael Whiteman puts it, "Steve hires people for his kitchens who are willing to concede that he's the boss—which is unusual." There are tangible business advantages to hiring chefs who aren't prima donnas. Hanson has a cost-saving centralized purchasing operation for his restaurants that is the envy of his peers. "I'd like to do that when I grow up," says Danny Meyer. "But when you have a chef-driven restaurant, each chef takes a certain pride in having their own purveyors." Similarly, by not promising his customers famous-name food, Hanson has made himself less vulnerable. "No one person is essential to Steve," says Howard Muchnick, a lawyer who puts together the investor partnerships to back Hanson's restaurants. "So he's never in the situation where if he loses a chef, the place will never be the same."

Crowd pleaser: Hanson's two-year-old Blue Water Grill, on Union Square, was rated No. 19 in *Zagat*'s "50 Most Popular Restaurants" survey.

That said, such creative constraints can be frustrating for ambitious chefs. Jim Botsacos, a chef who has won three-star reviews for his food at Molyvos, recalls his four-year stint as a chef at Hanson's Park Avalon and Blue Water Grill with mixed feelings. "I was 24 years old, and he gave me a shot," Botsacos says gratefully, "but I have a lot more flexibility and creativity now. I'd urge Steve, 'Let's put quail on the menu,' or 'Let's charge 50 cents more so we can use more expensive ingredients; let's show them what we can do.' I told him I wanted to be a three-star chef, but he said he wasn't ready for that kind of operation."

Hanson says he has absolutely no interest in running the kind of pricey, elite place in which food is treated as an art form. "You have to know who you are," he says. "I'd have to raise prices 30 percent and slow down service." He's proud of saving money by insisting his waiters wear their own clothes (in variations of black and white) rather than paying for uniforms and their upkeep.

This attitude has made Hanson a hero to his investors. The restaurant business is so risky that banks won't go near it: a new place opens virtually every day in New York; within two years, more than 75 percent have served their last crème brûlée. But all of Hanson's restaurants have prospered, and his backers—who include designer Nicole Miller, her CEO, Bud Konheim, and the Jordache jean company—are getting as much as 35 percent yearly returns, impressive even against the backdrop of a raging bull market.

"There are many people who run good restaurants who I wouldn't give money to, because they're shady financial operators," says Konheim. "But Steve Hanson is 100 percent legitimate, a Class A act." Howard Muchnick says he hasn't had trouble finding investors, adding, "Steve hopes to eventually expand out of New York, and become a public company."

NOW THAT RUBY FOO'S IS launched, Hanson is already scouting properties in SoHo. He continues to spend his days (and nights) shuttling between his restaurants in his blue Range Rover, juggling hundreds of phone calls, overscheduling himself so much that he's late for every meeting. "I can't tell you how many times a bunch of us have been at Steve's beach house, enjoying the sunset, and he's on a conference call to the restaurant," says John Vassilaros. But friends also say he is extraordinarily loyal, the man to call when in need. "When Alec Baldwin dropped me after fourteen years as his agent, I was totally devastated," says Hanson's pal J. Michael Bloom. "I couldn't get out of bed. Steve called me every single day for months."

Okay, so his friends love him, but what about his employees? "I'm a hard person to work for because I'm very demanding," Hanson says. At least he knows it. Brad Gardiner, who owned the Shark Bar before becoming a B.R. Guest co-director of operations, says Hanson is completely up-front about his no-holds-barred management style. "He told me when he hired me, 'I'll love you, I'll hate you; it's nothing personal. It's the good, the bad, and the ugly.' "

On a recent snowy afternoon, it's the good that's coming through. Hanson is listening in on the daily 4 P.M. conference call among the managers of all his restaurants, and he gets incredibly psyched to hear Chris Paraskevaides, the other operating director, discuss plans to get the customers into a "ski lodge in Vermont" mood that night. "I love that," Hanson says. "Let's hand out hats, suggest hot toddies, do cookie plates. Let's make customers feel great about coming out in the snow."

But he's not done yet. He wants to make sure all the managers have reviewed their "snow documents"; he even wants the coat-check staff reminded "to make sure the gloves are secure in the pockets." Yes, here's a man running a multi-million-dollar company who is worried about the potential for missing mittens. It's excessive—and it's vintage Steve Hanson. ■

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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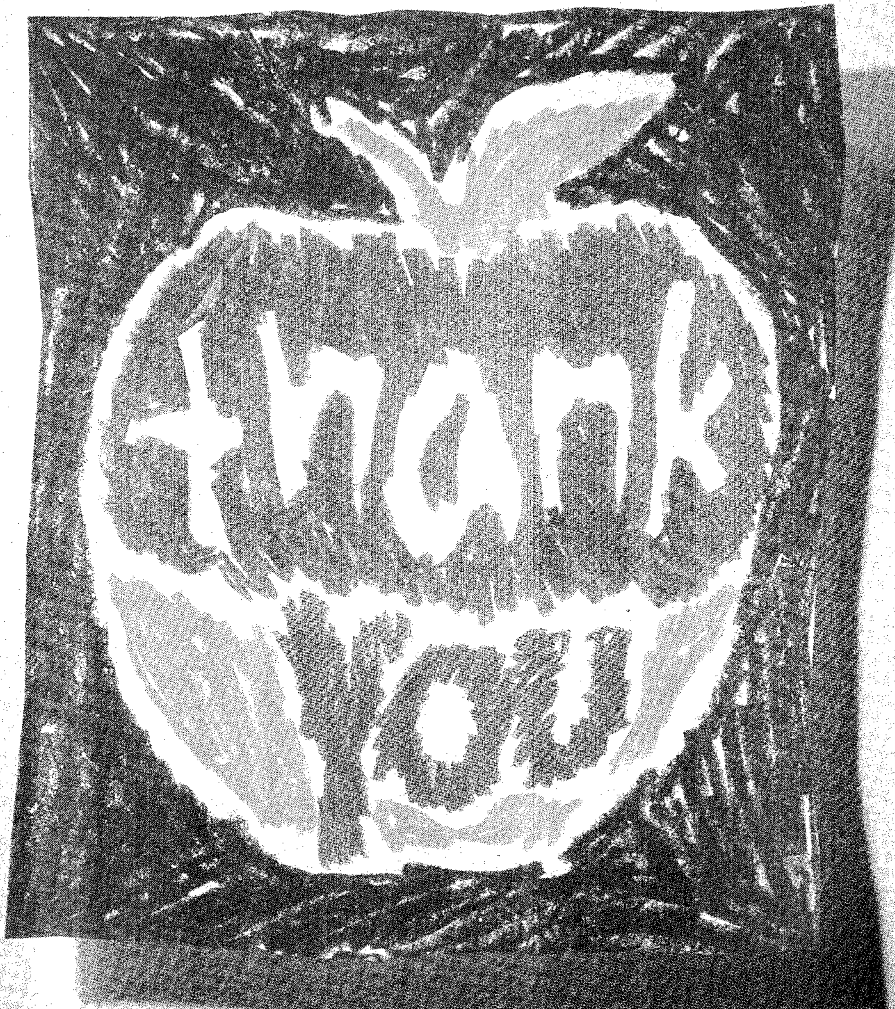

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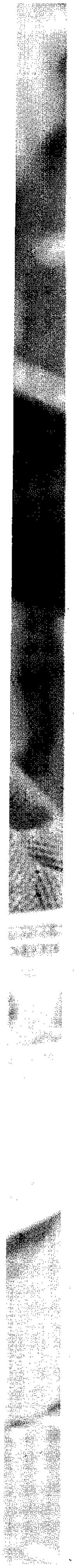
COMEBACK KID
Stu Ungar after his third and final win at the 1997 World Series of Poker in Las Vegas.



THE END OF THE GAME

BY STEVE FISHMAN

RISING FROM SEEDY MANHATTAN GAMBLING ROOMS TO THE BEST CASINOS IN VEGAS, STUEY UNGAR, NEW YORK'S GREATEST CARDPLAYER, ALWAYS BET IT ALL.

THE AIR IN DOWNTOWN LAS VEGAS IS LIKE THE AIR THAT SHOOTS OUT THE BACK OF THE CITY'S millions of air conditioners: thick, almost flannel, and hot as hell. By the time the finals begin, it's nearly 100 degrees in the few bleachers, and the fans are lethargic—even those crowding the misters that let out a cool fog. Then a man in a suit and tie appears, trailed by two security guards with creaking gun belts. On a small air-conditioned stage, he overturns a cardboard box onto a green felt table. It's the prize money: $1 million, bound in packets of hundred-dollar bills. Suddenly, the fans scream, as if excited by the physical presence of so much cash and also perhaps by the thought that one of the two remaining players in this World Series of Poker will walk away with all of it. ◆ One is John Strzemp. He's the player with an identity away from the card table. "It must be nice to have a job," one player had needled him. "And play without fear."

Photograph by Jeff Scheid/Gamma Liaison.

"Yeah, it is," said a sullen Strzemp, then president of Las Vegas's Treasure Island hotel and casino.

But the crowd pulls for the other finalist, the one who has never in his 40-plus years held a job. Tiny Stuey Ungar of the Lower East Side was born to a bookie; grew up with gangsters; and, in Manhattan's illicit gambling clubs, became "the Mozart of the card table."

As the final round starts, Stuey eyes what seem like bricks of cash through blue granny glasses—he's settled them on the very tip of his damaged nose. Twice before, he's won this event. But the last time was sixteen years ago.

"I really forgot how great it is, with everybody shaking your hand," he tells the ESPN announcer. If he sometimes slurs the edges of words, no one seems to mind. They admire his pluck. "I pretty much don't think anyone could beat me two-handed," he says, meaning one-on-one.

The decisive hand comes early. Stuey folds the edge of a card off the green felt and stares as if posing a loyalty question. "He's clairvoyant," one player said of Stuey. If so, he makes clairvoyance an act. He looks eerily up at the sky for a full minute. Then he shoves $800,000 of chips into the center. Strzemp doesn't hesitate. He matches the $800,000, all the chips he has.

Stuey, it turns out, has lulled Strzemp into a slightly disadvantageous wager. The dealer turns over a deuce, which gives Stuey a straight, his best possible outcome.

It's 1997, and Stuey is only the second player to win the World Series of Poker's no-limit event, the premier event, three times. "The Comeback Kid," says the ESPN announcer inevitably. Stuey seems to feel it. His head windmills once, twice. "I'm going to tell you something for a fact," he tells ESPN. "Only one ever beat me was myself and my bad habits." He's emotional. He holds his teenage daughter's school photo up to the camera. He stutters. "But when I get to playing, like this tournament, I really believe that n-no one can p-play with me on a daily basis."

Within four months, Stuey's million dollars is gone. Soon, everything else will go, too.

TODAY, 118 SECOND AVENUE IS A patisserie-café, but when Stuey Ungar was a teenager, it was a bar called Fox's Corner and was frequented by gangsters and gamblers, Jews and Italians. This was the sixties—before the lottery, OTB, Atlantic City, Foxwoods, before even pinball machines were legal—and New York was a small-time gamblers' paradise. In the East Village, every bar seemed to have a resident bookie, every block a card game. Stuey lived several blocks from Fox's, on Lewis near Grand, in the East River Housing Development. In those high-rise co-ops—which sold for $500 per room when Stuey was born—Isadore Ungar seemed like all the other respectable Jewish dads. But at Fox's, as Stuey once explained, his father, the manager, was "a bookmaker, a Shylock, a big man."

Ido, as Isadore was known, would sometimes bring Stuey to the bar, show off his wiseacre kid. Privately, though, he nurtured respectable dreams: His only son would be a doctor. Stuey had the IQ points. He was a whiz with numbers; he'd skipped a grade. To nudge him along, perhaps, Ido tried to get Stuey away from Fox's. Each summer, he booked a room at the Raleigh, a Catskills resort. Stuey enjoyed the country, running around, an energetic little tummler, as one waiter recalled, but he also peered over Faye Ungar's shoulder as she played gin with her friends. "I could detect mistakes she made when I was 8 years old," he once said. Soon Stuey was playing busboys for their tips.

Ido continued to push respectability—after a fashion. On September 8, 1966, he managed to get Stuey bar mitzvahed, though the guest list seems to have included Fox's clientele—among them Genovese-crime-family member Victor Romano. The guests handed over gifts of cash, which Stuey, breaking with tradition, quickly gambled away. Soon Stuey was skipping out of Seward Park High School to gamble. Alan Dell, who'd later own Katz's deli, played poker with Stuey every Friday. Stuey was probably 13, and wore a goofy cowboy hat. But, says Dell, "If I played with him 50 times, he won 49." A few months later, Stuey's father had a heart attack and died—in his mistress's bed—and with him expired the quaint notion that Stuey would someday tend the sick. Instead, the following year, Stuey quit tenth grade.

FOR STUEY, MONEY WAS NEV

"WHEN THE CARDS ARE DEALT," HE ON

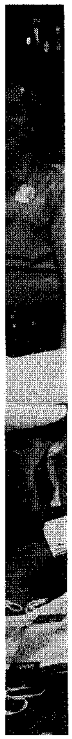
WANT TO DESTROY PEOPLE."

"STUEY ALWAYS WAS A FREAK," ONE GAMBLER would later say. There was, for one thing, his appearance. Most of his life, Stuey looked as if he'd stopped maturing the day he left Seward Park High. He'd never weigh much more than 100 pounds and never stand taller than about five-five. What's more, he had a long, simian jaw, drawn-out arms, a narrow waist, and a tubercular chest, bony and stretched tight. His nose was like an infant's. Some called him "Monkey." Add to this hyperactivity. Walking, he raced. Talking, he churned words so quickly they sometimes emerged as one long, stuttery word. "He was like a little chihuahua," said Hasan "Turk" Arifoglu, who ran a card game in Camelot House, at 301 West 45th Street.

Arifoglu says Stuey's mother, bottle-blonde Faye, brought her son to his game when Stuey was 14—he was to help her. Soon, though, Stuey was playing. He'd get so excited he'd stand on a chair and throw his money on the table, talking all the while and shifting cards furiously in his small hands. "It made me dizzy," said Arifoglu, now retired in Las Vegas.

This, of course, was the other, and overriding, aspect of Stuey's freakishness. He was, in that implausible package, a complete prodigy almost from the time he could walk. "I've got what they call total recall," he once said, sounding incredulous. "If somebody asks me what I had in a game three weeks back, I can remember exactly what happened. It's sort of a pain." Memory, though, wasn't his only gift. He didn't know how he did it, but in gin, after two or three discards, he could say with great precision what his opponent held. "When he was completely focused, Stuey could see things that other people didn't," said one world-class gambler. "He was a genius."

When Stuey first played Teddy Price, one of the better card players around, Price was in his forties—he'd already been arrested for "fleecing" unsuspecting celebrities "in one of the dizziest forms of dice rolling," as the *Daily News* put it. Price thought Stuey looked 12. In fact, Stuey, perhaps 16, had shown up with a man twenty years his senior, and



HE ISSUE.
AID, “I JUST

CASH ON HAND **Ungar takes his second World Series of Poker championship—and the $375,000 pot—in 1981.**

Price assumed the older fellow would be his opponent.

Stuey said, “No, I’m the one who’s playing you.” He stuck out his hand. “How much would you like to play for?” said Stuey.

“How much would you like to play for?” said Price.

“Whatever you want.” said Stuey, flatly.

They played for $500 a game. “I lost $1,500, and I quit,” says Price.

BY THE TIME HE WAS 17, Stuey led a gambler’s life, going to social clubs, gloomy walkups behind unmarked doors. The Italians played Ziganet, the Arabs barbotte; Eastern European Jews played klaberjass (klab, for short). There was Greek rummy and Konkan, as well. Stuey played them all. Or else he’d look for pinochle and gin, the main betting games at “goulash joints,” so-called because they served food. Alan Dell’s father referred to these places as *hekdish*, Yiddish for “forsaken place,” and warned his son away. Stuey, though, was making money at joints like these.

Whenever he won, he hurried off to the racetrack. “As little as he was, he’d fill his pockets full of money,” recalled one friend—and lose it all in a few races. Or else he’d borrow Price’s Cadillac and stop at a massage parlor. “If there were 58 massage parlors in New York, he knew 58,” said Price. “And he was a big tipper. He’d walk in the door, and the girls would yell, ‘Stuey’s here!’ ”

Broke, Stuey headed back to the clubs. “The cheapest commodity in his life was always money,” said Price, who’d become a constant companion. “If you saw him in a card room waiting for a game and you said, ‘Let’s have dinner,’ he’d rather give you $5,000 instead.”

By the time he was a teenager, Stuey was on his way to becoming a legend in New York’s gambling world—“a bona fide legend” was how he himself once put it.) “Everyone wanted to be with Stuey,” Price says. People 20 or 30 years older—and 100 pounds heavier—hung around him. Few, though, were as close as Victor Romano.

STUEY, A JEWISH TEEN FROM THE Lower East Side, and Romano, a 60-year-old soldier in the Genovese crime family, were at first glance an odd pairing. Yet fatherless Stuey would come to think of Romano as a father figure. And Romano, who’d spent half his adult life in prison, would tell people: *Stuey’s like a son to me.*

Stuey and Romano met—or met again, as it would turn out—when Stuey, 18, wandered into Romano’s Jovialite Social Club at 306 East 72nd Street, a second-floor walk-up with bare floors, white walls, bright lights, and two guards at the door. The two must have recognized each other. After all, Romano, an old friend of Stuey’s father, had attended Stuey’s bar mitzvah. Before long, Stuey was driving to Romano’s Queens apartment at midnight to pick him up. They’d stay at the Jovialite until nine the next morning, when they’d head to breakfast. “This kid is going to be a millionaire,” Romano would shout to waitresses, embarrassing Stuey, “but he needs a date.”

The Jovialite attracted a rough crowd: bookies, jewelry thieves, stickup men. There was Big Anthony DiMeglio (a Lucchese-family connection), John “Jackie Nose” D’Amico (now said to run the Gambino family), and Romano’s nephew Phil Tartaglia, who went by “Phillie Brush” because, since he was 20, he’d been bald. Soon, all the tough guys were gathered near leprechaunlike Stuey, who arrogantly insisted that any bettors wager against him. He—and Romano—would cover all bets. “This kid was like somebody from another planet,” said one New York gambler. “He was so little and noisy, and he’d pick on those guys because he was smarter than all of them.” The Bronx Express looked like a tattered pensioner with white hair, half of which stood up, and $20,000 in his pockets. The Bronx, as he was called, was one of the better gin-rummy players in New York. He gave Stuey a try. “I’ll get that kid,” the Bronx would mutter after each defeat. Leo the Jap tried, but had no shot and soon quit. People flew in from Canada and Las Vegas to have a go. Some said Stuey was naturally “fearless,” by which they meant he bet large amounts. But, for Stuey, money never seemed the issue. “When the cards are dealt,” he once said, “I just want to destroy people.”

On Sundays, Stuey stopped by Queens in the afternoon. Then the fidgety teenager and Romano, a bald five-pack-a-day smoker, huddled with a deck of cards. Like Stuey, Romano was a gifted card player. He knew all the games and in prison had even taken up bridge, publishing a series of articles in *Bridge World*. (They were signed *V. Romano, Attica, NY.*) He, too, had an extraordinary memory—while incarcerated, he’d learned Webster’s dictionary by heart. (Later, he’d mingle with respectable folk at bridge clubs and, while there, define any word, a trick for which he usually earned $50.) Every Sunday, Romano reviewed the week’s gin hands with Stuey—dealing them out from memory. Then, their session over, they’d eat with the family, Romano presiding, as was his habit, in his boxer shorts.

Soon, Romano’s fatherly interest took in areas beyond cards. When he heard Stuey had snorted cocaine at another club, he threatened the club owner. Also, he started planning for Stuey’s future. For a Mafia soldier, Romano had instincts that were decidedly middle-class. Stuey

Photographs: top, courtesy of *Gambling Times*; bottom, Patrick Bartek, courtesy of *Gambling Times*.

had met Madeline Wheeler, the attractive half-Italian daughter of a Queens postal worker and bookie. She served Stuey tea at a club in the West Seventies; he tipped her $10. They went to dinner; she recalled that impatient Stuey would call ahead to have his order readied. At 20, Stuey moved out of his mother's apartment and into Madeline's. Now Romano urged Stuey to marry Madeline, to have kids, and to treat gin rummy as a profession, something to do every day—and also to dress nicer. Stuey should be a respectable "citizen-gambler"—that was Romano's concept. And he should do all this in the best place possible for someone with his talent: Las Vegas.

In part, no doubt, Romano saw his own advantage in Stuey's stable future. Soon, he arranged for Stuey to shake the hand of Gus Frasca, Romano's Mafia captain. Stuey's name went on the record: He belonged to Romano. To Stuey, this official ceremony must have seemed an honor. Said one friend, "If you were a gangster, Stuey loved you." He memorized Mafia movies. Sometimes he was called Meyer, after Meyer Lansky, the Jewish gangster. "He fucking loved it," says Price. The affiliation must also have seemed practical to Stuey. After all, he'd sometimes run up debts to bookies, as if great talent or adorable size offered special immunity. Now that he was on the record, Romano spread the word: Anyone Stuey owed money to should come see Romano, or Romano's nephew Phillie Brush Tartaglia, whose reputation as a brutal street fighter was well established. Not many came.

One New York bookmaker, a gruff old Jew to whom Stuey owed $28,000, explained: "Stuey told me, 'Someday I'll pay.' He was untouchable. Nothing I could do."

What held for some creditors, though, didn't hold for all. One weekend, Stuey overextended himself, and Funzi Tieri, Genovese-family boss, had an interest.

On Sunday, Stuey called Price.

"We got to go to California tomorrow," Stuey said.

"We got something to do?" said Price.

"No, I lost $60,000 over the weekend, and I don't have any money." Stuey was afraid they'd kill him. From California, he called Romano, who intervened. Stuey wouldn't be hurt as long as he went to Las Vegas, earned money, and made good on the debt—a deal that neatly advanced Romano's plans.

News of Stuey's departure reached the East River Housing Development, where, Alan Dell remembers, Phillie Brush Tartaglia was involved. None of the neighborhood kids had ever spoken to Tartaglia, but everyone had seen him—his shiny bald head, his bushy seventies sideburns, his sharkskin suits. Now, word was, Tartaglia was taking Stuey to Vegas. "Everyone thought it was a great thing," said Dell one day in Katz's deli. "Here was a guy who could make easy money."

IN THE SEVENTIES, LAS VEGAS WAS A gamblers' destination, a desert city where only 150,000 people actually lived. Casinos were opulent stage sets. Entertainers were there, Hollywood stars, Frank and Dino, and the mob too, in suits and ties, among them Tony "the Ant" Spilotro. "You heard of him?" Stuey would later excitedly ask. "The guy in the movie *Casino* that Joe Pesci supposedly portrayed."

Few had ever seen the likes of him, this bitty Jewish New Yorker with a nearly hairless chin—as if he really were a child—and the strut of an Italian gangster. "He always felt like he was a big shot," his mother-in-law would later say. "His walk alone. 'Here I come, you know, I'm Stuey Ungar.' " He'd enter the Dunes's poker room, where he had quickly found a home, talking a mile a minute in thuggish New York strains. The effect was comic—the munchkin mobster—until the cards were dealt.

Danny Robison was the best gin player in Vegas in 1977 when he met 22-year-old Stuey. "He knows something everybody else doesn't. It's like a sixth sense," said Robison, who lost $100,000 in their first meeting. Stuey, rarely humble, was soon telling one Las Vegas friend, "Think about 50 years from now. How can there be a better gin player? I can't even conceive of it." Robison, though, agreed: "Stuey was just the greatest gin player that ever lived."

Soon, he reported to Madeline, who'd remained in New York, that even after paying Tieri he had $1 million in a vault at the Dunes. (Having inquired how checking accounts work, he decided they were ridiculous.)

Madeline visited one weekend, and Stuey convinced her to move out to Vegas. She'd gotten engaged to someone else, a lawyer, who offered security. "But it was Stuey I really cared about," she realized. Soon they were married and had a daughter. Romano's citizen-gambler plan seemed to be succeeding, and, as if to celebrate, in 1980 he flew out—Stuey paid the first-class airfare. Now 68 and in bad health, Romano had been evicted from the Jovialite. Without Stuey, without his club, he was a lost soul.

While Romano was in Vegas, Stuey entered his first World Series of Poker no-limit hold-'em contest—entry fee $10,000. Though he'd almost never played no-limit poker, it was his natural game. The key strategic element is that a player may bet all his chips at any time. "If you think about what money can do for you, you're gone," explains David "Chip" Reese, who'd stopped in Vegas on his way to Stanford Law School and never left. "That's what made Stuey such a great no-limit player: He never, ever, ever cared."

Prize money that year was $365,000 and a gold bracelet from Neiman Marcus, which Stuey, at the time the youngest champion in the tournament's history, gave to Tartaglia. "Winning the tournament was the greatest high in the world," Stuey said at the time.

Romano must have been pleased, too, because everyone said the trip had been worthwhile, even though he died four days later in Las Vegas. Stuey, profoundly sad, bought a bronze casket and flew East for the funeral. In New York, as if in farewell to Romano, he visited the few remaining card joints—most, by then, were giving way to Atlantic City. "I did good, didn't I?" is what he'd tell everybody. "I really showed them."

IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES, "STUEY WAS Mr. Las Vegas," said Price, who'd relocated to town. Stuey's Vegas routine was like that in New York, just fancier, and also, of course, legit. In the casinos, tourists ran tripping down aisles of slot machines just to shake his hand. He appeared on *The Merv Griffin Show*, hamming it up with Merv over bundles of cash. To outsiders, Stuey liked to explain his celebrity in terms of buying power. "I'm rich, and I can do anything I want," he told one reporter. When Madeline wanted a house, she recalls, "he told me to go buy a house. The second one I looked at, I just fell in love." It was an English Tudor, for $175,000. To get a $40,000 down payment, the Realtor

"THINK ABOUT 50 YEARS FROM NOW,"

"CAN THERE EVER BE A

I CAN'T EVEN CONCEIVE OF IT."

STAR CHILD **Below, casino owner Jack Binion (left) presents $375,000 in winnings *to Ungar (right); bottom, Stu Ungar riding* high at Binion's Horseshoe Casino.**

squeezed in at a poker table at the Dunes. Stuey signed his name and peeled $100 bills off his bankroll. Madeline built a swimming pool and covered the walls in peach-colored suede. Stuey refused to visit the house till it was done. After a couple of months, Madeline said to him, "Do you want to see what you bought?"

He loved the house. All he added were TVs—six of them—which he'd run between in his bathrobe, following the ballgames on which he'd bet.

Stuey upgraded his own image, too. *Once Romano had encouraged him to* dress nice. Now his wife laid out Versace shirts and cuffed pants, altered for his 29-inch waist. He had his hair cut in a pageboy and washed weekly at the Dunes's beauty salon—and, while there, he got a proper manicure.

Usually interviewers wondered if all this made Stuey happy. The question seemed to confuse him. "Yeah, I get in good moods," he told one, then laughed. "I like to spend money. You could say I'm a young philanthropist."

The truth was, Stuey shared not at all the middle-class sense of money: hard-earned thing that might disappear. In 1981, when he beat the odds—six to one—and repeated as World Series no-limit champ, he was asked what he'd do with the booty, $375,000 that year. Reflexively, he muttered, "Lose it." Asked to repeat that for the cameras, he straightened up, smiled and said, "I'm going to put it in the bank and give it to my kid, what else?" Then he laughed uncontrollably.

Really, though, for Stuey money was an entry fee to action. Luckily, he'd run into a bunch of gamblers who felt the same. "We'd lose track of how high the stakes were," says Mickey Appleman, a New Yorker with two master's degrees, whose real love was gambling. "Action was an end to itself." Stuey would play Ping-Pong for $50,000. He'd bet $1,000 on a coin toss. People in his group bet on pool played with broom handles or golf with hammers. "I'm too embarrassed to tell you some of the things I've bet on," Stuey once said, quickly adding, "but I'm not as bad as Doyle." Meaty Chip Reese had once bet a meatier Doyle Brunson $50,000 over who could lose more weight—the bet to be settled on the meat scale at the Dunes. (Brunson collected.) Once, Stuey beat casino owner Bob Stupak out of $10,000 at poker, then, while waiting to cash in, gave it back by pitching chips against a wall—closest chip wins—in about ten minutes. Stupak remembered Stuey's reaction: "Fuck it."

And then there was golf. Stuey may have been from the Lower East Side, where golf was never played, but in Vegas, 20 or 30 guys would hit the golf course every afternoon. A handful played while a wagon train of carts followed along, betting on the match.

Stuey couldn't stand to miss out, so a friend took him to the private Las Vegas Country Club. "Now watch—this is the most important thing about golf," he said, and putted the ball into the hole. Two hours later, Stuey had lost $80,000 on the putting green.

In golf, his skill level lagged so far behind, and still he wanted so badly to compete, that he was given an advantage. He could put a tee under his ball—wherever it was. "We were playing for $40,000," recalls Reese. "It was the thirteenth hole, a dogleg par four with a fast-running creek about a hundred yards from the green. Stuey hit his ball in the water, and I thought he was just dead. Then he reaches into his bag and takes out a foot-long tee. He took his shoes and socks off and got into the creek."

For the most part, Stuey seems to have been in a state of near-constant joy in Las Vegas. Stuey loved these gamblers who, like him, intended to make a killing but hardly seemed interested in a living. It was as if Las Vegas in the eighties was, finally, the place little Stuey was meant to be, they were all meant to be, people who'd dropped out of other lives or, like Stuey, long been preparing for this one. "It was so exciting," says Reese. "It was so much fun." Stuey would never in his life own a credit card, never operate a computer. He walked around with thousands of dollars in his tiny pockets and came home to find the lights turned off, having forgotten to pay an electric bill. (How would he remember? He rarely opened the mail.) "He was like a guy coming out of the jungle," said Jack Binion, former owner of Binion's Horseshoe Casino.

Games lasted for days on end, and Stuey would simply stay at the table, sometimes snorting a bit of cocaine to stay alert, though one time Stuey fell asleep, his dainty chin plowing through his chips, and had to be carried, in his chair, to his hotel room three blocks away. All his group owed, and staked, one another. Nobody recorded the debts; everyone simply remembered them, squaring them in cash, of course, and always these guys, who'd be the greatest names in the gambling history, were in the biggest action possible.

SAID STUEY.

BETTER GIN PLAYER?

Photographs: top, Patrick Bartek; bottom, courtesy of Binion's Horseshoe Casino.

"One time we were just playing and playing," Appleman recalled, "and one guy said, 'What's going on in the rest of the world?' Someone else said, 'Who cares? This is Heaven right here.' "

BY THE MID-EIGHTIES, STUEY HAD WON MILlions of dollars—perhaps $10 million. "I saw him win a million dollars a couple times," says poker-playing friend Mike Sexton. People remembered Stuey's victories because, always, they led to grand celebrations. Once, after winning $800,000 in poker, he hired a girl. He gave her $30,000, says Arifoglu, adding, "It was just sex for one night, but he was happy he'd won." (Stuey was separated at the time.)

Truth was, though, Stuey had started to go in and out of money. "When there wasn't big action," Reese explained, "Stuey would try to create it, because that's what he craved. And the only way he could create it sometimes was to take a disadvantage. Then he'd lose his money. He did that a lot."

One way to take a disadvantage was to bet on sports. "It's stupid to bet sports," Stuey knew, "because it's all dumb luck." Still, one Thanksgiving weekend, he lost $1 million betting football, some of it to Tony "the Ant" Spilotro. Stuey was tickled to call Spilotro his friend; it was another matter to owe him money. Spilotro would be arrested for killing twenty people, and though he'd be acquitted, his reputation for violence would endure, especially since, it was said, he'd squeezed one victim's head in a vise until his eyes popped out. Tartaglia, Stuey's protector, could be of no help here. Stuey had to work the debt off.

Losing depressed Stuey. "If you could measure the joy when you make a big score, as opposed to the depression when you go broke," he once told Price, "the broke is so much bigger." A doctor would later prescribe lithium, an antidepressant, but Stuey's friends thought they knew the true source of his trouble. "Being out of action," Reese said. Depressed, Stuey slept—for days. Or else, friends said, he binged.

Eventually, Stuey would get reconstructive surgery to fix a drug-battered nostril. Just hours out of the hospital, though, he indulged again, damaging his new nose, according to Madeline's brother.

By the end of the eighties, Stuey and Madeline were through. "The only thing that got between me and Stuey was the drugs," she'd say later. In 1989, Madeline and their daughter moved out of town.

Stuey still put streaks together, but by the mid-nineties, the Tudor house with suede wallpaper, the only one he'd ever owned, was gone. He'd mortgaged it to raise gambling money, and soon a friend who'd become his creditor foreclosed. Stuey moved in with Don McNamee, a friend of a friend. McNamee had once had money. "I didn't waste it," he said. "I spent it on whiskey and women." Now, the whiskey was banished, and McNamee was a Teamster working in the convention business. Stuey took a bedroom in McNamee's rented house and abided by the house rules: no alcohol, no drugs.

Personal salvation is always on offer in Las Vegas; its terms, though, are narrow, cash-and-carry. To endure, Stuey needed something else. Since his teenage years, he'd been a gambling celebrity. People had put up with him, done for him. Once, trying to be helpful, Stuey had put the wrong soap in the dishwasher—suds exploded from the machine. "He didn't know how to take a walk in the park," says McNamee. "He'd never had a job." He didn't even really know how to spend time with his daughter. "He loved her so much," said one friend, "but he wasn't capable of being a father."

On St. Patrick's Day 1997, McNamee, who'd been doing all the cooking, insisted that Stuey prepare dinner. McNamee wanted traditional Irish corned beef.

"Stuey got more upset about this than if he'd bet $50,000 on a ball game," McNamee recalled.

"What do I do? What do I do?" Stuey always spoke rapid-fire.

"Put it in water and let it go," said McNamee calmly.

"When do I check it?"

"Every twenty minutes."

"Should I check it now?"

"It's only been five minutes."

"I better go check it," said Stuey.

When they ate at the kitchen table, where tiny cloth roses sit in bud vases, McNamee says, "he was so fucking tickled with himself he ate the whole thing."

McNamee was sure Stuey was on the path to change, as if the few self-sufficiencies learned in this modest setting were just what he needed. "It got to where he was doing for himself, having fun," said McNamee. "He was coming off self-destruct, coming to where life was going to make sense to him."

In May 1997, another World Series of Poker opened. Stuey's photo was on the casino wall—a young man in a gold satin jacket and bright, mischievous smile. Few of his buddies, though, had even seen Stuey in a couple of years. He hadn't won a tournament in half a dozen. In fact, he had trouble hustling up the $10,000 entry fee. He talked big. "Do you believe all them donkeys over there?" he said to Billy Baxter, a gambler who now lives in a huge home a few steps from Wayne Newton's.

"The second- and third-best players in the world—they all looked like suckers to him," said Baxter, who took a chance on Stuey. "What the hell—I done worse things with money."

In 1997, Stuey was the last player entered in the 312-person field, the largest in the tournament's history. He looked gaunt, his belt cinched tight. His teeth, which were capped, seemed too big. His bangs were ragged and flecked with gray. He wore round blue glasses, which he believed hid his nose, crushed on one side, growing out on the other.

WOULD HE PLA
MILLIO
STUEY SHOUTE

At the table, though, Stuey was his old self, daring players to meet his large wagers. "Everybody thinks they got the nuts," he said and laughed. He talked constantly, reeling all into his jurisdiction, the old-timey nexus of gamblers and gangsters. When he spotted a venerable entertainer cutting up for a camera, he said, "That there was a guy liked to gamble in his day. He owed all the mob guys money, had to work their joints for nothing."

Just a few months ago, Stuey could do little but imagine a score. His friend Sexton teased him. Would he play Russian roulette for a million dollars? "With five bullets," came Stuey's shouted reply. Now, without his risking his life, the million-dollar prize was piled in front of him like a child's fort.

Stuey departed McNamee's and rented his own apartment. He headed down to the Motor Vehicles Department to renew his license—he hadn't driven in years. Told he needed identification, he shouted, "Didn't you see the papers? I'm Stuey Ungar." It was possible to believe, as Baxter did, that "this may save his life." (For Baxter, it had improved life; for backing Stuey, he collected $500,000, his biggest payday ever.)

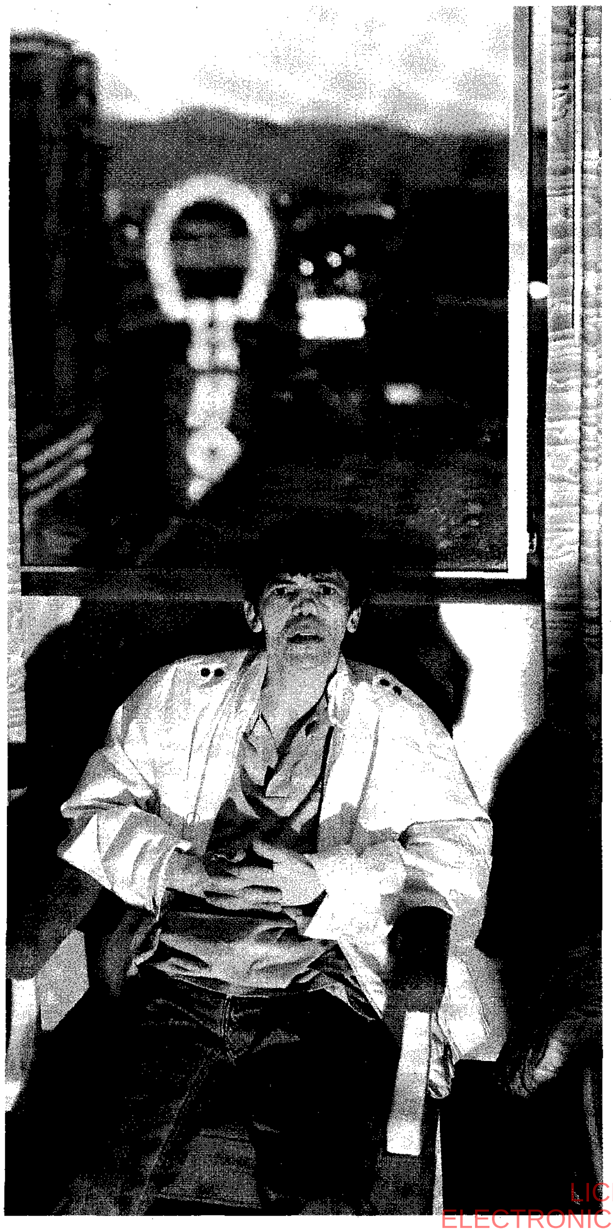
STUEY'S MILLION-DOLLAR PRIZE CAME twenty years after he'd arrived in Las Vegas, and the city had changed. Once, Vegas seemed a desert spot designed to isolate—and also celebrate—vice. Now it's a family destination. Las Vegas Boulevard, the Strip, is a theme park. A sphinx, almost full-size, sits just off the road as if ready to spring, and down the block lurks a re-created New York skyline. You can see the Chrysler Building from most anywhere in Las Vegas.

The Dunes, Stuey's first hangout, is

Photograph by Sian Kennedy/Retna.

gone, imploded—the footage sold to TV. In its place is the Bellagio, the most expensive hotel ever built. It, like all the new casinos, trades on the stock exchange; Las Vegas, as part of a solemn corporate image, has assiduously shed its gangster past, the one Stuey adored. Circumstance helped. Tony the Ant was murdered. Lansky, of course, is dead. Nowadays, the Bellagio offers a spectacular collection of original art. A billboard reads: NOW APPEARING, VAN GOGH, MONET, CEZANNE, PICASSO.

USSIAN ROULETTE FOR A
OLLARS? “YEAH, WITH FIVE BULLETS,”
I REPLY.



THE LAST HAND **Stu Ungar at his hotel room in Vegas in 1998, a few months before his death.**

All gamblers come to ruin, they like to say in Las Vegas; and they whisper about the man who arrived with nothing and built his stake to $25 million—then lost it all. It's a terrific tale, and might be cautionary, except that there are few cautionary tales in Las Vegas these days, only strategic ones. “More people are in it as a business now,” says Reese sadly.

Most afternoons, Stuey's old crowd can be found in the Bellagio. Some have money—subversively, it would turn out, many aspired to grander lifestyles. Still, if just to pass the time, they gamble. Doyle Brunson limps in on one crutch, hobbled by weight. Danny Robison, former addict turned Bible teacher, plays poker as a profession now. (“I got revelation on it,” he explains. “As long as I do it fairly and honestly, it's a skill, like selling insurance.”) Reese is semi-retired, in part it seems because the big action is mostly gone and with it the thrill, which hinged, always, on the possibility of loss. “If I play in a game where you can lose or win $30,000 a day, you can make a lot of money at end of year,” says Reese, who coaches his daughter's Little League team. “But there's no real risk involved. I don't enjoy it as much.”

After his million-dollar day, Stuey was Stuey again, tossing money into sports. One week he won $194,000 on baseball; the next, as he knew he would, he lost that and more. Drug dealers showed up—they, too, had seen the newspapers. One friend remembers booting a crowd of them out of Stuey's apartment. Four months later, Stuey had run through his stash and was again sleeping in a borrowed bedroom at McNamee's.

Stuey wandered by the Bellagio a few times after that, once with $25,000 that Baxter lent him. He tried to make a little money, but his heart didn't seem in it. Drugs no doubt had something to do with that. (“What does this shit have on me?” he'd ask McNamee.) But now, he'd admit, poker bored him. So did the scrubbed times. His era was over. Stuey grew a bit paranoid. He appeared ragged. “Don't look at me,” he'd tell a friend. “I'm ashamed.”

On Friday, November 20, 1998, Stuey checked into the Oasis Motel, at the shabby end of the Strip. The Oasis offers adult movies and rooms by the hour or for $48 a night, pay on arrival. Stuey moved into room No. 6, a small one that looked slightly larger because cheap mirrors covered two walls. The next day, Saturday, Stuey was in bed, apparently resting, when the manager looked in. Stuey paid another $48. “Before I left his room, he asked if I would close the window, because he was cold,” the manager recalled. “But the window wasn't open.”

The next day, when an employee looked in again, Stuey didn't respond. Stuey, a celebrity pursued through casinos, expired in bed, fully clothed, alone. He had $800 in his pocket, and no drugs. The TV was off.

MORE THAN A HUNDRED GAMblers attended his funeral over Thanksgiving weekend, a time he used to spend with Romano. The rabbi hired by fellow gamblers argued that Stuey had a disease. He was referring to drugs, and certainly they played a part in his death at age 45. But toxicology reports showed that drugs were not at overdose levels. Stuey had sometimes suffered from asthma; he said he had a heart murmur. But others suggested he was simply unsuited for long life and perhaps, in the end, uninterested. And yet it would turn out that Stuey again had reason to live.

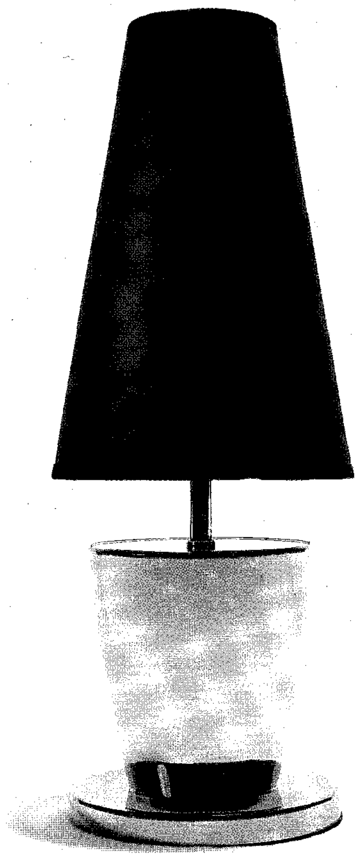
Just two days earlier, Stuey had signed a deal with his old friend Bob Stupak. On the same day Stuey checked into the Oasis Motel, Stupak said he planned to put him in a December poker tournament at the Taj Mahal in Atlantic City—pot, $370,000.

“How we going to Atlantic City?” Stuey had asked gleefully.

“How would you like to go?” Stupak shot back.

“First-class,” shouted Stuey.

It was a terrific shot, and Stuey knew it, and so perhaps he died imagining his life just as he liked it: in action. ▬



CYCLONIC
CYCLONIC

Greens Keepers

They may look rather Prada-ish, but Cyclonic shoes were designed for the links, not clubland. Our golfer friends attest that their funky appearance belies their superior performance. The shoes have molded-rubber outer soles (think running shoes), a lightweight midsole, and waterproof leather uppers. And they're cut wide enough so your foot doesn't roll when you swing. Best of all, since they're spikeless, you can go from the car to the greens to lunch at the clubhouse ($100).

DDC LAB/*180 Orchard Street/375-1647*

Mass Marketecture

Architect Michael Graves has designed everything from the Denver Public Library to the Walt Disney Company headquarters to dinner plates for Swid Powell. Now, in an egalitarian mode, he's developed a massive line of home products (200 or so) for Target that tilt toward the postmodern: a mix of form, function, *and* fun. One such is his Mad Hatter of a little lamp of polished aluminum with a paper shade ($24.99).

TARGET/*13505 Twentieth Avenue/College Point, Queens/718-661-4346*

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Creature Teachers

No cuddly bunnies in Cooperstown Bears' Zoology 101, the name of the company's new series of plush curatorially correct endangered species. Malayan tapir, blue catfish, cotton-top tamarins, okapis, and sloths are among the unlikely lot. The most eye-catching is the red-eyed tree frog. Olive green, with vivid-red hands, feet, and eyes, this nocturnal amphibian—here done up in tricot and velour and stuffed with polyester—is a native of Central and South America (around $50).

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY/*Central Park West, at 79th Street/Second floor/769-5000, ext. 6995*
BEAR HUGS & BABY DOLLS/*311 East 81st Street/717-1514*
KIDDING AROUND/*60 West 15th Street/645-6337*

Sitting Pretty

No need to throw away those ratty-looking patio chairs—just slipcover them! For those without the requisite Martha Stewart genes, Smith & Hawken has devised some smart ready-mades. There are cotton Turkish stripes to slip over the backs and seats of classic Parisian café chairs and ginghams for tarting up galvanized steel ($29 and $39).

SMITH & HAWKEN/*394 West Broadway/925-1190*

Sharp-sighted

For those baby-boomers not yet ready to fess up to the need for reading glasses, Morgenthal-Frederics has designed a desktop helper: a letter opener with an attached magnifier. These cutting-edge beauties have gold-plated blades and *faux*-tortoise or *faux*-horn rims. And their magnifying lenses are strong enough for reading even four-point print ($275; hand-stitched leather case included).

BERGDORF GOODMAN MEN/*First floor*
MORGENTHAL-FREDERICS/*685 Madison Avenue, near 62nd Street/838-3090 and 399 West Broadway/966-0099*

Photographed by Joshua McHugh

SMARTCITY

Brood Food

Eight hot restaurants that are kid-friendly—yet anything but predictable. By Jeremy Gerard

Greaseless kids' stuff: Avenue's French fries in parchment, above; brunch at Bubby's, right; the bistro scene at Avenue, below.

As a parent, you know that Manhattan abounds with restaurants that welcome you and your kids, but you're numbed by the familiarity of the prospects. Carmine's is too loud and won't take a reservation unless you're bringing the entire tribe; Benihana's overpriced food is tired and so is the theater, unless you're lucky enough to win a hibachi chef whose sense of humor remains intact after a thousand and one nights flipping shrimp tails into his toque; and Mimi's Macaroni, while cheerfully accommodating, is unrelievedly ordinary. More to the point, now that the kids finally have graduated from cheese-based cuisine, you're determined to check out sophisticated dining rooms that are still willing to make nice to the progeny. Their menus offer a modicum of gustatory adventure, and they revive that dormant longing to connect with someplace *of the moment* (even if the pulsing-with-hipness factor is kicking in just as you're leaving, because you've been smart enough to book a 6 P.M. table).

Start at **Avenue** (520 Columbus Avenue, at 85th Street; 579-3194), a little bit of Balthazar on the Upper West Side. Not that this vest-pocket bistro can match Balthazar's sheer exuberance and scale, but there is the similar seductive hum of people deep in conversation pressing in against each other over too-small tables, not to mention great food prepared with an elegant twist, courtesy of chef-owner Scott Campbell and a totally winning staff. Kids love the cilantro-and-lemon-grass dipping sauce that accompanies airy, greaseless fried calamari ($8.95). Crackling fries ($4.50) arrive in a parchment cone that will be instantly empty. And though the Picky One will demand the Montrachet-cheese ravioli ($14.95) served plain with butter and as much grated cheese as the market will bear, you will want it with its oxtail ragout and braised beef marrow.

Sunday brunch here begins at 10 A.M., but regulars settle in by 9:30, sipping strong coffee or Avenue's already legendary Valrhona-based hot chocolate. Montrachet cheese reappears in an omelet with scallions and field greens ($7.95). But it's the pancakes—crêpes, really—that are utterly happy-making, whether served with blackberries and ambrosial homemade blackberry syrup or baked with apple and served with maple syrup (both $8.50).

Of course, you needn't be French to knock 'em dead in the morning. Consider **Bubby's** (120 Hudson Street; 219-0666), a slightly schizophrenic southern outpost in TriBeCa with a great bar and gracious ambience. The ceiling is hung with antique toys, and the wait staff is as solicitous as could be. And why not: They've got the goods, from huevos rancheros with guacamole and grits ($10.95) to pancakes every which way to perfectly cooked fried chicken ($15.95) and catfish po' boys ($9.95). Along with meat loaf and real macaroni and cheese, Bubby's at dinner offers chicken braised in white wine with apricots, olives, and capers ($15.95)—beautifully done, but soon to be replaced by the springier grilled rosemary chicken ($16.95). Bubby's was originally a pie supplier, and while it may be hard to reserve room for dessert, do so, especially for an obscenely rich peanut-butter pie that will sate even the bottomless pits across the table.

I'm not so sure about brand-new **Celadon** (1167 Madison Avenue, near 86th Street; 734-7711). Talk about a split personality. Tadashi Ono's Asian-American menu, and the prices therein, bespeak a seriousness of purpose underscored by Larry Bogdanow's bi-level space, with its sleek open kitchen (guaranteed kid-bait), dramatic lighting, and silent, glassed-in elevator. Yet the monied, almost–Carnegie Hill crowd is dressed down and seems oblivious to Celadon's pretensions. The menu is studied and serious and, well, a

EXPERT TESTIMONY

Buy the Glass

You might think that with thousands of bottles in her care at the Windows on the World wine cellar, and with enough knowledge about them to have been named Best Sommelier in the country by the Sommelier Society of America last year, Andrea Immer wouldn't drink out of a McDonald's *Lion King* commemorative glass when it's time to sample a vintage. And you'd be right. But you may be surprised to find that she favors Riedel's Ouverture line of glasses, which retail at the rather reasonable price of $8 (specialized wine glasses can run as high as $60). "You want a good all-purpose glass," notes Immer, who buys hers at Astor Wines & Spirits (12 Astor Place; 674-7500), "one that won't make you lose a friend if it's broken. To really enjoy wine, a simple glass is fine."

Sam Grobart

Photographs: Kenneth Chen (3); Bob London/The Stock Market (dog).

little crazy: Foie gras ($16), which no child will touch, thank God, is perfectly, slimily wonderful, but it's nearly wrecked by oyster sauce. Monkfish ($22) is overcooked and lackluster; if there's any of the advertised ginger in the lime-ginger sauce, it went right by me. Steak ($23) is undistinguished, and the taro fries it's served with are leaden. Yet a lobster salad ($14) is fresh and the meat teams well with the avocado and a not-quite-sinus-clearing wasabi vinaigrette; the kitchen prepares a perfect, pristine bowl of papardelle with cheese ($7) for the Picky One; and warm, melting chocolate cake ($9), oozing the dark stuff and paired with passion-fruit ice cream, is a winner. The staff is indulgent, and management seems to know that a place like this cannot survive on couples alone.

Another kind of fusion—of a much more celebratory order—is under way across town at **Ruby Foo's Dim Sum and Sushi Palace** (2182 Broadway; 724-6700). Enter David Rockwell's eye-popping red-and-black-lacquer jewel box on steroids and you've fallen through a pan-Asian rabbit hole into a world equal parts whimsy and seriously enjoyable dining. At a table right up against the open sushi bar (more kid bait), you can watch the surgical tag team—one old master, one young journeyman—turn out glisteringly fresh platters as you get numb with a ginger martini.

Okay, so most kids won't touch sushi. But pot stickers and steamed dumplings are no-brainers, and here the dim sum may come stuffed with crab meat, lobster, or calamari ($4.95 to $7.50). Unlike M&Ms, the sensational baby-back ribs melt in your mouth *and* in your hands. Seven-flavor beef ($17.95) mounts a sharper assault on the tongue; crispy duck ($15.95) with cellophane noodles and hoisin sauce is gentler. The whimsy extends to the coda, which includes "Mr. Foo's Sushi Dessert" ($6.50), a plate of sweet rice-coconut-and-fruit "maki rolls" served with chocolate dipping sauce; you could also try a warm apple spring roll ($5.95).

More traditional Chinese fare can be had at **Shanghai Cuisine** (89 Bayard Street; 732-8988) in the heart of Chinatown. Everything is beautifully prepared and served in a room that's modest by Silver Palace standards. Along with the tried-and-true (Shanghai and otherwise), the 152-dish menu includes great crunchy and spicy pepper-salt prawns ($12.95), and superior fried rices ($6.50). Soft-shell crab is not the delicate, sweet thing you're used to: It's strong and fishy and not for the faint of heart ($15.95). But I was also completely taken with tender, slightly bitter sautéed pea tips ($7.95). The Joe's Shanghai crowd has apparently discovered Shanghai Cuisine, and yet, even on a recent weekend night, eight of us were happy, unrushed, and well fed for less than $20 a head.

A few blocks north, in Little Italy, is the airy, plant-filled **Il Cortile** (125 Mulberry Street; 226-6060). I can't certify that the fried baby calamari ($10.50) is imported from Europe, as the menu promises, but it's terrific. Pastas ($7.50 to $22) are carefully and elegantly prepared, and what the menu doesn't list the kitchen will happily turn out. You will be nearly as happy here as in Il Cortile's tony East Side counterparts—for about two-thirds the cost.

Speaking of which: Whatever happened to cheap Greek? Well, these days, there's plenty *(continued on page 80)*

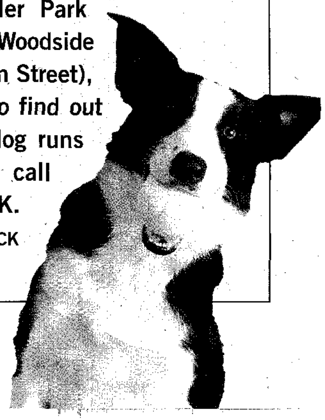
NAVIGATOR

Q: Is there anywhere in this city where a dog can legally run around free of his leash—maybe even catch a Frisbee?

A: There are plenty of places for your dog to run like the wind, but be advised: With freedom comes responsibility. A Parks Department "courtesy policy" permits your pooch to roam free only between the less-than-convenient hours of 9 P.M. and 9 A.M. There are other restrictions, not the least of which is city law, which, strangely enough, contradicts the parks' policy by stating that dogs must be leashed at all times. Any NYPD or Sanitation Department officer can issue a summons at any time, though word on the street is, if you're compliant with a request to re-leash your dog, the odds of getting fined are remote.

Dog owners can also take advantage of the city's public and private dog runs. Some are as large as an acre (such as the one at Peter Detmold Park, at 51st Street and Beekman Place) and may even include adjacent puppy runs (there's one at Carl Schurz Park, East End Avenue at 86th Street). Upper West Siders should try Theodore Roosevelt Park (Columbus Avenue at 81st Street) for canine cavorting. Beyond the public-park options downtown (including the run at Washington Square Park), dog owners can put their name on a waiting list for the Hudson River Run at Pier 52 (at Gansevoort Street and the Hudson River), one of two membership-based runs in the city (annual fee: $40). Brooklyn and Queens offer only one dog run each, DiMattina Park in Carroll Gardens (at Woodhull and Hicks Streets) and Windmuller Park in Woodside (Woodside Avenue at 55th Street), respectively. To find out where other dog runs are located, call 800-201-PARK.

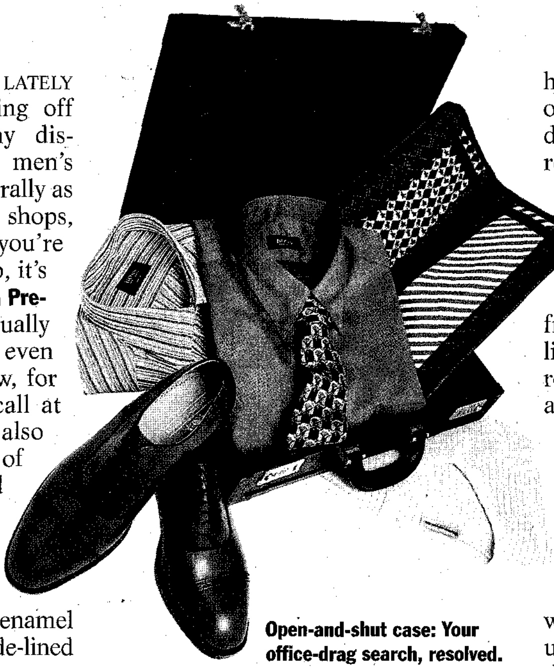
AMY BOSHNACK



SHYAMA PATEL

The Common Man

Looking to acquire big-label **Wall Street style** *on a bear-market salary? An hour up the Thruway, Woodbury Common is the* **outlet for your ambitions.**



Open-and-shut case: Your office-drag search, resolved.

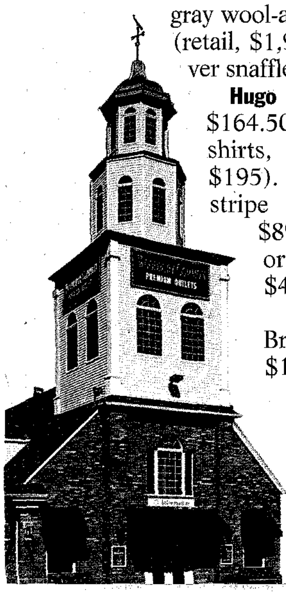
OUTLET CENTERS HAVE LATELY gained a rep for palming off flopped trends at puny discounts. But for dressy men's clothes, their stuff is generally as au courant as what's new in the shops, and it's often a lot cheaper. If you're looking to stock up in one swoop, it's worth a hike to **Woodbury Common Premium Outlets**, where prices are usually 25 to 65 percent off retail and even lower during seasonal sales (now, for instance). Far from the cattle call at Manhattan discounters, you'll also find efficient service and plenty of fitting rooms (and, yes, a food court). A recent trip to outfit one of the Street's closet label junkies uncovered these deals.

Alfred Dunhill: Many ties, $19 (retail, from $95); sterling-and-enamel cuff links, $69 (retail, $230); suede-lined briefcase, $459 (retail, $1,750).

Donna Karan: Donna Karan New York cashmere sweaters, $99.95 (retail, $395); Donna Karan Signature suits in black or navy wool, $300 (retail, $795).

Gianni Versace: Stylish suits in fabrics like a gray wool, $281 (retail, $1,123), or a wool-and-mohair blend, $323.50 (retail, $1,293). Dress shirts, including a covered-placket style, $78 (retail, $311).

Giorgio Armani: Spring-weight suits like a Black Label cotton style, $884.25 (retail, $1,815), or a "Classico" linen suit, $537.75 (retail, $1,305). A shawl-collar tux is $975 (retail, $2,000).



Gucci: Great deals in limited sizes: a gray wool-and-mohair suit, $769 (retail, $1,920); loafers with silver snaffle, $239 (retail, $355).

Hugo Boss: Trench coats, $164.50 (retail, $510); dress shirts, $59 (retail, up to $195). Suits like a chalk-stripe cashmere-and-wool, $891.75 (retail, $1,775), or a Prince of Wales, $434.25 (retail, $900).

Johnston & Murphy: Brown cap-toe lace-ups, $129.90 (retail, $245).

Polo Ralph Lauren: Ralph by Ralph Lauren tropical-wool pinstripe suits, $99.99 (retail, $450); For casual days: classic sport coats, $99.99 (retail, up to $495).

Prada: Navy two-button suits, $968 (retail, $1,730). Selected dress shirts, $156 (retail, $280); black leather lace-up dress shoes, $172 (retail, $430).

To Boot: Modernized classic shoes include black loafers or lug-sole ankle boots, $89.90 (retail, $175) or cap-toed lace-ups, $179.90 (retail, $275).

Woodbury Common Premium Outlets, New York State Thruway, Exit 16 (914-928-4000). Accessible from Port Authority Bus Terminal by ShortLine bus (800-631-8405; $33 for round-trip ticket and discount booklet).

Picks of the Week

Maria Turgeon's chic, classic bags in nylon, leather, and *faux* python sell at stores like Takashimaya, Bendel's, and Saks for $70–$270. At the sample sale, a huge selection of seasonless styles is half off: from $25 for cosmetics bags that double as evening clutches to $80 for roomy, black leather shoulder bags to $95 for overnight styles. *153 W. 27th St., Suite 807 (229-0077); cash only; Wed.–Fri. 10–6; 3/24–3/26.*

Girly NYC's bright, too-pretty-to-hide frilly underthings usually sell at stores like TG-170 and Anna Sui. At the showroom, they're now half-price: tap pants are $15, frilly camisole-and-panty sets are $20, slips are $15–$20—and all make great bridal-shower gifts. Sizes S–M. *22 E. 17th St., Suite 736 (463-9399); cash only; Fri. 2–7, Sat. 10–6; 3/26–3/27.*

Tribeca Potters' handmade earthenware and ceramic sculpture usually turns up at places like Barneys, Bendel's, and the Guggenheim Museum Store, but at the studio, it's all 50 to 70 percent cheaper. Wedding-worthy gifts include platters ($25–$40), teapots ($20–$40), and pitchers ($20–$40). For yourself, imperfect and discontinued stuff is $1–$15. *443 Greenwich St., second floor (431-7631); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Sun. 11–6; 3/26–4/11.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

ALWAYS A DEAL

Fur Love, Not Money

READY TO CLEAR YOUR CLOSET for spring? Start by relegating prized sable coats, mink capes, and even cashmeres to the care of the storage experts at **Harry Kirshner & Son**. For a mere $25 (instead of $50 and up at other reputable spots), they'll examine the garment, recommend necessary cleaning and repairs, and send it to their warehouse in New Jersey (the same one Bloomingdale's uses) for the summer. Extras include cleaning (from $35, and, contrary to common wisdom, not always appropriate), repairs ($25 and up), and pickup or delivery ($10). *307 Seventh Ave., near 27th St., fourth floor (243-4847).*

Photographs: top, Tommy Naess; bottom, courtesy of Woodbury Common Premium Outlets.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK

OF SPA SERVICES

When it comes to spa services, New York has an embarrassment of riches, a treasury of techniques and products to pamper the body and lift the soul. While others may yearn for the luxury of choice, New Yorkers can choose from abundance.

So you crave a massage to relax stress-knotted muscles? No problem. Would you prefer the classic Swedish technique? A sports massage? Or perhaps a combination of both? Are you intrigued by reports on the new anti-aging facials? Just name your pleasure: oxygen, Vitamin C, European phytotherapy, glycolic acid–the list of options goes on and on. Troubled by adult acne, blemished complexions, or bodies badly out of shape? New York's spas offer remedies for these problems and more.

To help you navigate this bounty, our spa and beauty experts answer your questions, address your concerns, and describe the most exciting treatments this city has to offer in a directory-style spa sampler.

Beverly Hood Allen Creative Services Director Christy Casamassima Editor Segal Design Creative
Lillian Africano Writer Lory Conklin Research

THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK
OF SPA SERVICES

Is there any way I can have younger looking skin without going through facial surgery, laser resurfacing or chemical peels?

Consider the Enhanced Micro-dermabrasion System at **completely bare,** the fashionable Upper East Side townhouse salon. "With this system, your skin is polished with the aid of micro-crystals vacuumed through a delicate hand piece," says owner Cindy Barshop. "It leaves the skin glowing–or as one of our clients said: 'It's like getting the results of 20 facials in one treatment.' Micro-dermabrasion can diminish age spots and fine lines around the eyes, lips and neck–and reduce acne scars and stretch marks."

My significant other deserves some pampering, but he won't go to my spa. Any ideas?

Drop in at **Jerry's Men's Hair Styling Salon** and buy him a treat or two. The prices are gentle, the atmosphere masculine. Consider an old-fashioned shave with alternating hot and cold towels, followed by soothing skin cream and a massage. (While he's enjoying all this pampering, your guy can admire the beautifully maintained vintage hot towel machine.) If your "other" has been getting the same haircut since high school, turn him over to Jerry, who does buzzes and mushroom cuts as well as "gentlemen's styles for grownups." And if assurances are needed, mention that Jerry's list of celebrity clients includes Tony Bennett and David Letterman, who did several shows from the shop.

"My resolution for the millennium: peace of mind and a strong body. Where do I start?"

I've read that models like Cindy Crawford and Christy Turlington have oxygenated facials. What will they do for me? And are they considered safe?

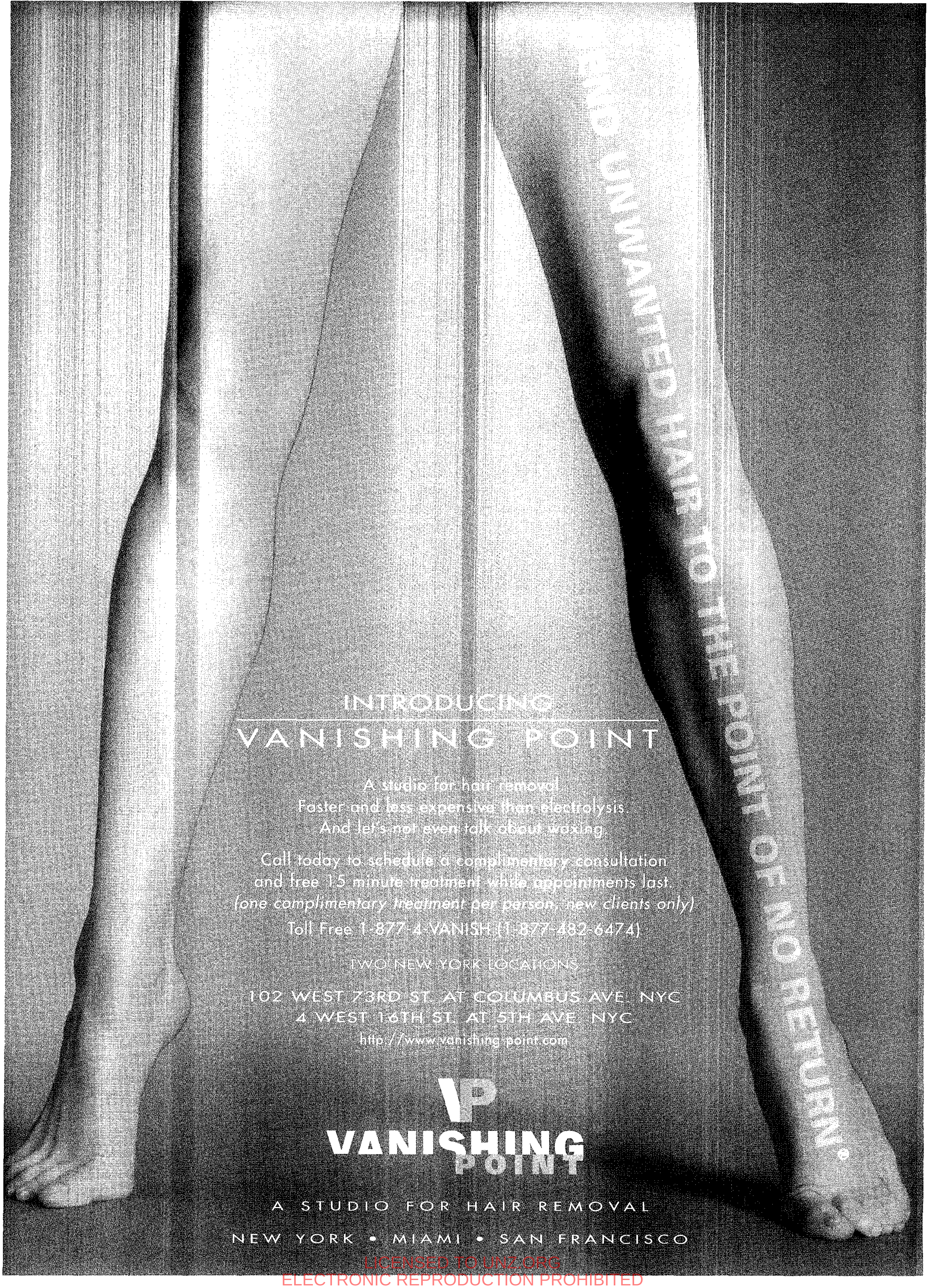
"Our Hydradermie treatment with oxygenated gels does so much," says Faina Bor of **Faina Bor Spa Palace.** "It moisturizes and balances dry skin, leaving it softer and more supple. It purifies and clarifies oily skin, rejuvenates and firms the neck, soothes and comforts sensitive skin–and smoothes the skin around the eyes, erasing traces of fatigue. Brown spots are faded out, leaving the complexion clearer and more even. The skin is radiant and glowing–and looks several years younger. The results can last for up to four weeks." The facial, which is Guinot Paris' leading treatment, uses a computerized machine that produces micro-currents to increase the activation and penetration of oxygenating gels into the skin. "It can be done once a month as part of a regular regimen," says Ms. Bor. "Or, for more intense therapeutic results, it can be done three times a month."

My resolution for the millennium: peace of mind and a strong, healthy body. Where do I start?

"Yoga and other forms of bodywork, such as reflexology and Thai yoga will meet your needs, says Donna Turro of **SoHo Sanctuary,** a serene downtown "for women only" retreat. "Bodywork increases strength, flexibility, balance, and coordination, and improves posture, poise, and grace. It renews energy and circulates it throughout the body. Best of all, women of every age and level of fitness can practice yoga and receive bodywork. If you make the commitment to do this on a regular basis, you will experience a quieting of the mind while you build a strong, healthy body.

After a cold, stress-filled winter, I need total body first aid. Where should I begin?

Try the new Vita Cura treatment at the **Repêchage Spa de Beauté.** "This four-step treatment, which means 'life cure,' oxygenates tissue cells and stimulates circulation," says Repêchage founder Lydia Sarfati. "It detoxifies the body and has an anti-aging and anti-stress effect, as well as a slimming and anti-cellulitic effect." The treatment begins with ionization: jets of ionized steam stimulate the sweat glands and open the pores. Then a supply of oxygen is administered to stimulate blood flow and circulation. Pure liquid seaweed is sprayed over the entire body, providing all the vitamins, minerals, amino acids, and trace elements that are essential to the proliferation of healthy cells. The final step: a slow, cold light shower to revitalize the skin and reduce fatigue. Says Sarfati: "The benefits are immediate and long-lasting."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LET THERE BE LIGHT

DID YOU KNOW...

...that light and color therapy, which are now being offered in several New York day spas, have been used in many cultures for thousands of years? ...that light and color have specific frequencies or wavelengths, which are measurable sources of energy? And that the impact of this energy on the eye affects muscular, mental, and nervous activity?

Help! I need a thigh-fix that works!

"My prescription is a multi-stage treatment that has had spectacular results in Europe," says Anushka of the **Anushka Day Spa,** which specializes in body contouring. "First, we apply my Algo-Marine Complex Modeling Gel–which, in combination with my ultra-tone treatment, helps break down fat cells so they are more easily eliminated. Then we begin the treatment, which generates highly effective arrhythmical waves, similar to a deep and ultra-relaxing micro-massage. Circulation is stimulated and the body's natural ability to break down fat molecules is energized, resulting in a reduction in the appearance of cellulite. I recommend following this treatment with my Presso Therapy 2001, which uses bio-compression to promote better circulation, eliminate water retention–and slim, tone and firm cellulite prone areas like the thighs. Presso Therapy can also be performed alone or with other beauty treatments: facials, neck and eye treatments, or the Bust Modelage."

What is Phyto-BioDermie®? And what can it do for me?

"Phyto-BioDermie® is the finest, most complete advanced skin care system available," says Corina Zavici, R.N. and owner of the **Radiance Day Spa.** "It combines the life force and purity of plants with the therapeutic effect of colored light, lymphatic drainage and state-of-the-art technology to dramatically improve your skin condition. **Phyto-BioDermie®** recognizes that the body works differently in different seasons, so all treatments are customized according to your skin condition as well as changing seasons." The techniques and products restore hydration, minimize lines and wrinkles, provide a healthy radiant glow, balance oily and dry skin, and control acne. "If you dream of having perfet skin and an even complexion at the peak of its radiance, try Phyto-BioDermie,® the most relaxing and pleasurable skin treatment you will ever experience," Corina adds.

Trying on bathing suits is truly depressing. My skin looks so dry and dull. I feel like I need a "facial" for my whole body!

Head downtown to the new **Urban Oasis Day Spa** and give your body the care it needs. Start with a Body Glow Salt Rub with Dead Sea salts and aromatherapy oils to exfoliate the dry skin and improve your circulation. Follow with a Nourishing Seaweed Wrap to remineralize and rejuvenate your skin. Then have your tensions washed away with a six-jet Vichy Shower. "We are one of the few spas in New York to offer this treatment," say owners Bruce and Marti Schoenberg. "Our hydrotherapy room is set up so that after your scrub or your wrap, you don't have to get up from the table to rinse off and shower. The therapist rinses you off and positions the Vichy Shower to to give you a hydro-massage that stimulates key points on your body and leaves you feeling invigorated yet relaxed."

I want a facial that will help me get rid of blackheads. Do I need a special kind of exfoliation?

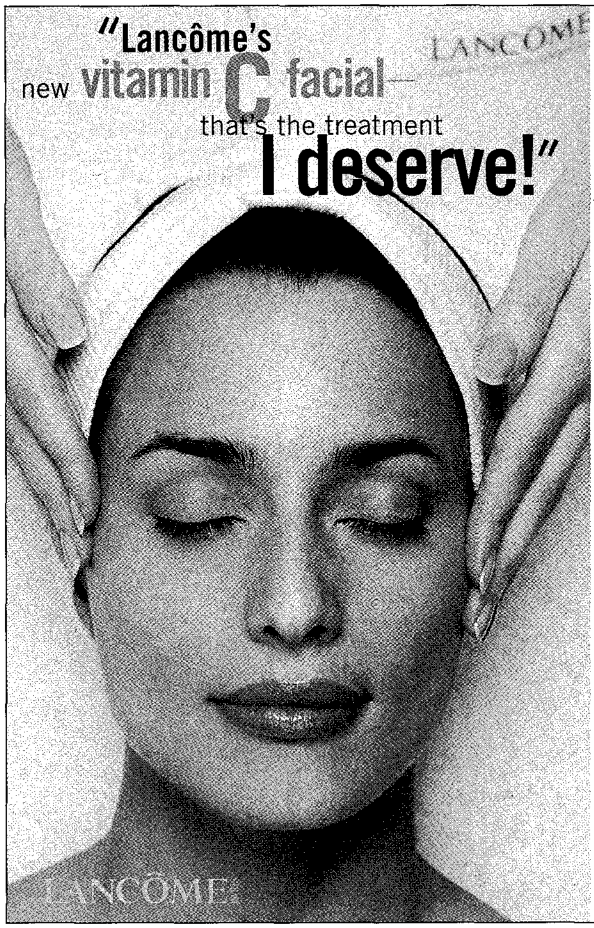
"All skin needs to be exfoliated" says Faina Shafir of **Faina's European Skin Care Center** (no connection with Faina Bor). "But there are different levels and formulas, according to your skin type and particular problems. I would give you our European facial, which begins with a facial massage followed by chamomile steam to open pores–and a deep pore cleansing to remove blackheads, white-heads, and other impurities. Then comes the exfoliation. For your skin, I would choose the Bio-Scrub, a combination of Dead Sea earth and salts mixed with crushed linseed and sugar beets. Finally, I would use a mask to tighten your pores and a second mask to hydrate the skin." For her clients with normal skin, Shafir exfoliates with an herbal scrub. "For more serious skin problems, I would use glycolic acid. And for scarred skin, deep lines or very mature skin, I recommend the deepest exfoliation, the Jessners Solution Peel. This gives excellent results with less down time than physician-assisted peels."

I'd love to have a facelift, but I just can't afford one. Can you suggest an alternative?

Try the Dess'lift at **Jacques Dessange**. "This mini-lift re-sculpts the face and leaves the complexion radiant," says esthetician Micheline Reboh. An electrotherapy machine is used to increase the penetration of such active phytotherapy ingredients as Royal Vegetal Jelly. "The Dess' lift eliminates toxins from the skin, removes blemishes, regulates cell metabolism, and tones muscle fibers," explains Ms. Reboh. "It also restores the five vital functions of the skin: exfoliation, oxygenation, hydration, and regeneration and protection."

Everyone is talking about reflexology. What are the benefits?

"The Egyptian and ancient Chinese civilizations utilized reflexology to affect profound changes in the body," says Gina Michael, owner and director of **Millefleurs Day Spa**. "Points that are located on the feet correspond to virtually every organ in the body." Over centuries, the techniques were refined and results showed that many conditions were improved by applying pressure to the soles of the feet. Some of the problems addressed by reflexology today are high stress, migraines, constipation, allergies, sinus problems, back aches, neck pain, fatigue, immune disorders, and digestive problems. "At Millefleurs, we can perform reflexology while you are having a body wrap or facial. The beauty of this art is that you can escape during a lunch break and emerge a totally new you, with changes that range from a lightness of being to a healthy, glowing skin. And the benefits continue at home."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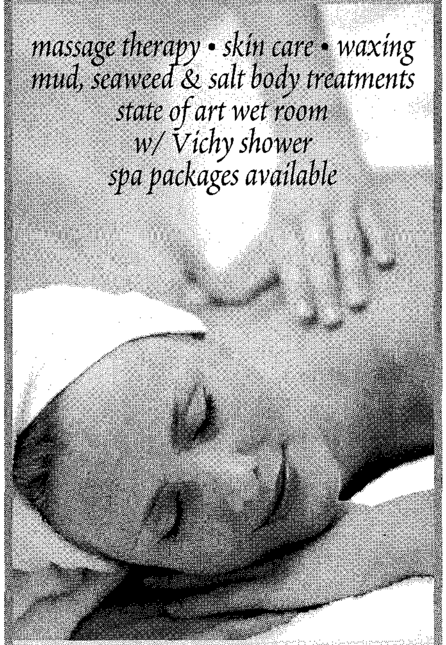
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OF SPA SERVICES

I go to the gym regularly, but I still have cellulite. Can ENDERMOLOGIE® really help?

Denise Margulies of **Skin & Body Care, Inc.** replies with a resounding yes. Margulies is a licensed Endermologist and the first New York spa practitioner of the technique. Using a hand-held machine developed in France, she performs a deep-tissue massage that works through the subcutaneous fat, breaks up the fibrous bands that attach the fat to the skin (which creates the "dimpling") and redistributes and smoothes the fat. "Your skin becomes smoother, you have a longer, leaner look, your clothes fit more loosely, and you feel invigorated," explains Margulies, who says she turned to ENDERMOLOGIE® herself after a pregnancy left her overweight and with cellulite down to her knees. "Through ENDERMOLOGIE® and exercise, I now have a better body than I ever had."

> *"I go to the gym regularly, but I still have cellulite..."*

What is your Therapeutic Chinese Beauty Experience—and what benefits can I expect?

"The Experience, which lasts about 2 1/2 hours, begins with a traditional Chinese medical examination," says Karen Wu, owner of the **Sirene** spas. "The Chinese doctors will perform a traditional noninvasive examination, with techniques that have been practiced for 1,000 years. They will prescribe appropriate therapies. You'll be served Chinese herbal tea, blended with over 10 herbs. Next comes a stress-relieving, circulation-building, skin-toning acupressure

THE PAMPERED MALE

DID YOU KNOW...

...that men are spending $9.5 billion annually on facials, manicures and other beauty treatments?

...that 35% of spa clients are men?

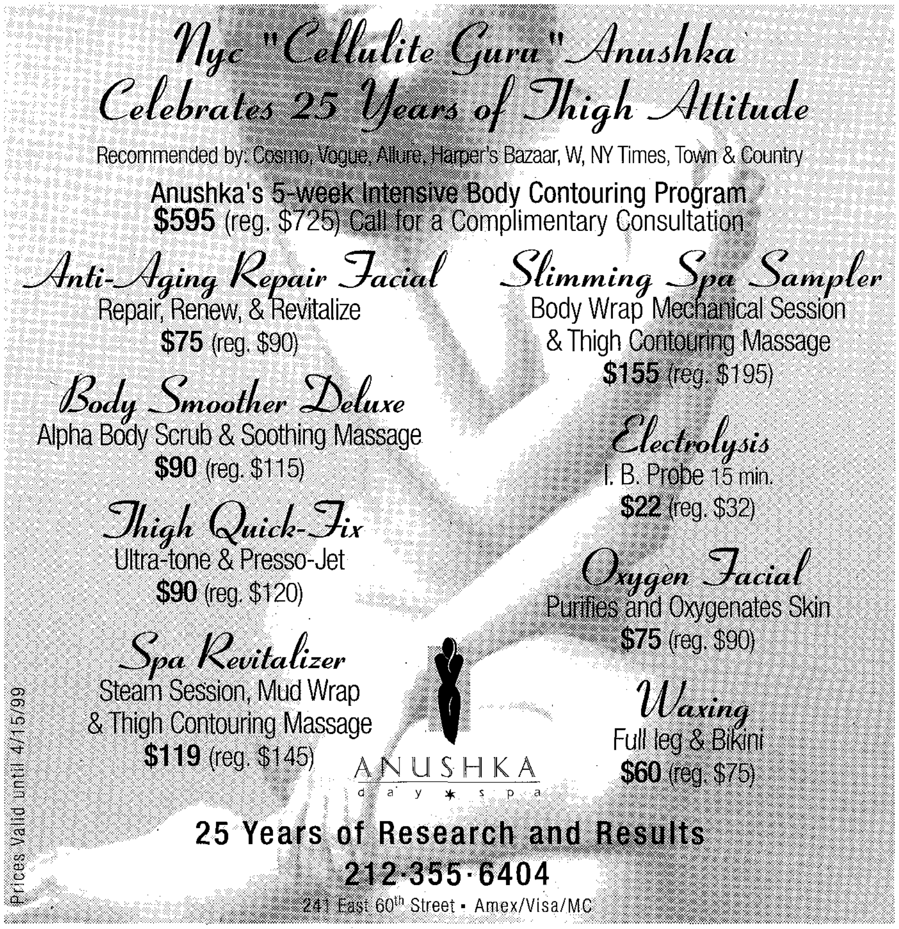
...that many others would like to try spa services but are hesitant or shy because they feel that "it's a feminine thing?"

...that most men are introduced to day spas through gift certificates from wives, girlfriends—or mothers and daughters?

facial and neck massage. You'll experience a Chinese medical facial that includes deep pore herbal cleansing, exfoliation, hydrating, and masks with skin-nourishing Chinese herbal extracts to increase the flow of energy to the skin. If necessary, you will be given an acupuncture treatment by associated Chinese doctors. The facial will revitalize your complexion; the entire program will leave you with a sense of total well-being."

My back and shoulder muscles always feel tense and tight. What kind of massage will give me relief?

"I recommend our 'Hot Rocks Massage,'" says therapist Amanda Whitney, LMT, NCMT, of **Park Avenue Spa & Fitness.** "This technique uses river stones that have been heated in water to between 140 and 150 degrees Fahrenheit. Oil is applied to the body, as in a regular massage. Then stones are cupped in the therapists' hand and glided over the larger muscles of the body. The stones deliver a concentrated therapeutic heat which penetrates the muscle fibers to reduce tension and pain. The 'Hot Rocks' Massage is especially effective when combined with a Swedish massage. For sports injuries, the treatment can be done with frozen rocks."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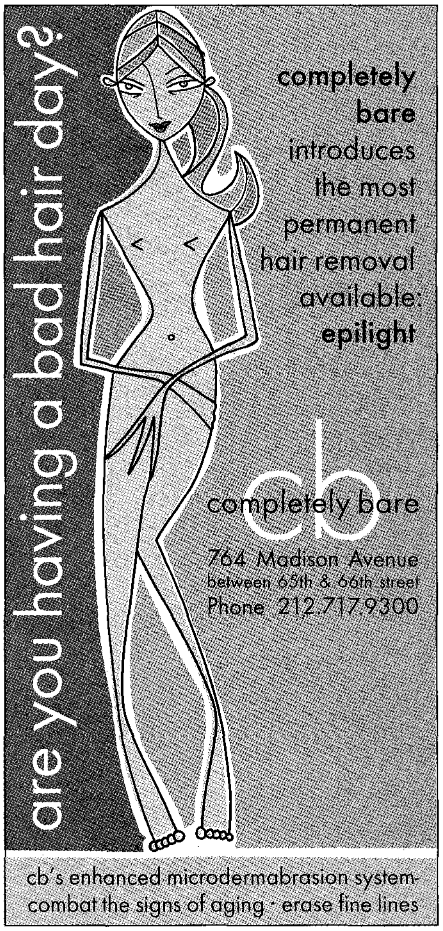
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FUN FACTS

DID YOU KNOW...

...that the ladies of the French court used aged wine to keep their complexions smooth and blemish-free? The secret? Naturally occurring acids found in a variety of foods and known collectively as Alpha Hydroxy Acids–the same AHAs found on many spa menus today.

Why are glycolic facials so popular? Are they safe? What do they do?

"Glycolic acid is probably the most effective and suitable fruit acid for cosmetic use," says Lia Schorr of **Lia Schorr Skin Care.** "It promotes the exfoliation of dead skin cells, which is the skin's natural rejuvenating process–one that slows down as men and women age. A glycolic facial eliminates fine lines, balances pigment, and has an anti-aging effect," explain Schorr, who is the author of three beauty books and founder of the Lia Schorr Institute for esthetic training. "It is 100% safe; it has no side effects and can be done year round. I always follow the treatment with a soothing seaweed facial to make sure there is never any redness, just a beautiful glow. We also do the glycolic treatment on the back; this is especially popular in summer when clients are wearing bathing suits and open dresses."

What is photo-epilation and how does it work? How is it different from traditional lasers?

"Photo-epilation is light-assisted hair removal, the most technologically advanced hair removal system available today," says Melisse Shaban, CEO of **Vanishing Point.** "This remarkable new technology, which is offered at Vanishing Point's two Manhattan locations, is based on intense pulsed light energy. The light targets the hair follicle pigment and converts to heat, resulting in thermal damage to the bulb of the hair without harming the surrounding skin. Within one to two weeks, the treated hairs are released from the follicles. The treatments are customized to meet your specific needs," Shaban explains. "The machine is calibrated to your skin type, hair color, hair texture, and desired treatment area. That's the beauty of photo-epilation over traditional lasers and other alternative technologies–the machine's adjustable settings and the customized results. Sessions are quick–you can cover a larger area in a shorter amount of time.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK OF SPA SERVICES

Because the treatment is completely non-invasive, you will not experience the pain and embarrassment of ingrown hairs, rashes or any of the other unsightly skin irritations common to other forms of hair removal, such as shaving, tweezing, or waxing. In fact, Vanishing Point's light-assisted treatments are particularly effective in eliminating ingrown hairs."

What is Callanetics? And what kind of miracles can it work on my out-of-shape body?

"The miracle of **Callanetics** is that you'll usually see results within 10 sessions taken over a three-week period," says Ruth Jeffries, owner of the Manhattan studio. "For more than 25 years, Callanetics has been reshaping bodies that are, well, less than perfect. It's the intelligent woman's exercise. The more you think it through, the better it works. Your brain does, after all, control your body, so this is really a mind-body connection. I teach exercises that work the deep postural muscles—not the surface muscles, which can make you bulk up. The exercise can be taken to higher and higher levels. It lifts the breasts, reduces saddlebags, trims the waist and tummy, and lifts the behind. It feminizes your body and creates a long, lean silhouette."

I've had hair on my upper lip since I was 13. Enough is enough. I want to get rid of it–permanently. P.S. My boyfriend has hair on his back, and I'd love to see that disappear, too.

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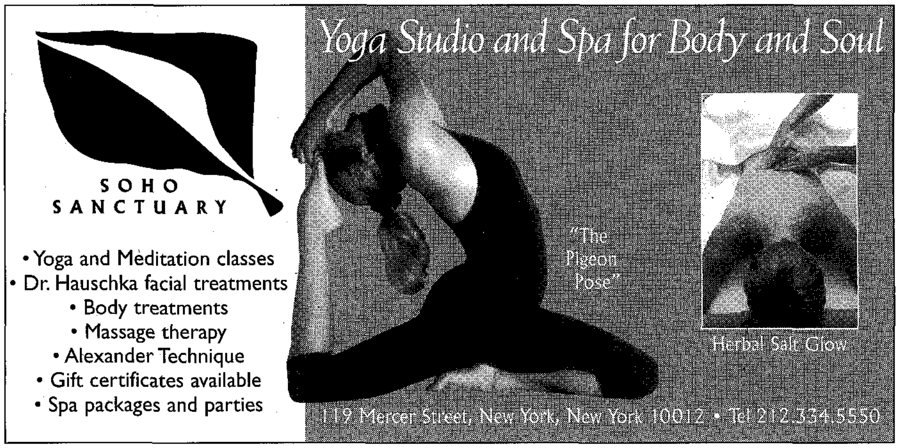

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I've always had clear skin, but now, all of a sudden, I have acne at the age of 30. Why? And what can I do about it?

"Acne is a common skin condition," says esthetician Ela Molczan of **Allure**. "Though it usually affects teenagers, it can appear in adults. I have been trained by a plastic surgeon who is also a dermatologist, so I understand that no two conditions are exactly alike. The skin may be ultra sensitive, for example, or irritated and dried out from medication. Therefore any effective acne treatment must be customized. I prepare medicated masks for a client's specific needs. Results are visible immediately, after one treatment. Since it's important to continue treatment, I can prepare the same formula for several home treatments."

What's the difference between a medical or therapeutic massage and a regular massage?

"A medical massage goes beyond simple pampering," explains Dona Pereira of **StresSolution Day Spa**, which specializes in therapeutic massage. "Our therapists use many of the same techniques as the classic Swedish type, but the techniques are applied in a more focused manner to treat a specific condition or injury. Therapeutic massage is an invaluable method of managing stress. It also alleviates a variety of physical problems and conditions such as chronic pain, migraines, carpal tunnel syndrome, tendonitis, TMJ syndrome, sciatica, and a range of other joint and tissue disorders."

"I've always had clear skin, but now, all of a sudden, I have acne at age 30. Why?"

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HAIR REPLACEMENT

With hair loss a growing problem among women as well as men, hair replacement specialists have developed increasingly sophisticated and refined techniques. Today, expert hair replacement is virtually undetectable, allowing clients the freedom to style as they wish.

My hair is beginning to thin. Tell me how the MicroDot™ Processes can help me.

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I want to consult someone about my hair loss problem, but I'm so embarrassed.

Elline Surianello of **LeMetric** knows exactly how you feel. "I suffered the pain and embarrassment of hair loss myself," says Ms. Surianello. "That's why I created a comfortable, feminine environment–for women only–where you can come in and get discreet personal attention. I want to make you as comfortable as possible while we design a customized hair system, either temporary or permanent, that's just right for your needs."

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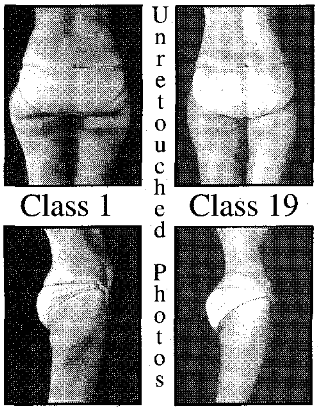

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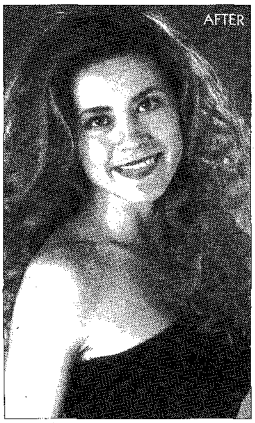

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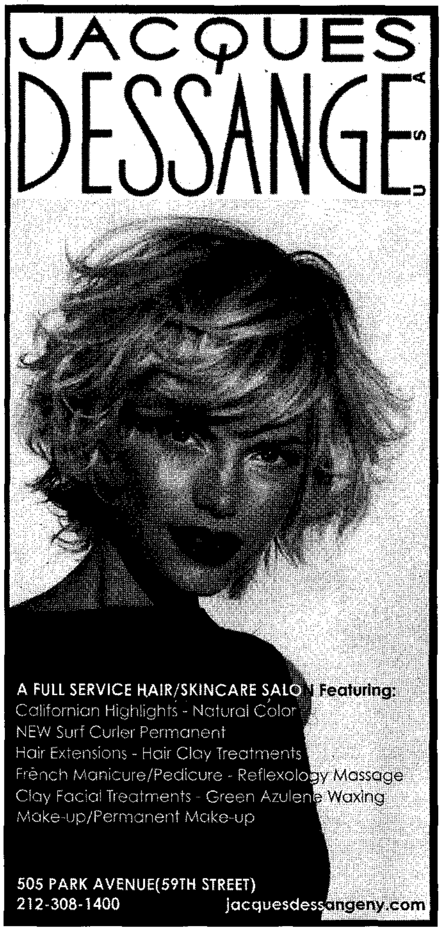

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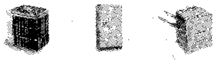

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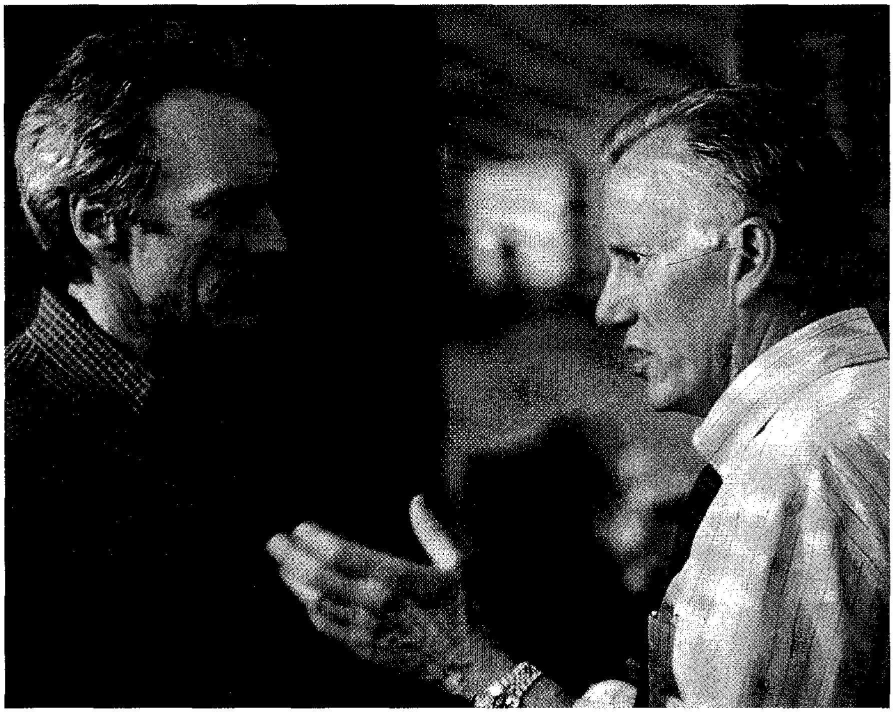
MOVIES PETER RAINER

Stop the Dresses!

'True Crime' features Clint Eastwood in skirt-chasing, good-guy mode as a hack journalist who chances upon a subject he cares about; oh, for a dash of Dirty Harry.



CLINT EASTWOOD IS PLAYing a good guy in his new movie, **True Crime**, but he looks leaner and hungrier than ever. His voice has a midnight-caller raspiness, and his smile is a sneer. No matter what the role, there's always something a bit deranged and wolfish about Eastwood. Even as Mr. Sensitive in *The Bridges of Madison County,* he had that unhinged gleam in the eye, especially near the end, when he was standing out in the rain, jilted. He seemed close to Dirty Harry meltdown in that moment, and it made me wish he'd played the whole thing as Harry Callahan gone undercover. (It would have been more fun to watch.) Eastwood is unquestionably a movie star, but he doesn't have much range as an actor, and whenever he ventures into the drippier realms of feeling, as in *True Crime,* his hard-bittenness intrudes. Decency doesn't animate him; snarling does.

He's playing Steve Everett here, a recovering alcoholic hacking out stories on the metro beat for the Oakland *Tribune.* Since the role is almost entirely in Eastwood's good-guy zone, he gets to indulge his penchant for bluesy blahness. He spends lots of time in dank places, feeling down on his luck. But not *too* down. Steve's libido is still in mint condition. Fired from the New York *Times,* where he screwed around with the publisher's daughter, he's pulling a similar stunt in Oakland with his assignment editor's wife. Besides this, he's married; his own wife (Diane Venora) might as well have LONG-SUFFERING stamped on her forehead. Despite the hurt he causes others, we're supposed to see Steve as a superannuated scamp; in the *Tribune* office, the female staff takes turns giving him the eye. There's a pasha quality to all this googliness—it's a bit like Dean Martin on his old TV show being vamped by every babe in sight. Except Eastwood isn't exactly playing it for laughs; it's more like self-congratulation. For Eastwood, being autumnal means showing off your foliage.

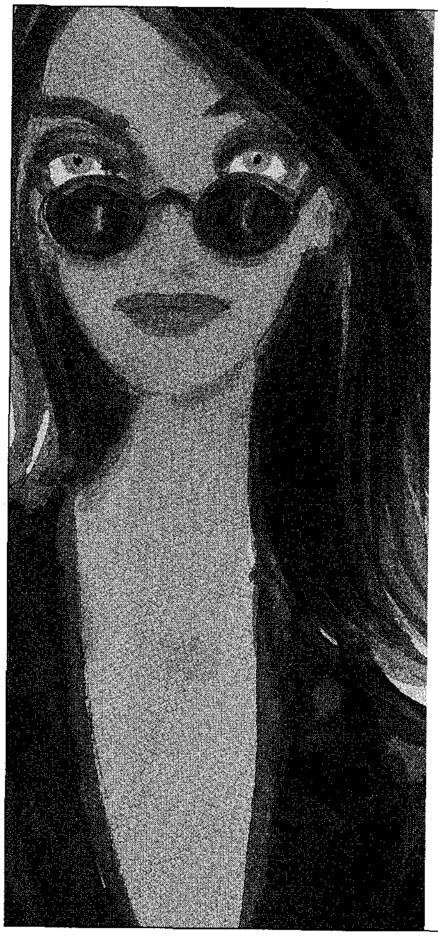
The film is engineered to be about Steve's redemption. When a comely reporter—whom he, natch, nuzzled—is killed in a car accident, he inherits her assignment: a human-interest piece on convicted murderer Frank Beachum (Isaiah Washington), who is less than a day away from death by lethal injection. Steve plods dutifully through the paces, but his nose for news leads him to conclude Frank is innocent. How to prove it in time?

Eastwood, who also directed, from a script credited to Larry Gross, Paul Brickman, and Stephen Schiff, doesn't lock in the suspense until close to the zero hour. Then he goes in for the kind of creaky crosscutting we haven't seen since *The Perils of Pauline.* There's something antediluvian about *True Crime;* it resurrects ploys and crotchets you never thought you'd see again. Eastwood wants to be a classic. His entire approach to film is no-nonsense. But sometimes there's a lot of nonsense in his no-nonsense. In *True Crime,* Eastwood shifts tones, and you're never quite sure why. In one sequence near the end, he cuts back and forth between Frank in the death chamber and Steve careering goofily in his car en route to the governor's mansion; all that's missing to make the scene complete is the orangutan Eastwood once co-starred with. In a more ambitious movie, these kinds of mood flip-flops might signify something, but here it just looks like Eastwood couldn't resist going for the easy yuks.

Maybe this explains why the newsroom atmosphere in this film seems so phony. As the editor of the *Tribune,* James Woods carries on like a cackling banshee; he's about as believable as Perry White in the old *Superman* TV series. Don't the people who make newspaper movies bother to check out newsrooms anymore?

Get me rewrite: Clint Eastwood as a reporter and James Woods as his crusty (what else?) editor in *True Crime.*

Photograph by Sam Emerson/Warner Brothers.



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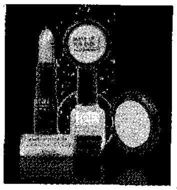

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The equally specious *Message in a Bottle* also featured a newsroom that looked as counterfeit as a Potemkin village.

In the great era of newspaper films—the thirties and early forties—the screenwriters often came out of journalism, and you could tell. Films as diverse as *His Girl Friday* and *Citizen Kane* had the zing and velocity of the real thing; the office lingo clicked. I spent almost twenty years working on several newspapers, and I never encountered anything like the burlesqued bonhomie on display in *True Crime.* It's a raffish actor's dumbo notion of what a newsroom should be.

All this clunky newspaper stuff wouldn't seem so bizarre if elsewhere Eastwood wasn't trying to score heavy-duty points. Steve, for example, is showcased as an old-fashioned anti-hero—in other words, a softie. He tells Frank that he just wants a good story; that he doesn't care about right and wrong, which, of course, tips us off that he cares about right and wrong. The film puts Steve and Frank on parallel tracks: Both have doting daughters; both have had to live down their past; both are looking for salvation. Is there any doubt these glory guys will pull into the station at the same time? Since Steve's redemption is essentially a foregone conclusion, his ascension has the air of a coronation about it. And since Frank is black and all his accusers were white, there's even a race angle: Steve, by implication, becomes the liberal righter of historic wrongs. I guess we should be grateful. In political terms, *True Crime* is a far cry from *Dirty Harry*—it actually stands up for due process of law. In Hollywood, I believe this is known as mellowing.

In brief: A BLACK COMEDY ABOUT CANNIBALism, **Ravenous** is a bit like *The Thing* plunked down in the Donner Pass. Starring Guy Pearce and Robert Carlyle, it opens with a closeup of bloody steaks at a victory feast and eventually moves on to bloody corpses. Set in 1847 in a remote military outpost (is there any other kind?) in California's snowy Sierra Nevada mountains, it's a not-so-Grand Guignol gross-out that posits the moral dilemma: Would you rather eat or be eaten? Make no mistake: In the movie business, where they devour their young, these questions are more than academic. The press book for *Ravenous* includes the recipes for numerous human taste treats and then, off to the side, in small letters, cautions: "All recipes are fictitious. Twentieth Century Fox does not condone cannibalism." That's reassuring. Don't go to this movie on a full stomach. Better yet, don't go. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

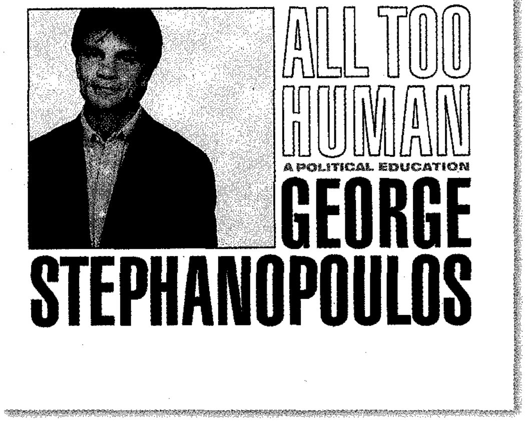
BOOKS WALTER KIRN

All the President's Man

George Stephanopoulos's odyssey from star-struck, ambitious young politico to older, wiser, much richer pundit is an emblematic generational story—not in a good way.

All Too Human: A Political Education
BY GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS
Little, Brown & Co. 456 pages; $27.95

AS HIS GENERATION'S PREEMINENT TEACHER'S PET, young George Stephanopoulos might have known that if his career as a spinner ever ended, he'd face some skepticism when he went straight. Like a particularly precocious student suddenly invited to leave the dining hall and sup with the professors, Stephanopoulos was an object of peer envy in the heady first years of the Clinton administration, and now that he's back with his classmates, so to speak, he's made it his business to tell those left behind precisely what one imagines they want to hear—that he felt out of place on Mount Olympus and didn't have an especially good time there, what with all the hypocrites and jerks he met and all the tough lessons he learned about himself. It's a perfect reingratiation strategy from someone who learned early to use language not to communicate, primarily, but to manipulate; a born P.R. guy who cheerfully refers to one of his favorite rhetorical stratagems as "the modified pander."



When a professional propagandist proposes to come clean, readers are entitled to be dubious, and doubly so when the occasion for the book is the public disgrace of the sideman's former boss. Even the title of *All Too Human,* Stephanopoulos's memoir, smacks of slippery, high-end flackery. Whether the title is taken to refer to Clinton, Stephanopoulos, or both (and given the weird merging of identities that binds an administration and its servants, I would guess it's both), what sounds like a painful confession is also a subtle self-absolution. Admitting to venial sins to cover mortal ones has long been the essence of the Clinton defense team. What's more, it worked for John Dean, whose *Blind Ambition* made the conscience-stricken White House diary a genre in itself. If *All Too Human* doesn't quite rank with Dean's book, it isn't for lack of literary skill, though, but because the Clinton melodrama somehow lacks the amplitude of Nixon's. Dean wrote of a challenge to his very soul; Stephanopoulos tells of a lighter, psychic agony. More a career crisis than a moral one.

He tells his calculated story well, with a novelist's flair for sketching scenes and characters, and he does a nice job of conveying his first impressions of Air Force One and the other haunts of power that he was the first person in his class to snag a backstage pass to. Riding on his ticket, we feel the delicious shivers of meeting Mitterrand, of standing on a convention podium, of cruising D.C. in a bulletproof limo. When the gang orders pizza for a late-night policy meeting and a Secret Service agent grabs Clinton's slice away, reminding him that it hasn't been tested for poison, Stephanopoulos is our generational surrogate, appropriately dazzled and intrigued. What's harder for us to share with him, however, is his almost instant loss of self to his new political master—a man whom he's only still getting to know when it becomes his duty to start lying for him. So complete is the emotional transference that when the sun breaks out above the stage during one of Clinton's speeches, Stephanopoulos falls into a rapture. A word slightly stronger than *co-dependence* seems called for.

There are two villains in *All Too Human,* neither of them named Clinton, despite the headlines the book has generated. Villain one is Stephanopoulos's own darker self. He's riddled with insecurity and moved by a half-formed lust for power and paternal love. He's more ridiculous than evil, so infatuated with his mentor that he's not always entirely in control of his Freudian imagery. The son of a leading Greek Orthodox cleric, he writes: "Clinton spoke to the yearning to be singled out for a special job—the boy who had wrapped his fingers around the archbishop's staff." Once he gets this staff firmly in his grasp, Stephanopoulos holds on tight. Too tight. He's forever measuring his place on the presidential-access graph, despairing when it falls too low and bubbling up when it starts to rise. This gets a bit off-putting after a while. We appreciate Stephanopoulos's honesty about his callowness, but you have to wonder if he's really outgrown it. When Waco burns and women and children die, it's not the human tragedy he writes about, but his own failed effort at damage control. As for military actions, he writes about how they played

When a professional propagandist proposes to come clean, readers are entitled to be dubious.

or how they polled, not what they accomplished or what they cost. On matters besides the state of his own mind and his power within the inner circle, Stephanopoulos hardly reflects at all.

The second villain is Dick Morris. Morristopheles. The man who brought out the worst in Clinton (an oddly passive figure in the book) but also set in motion Stephanopoulos's belated journey of self-discovery. Morris is wickedly caricatured as an off-his-rocker huckster. He wears garish ties and stupid suits. He jumps up and down on the furniture when he's happy, stews with paranoia when he's not. "His blow-dried pompadour and shiny leather briefcase gave him the look of a B-movie mob lawyer," Stephanopoulos writes, showing a flair for vivid invective that he otherwise suppresses, even when it seems more earned. After all, it's Clinton who hired Morris and took his wacky, insidious advice, going all out for campaign-ad cash and trashing traditional Democratic programs. Still, it's the lieutenant, not the general, for whom Stephanopoulos reserves his wrath, even praising Clinton for subtle genius in bringing on board the pathological Morris to counter and challenge more staid White House advisers.

While Morris flourishes, hypnotizing Clinton with instant polls on hypothetical bombing campaigns and focus-group studies straight out of the cola wars, Stephanopoulos shrinks. Gore, who's portrayed as surprisingly sly and sharp, has always distrusted him, anyhow, and Hillary, an old-line liberal prone to weepy bouts of persecution mania, has never forgiven his coziness with the press. Shorn of influence, he ends up fronting a virtuous but unsexy research project on the future of affirmative action. This work brings out the wonky idealist in him and reconnects him to the young Rhodes Scholar who holed up at Oxford with books on Christian ethics. The real inner transformation comes later on, however. Perhaps inevitably, since this is the story of a yuppie career path even before it's a fable of disillusionment, the key catharsis is pharmaceutical. It's Zoloft, not a spiritual epiphany, that frees Stephanopoulos from the White House and ends his stint as the president's pander bear. Indeed, the last chapter, which lashes out at Clinton over his conduct in the Lewinsky affair, feels tacked on. A puny caboose of outrage hitched to a long train of compromises. His first-class ride, Stephanopoulos assures us now that he's back in coach, wasn't easy, but one may feel after reading this savvy memoir that it was probably easier for him than it would have been for other people. ■

Walter Kirn's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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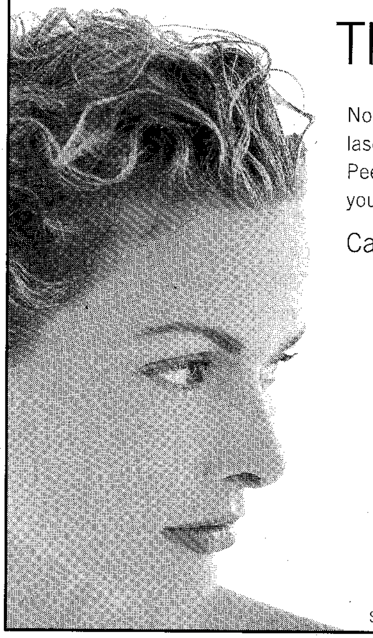

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THEATER JOHN SIMON

Now Playing the Strip

David Hare returns from Israel and Gaza with a sly travelogue-monologue pointing up the pitfalls and possibilities of enforced co-existence.

DOES A PLAYWRIGHT'S HOLDING FORTH IN PERson for 90 minutes about journeying to Israel and the Gaza Strip sound like good theater? No? Guess again; you'll be riveted by **Via Dolorosa**. David Hare can observe, write, think (already rare enough in a dramatist), and also *act*. Not in the sense of political action—what can an English playwright do to compel Jews and Palestinians to live in peace?—but of being a charming actor. He can also bear witness.

Hare, who has a Jewish wife, conceived his trips to a war that calls itself peace negotiations out of both intellectual and professional curiosity. The tone is set right off: "The girl at Gatwick asks me where I am going. 'Tel Aviv,' I say, and at once she laughs. 'Lucky you,' she says and roars with laughter. Why? . . . What is the joke?" The joke, as Hare is too tactful to spell out, is that Israel is no place to go. But some essential truths are lurking or rampaging there, as in so many strife-torn parts of the world. Or in the covetous human soul, never content with what it possesses.

The author was lucky enough to be shown around everywhere and meet everyone, even if only by mistake. Thus he gets to see the most popular and reclusive politician in Gaza, Haider Abdel Shafi, who takes him for "the *Guardian* journalist David Hirst . . . author of a recent two-page exposé." In fact, Hare knows almost nothing about Shafi. But knowing nothing helps you keep your eyes and ears—and, above all, mind—open.

The voyage is not only political; it's also theatrical. Hare's play *Amy's View* is on view there, and, as a director, he is also being consulted about a unique coproduction of *Romeo and Juliet* in Jerusalem, eight years in the making. Co-directed by a Jew and a Palestinian, it has Jews playing the Montagues, Palestinians the Capulets. "In this production," Hare wryly notes, "the Capulets *really* hated the Montagues." In Israel and Gaza, art and politics inevitably get entangled. At the Israeli equivalent of the Oscars, "every single acceptance speech was about politics." An angry spectator starts a bomb scare, the hall is cleared, and, sadly, "the suspense leading up to the Best Picture was lost."

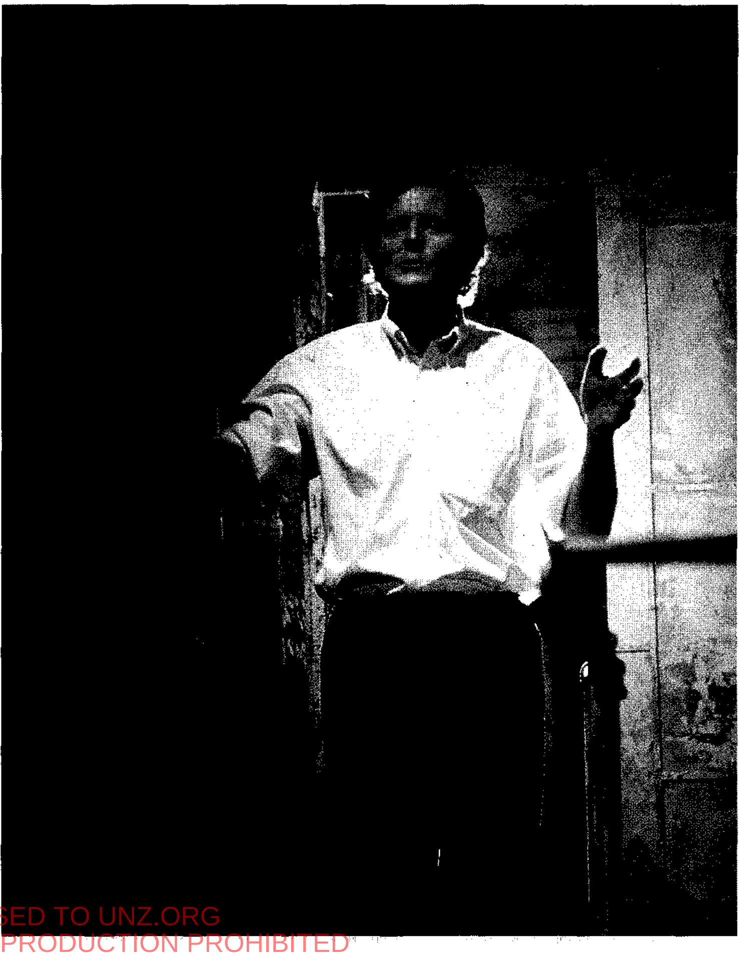
Ordinary people are reported on no less than famous ones. So Hare quotes an American settler on the difference between living in the United States and living in Israel: "Memorial Day here is a day where we all get out of our cars, wherever we are, in the middle of the road and stand for two minutes remembering the dead. In the U.S., it's a day when you have a mattress sale."

I could quote forever from a play—and it *is* a play, not a lecture—whose every other line is quotable. But you must hear it from Hare, in what he calls a monologue "ideally to be performed by its author." And ideally performed it is: with great but controlled flourishes, sparing but effective scenery, searching light effects, and subtle direction (intermittent but telling stage movement) by Stephen Daldry.

And what does it all mean? An eminent Palestinian historian, allowed to travel back and forth, is asked the two obligatory questions by the Israeli border guard: "Did you pack the bag yourself? Did anyone give you anything to carry?" Once, answering the first question, the historian adds, "And no one gave me anything to carry." The guard explodes: "How dare you? . . . You are not allowed to answer the second question until I ask it." That, the Palestinian claims, "says it all."

But nothing does. Not even page 56 of the book in which *Via Dolorosa* is published, where *principal* is published as *principle*. We have clearly lost our sense of what is principal, not to mention misplacing our principles. The search for them is arduous indeed, but maybe, just maybe, Hare is pointing the dolorous way.

CHRISTOPHER DURANG'S **Betty's Summer Vacation** IS MEANT to be absurdist but verges on the idiotic. Betty and Trudy, young woman friends, arrive in a rented seaside cottage. The other rooms are taken by a timid serial killer and an insatiable macho fornicator. Trudy is a non-



A separate peace? David Hare observes quotidian Gaza Strip life in *Via Dolorosa*.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

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stop chatterbox, blaming it on the years her father was raping her while Mummy stood by mum. Soon her mother, who happens to own the cottage, chooses to move in. She, or at least in the way Kristine Nielsen is made to play her, is a caricature of Ann Miller, which by the second hour, if not sooner, becomes wearisome. There is also, lodged somewhere in the ceiling, a choir of three voices in unison, plus a laugh track, that eggs on the characters to enact everything from monstrous sitcoms to Court TV. Betty is just any of us, being slowly driven nuts.

But, unlike the hapless cast, any of us can leave. I didn't, out of respect for Durang's past and curiosity about what the director and cast, headed by Kellie Overbey, could make of all this. Also, there was the spectacle of my colleagues rocking with laughter, thus filling me with pity and terror, which, according to Aristotle, is what drama is meant to do.

Macbeth, THEATRE FOR A NEW AUDIENCE'S current bill, as staged by Ron Daniels, shows Scotland gripped by an epidemic of sleeping sickness. On a stage resembling a makeshift bullring (though the bull here is of another kind), thespians come and go like sleepwalkers, albeit able to talk in their sleep, and sometimes, like sleeping dogs, even bark in it. The fifteen mummers exhibit fifteen different ways of being equally terrible.

The three Weird Sisters, mistaking the meaning of *weird*, have let Constance Hoffman garb them in, respectively, a black mourning outfit, a red Haitian-voodoo costume, and a girlishly white nightgown. They act in accordance with their costumes. Next, a bloody battlefield, where the actors, acting or sitting on the sidelines, exhibit either awe or apathy. They might as well be in kirk, or watching a deadly performance by the TFANA.

Macbeth is portrayed by Bill Camp as a particularly lethargic Hamlet, full of ruminative whispers and Pinteresque pauses, able to put a five-second break between the words *vaulting* and *ambition*. Reg E. Cathey, purporting to be Banquo, manages to make mincemeat out of the part and comes back to do the same for the Porter. Unfortunately, I was no longer around for his third role. As Duncan, Graham Brown merely blows his voice like a rusty trombone.

Elizabeth Marvel, as Lady M., reads her husband's letter as if the handwriting were barely decipherable. Though she has some variety—loud and soft—she mostly slinks about barefoot, looking stupefied. The knocking at the gate is rendered by lightning and thunder to raise the dead. Unsuccessfully, like everything else. ■

John Simon's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

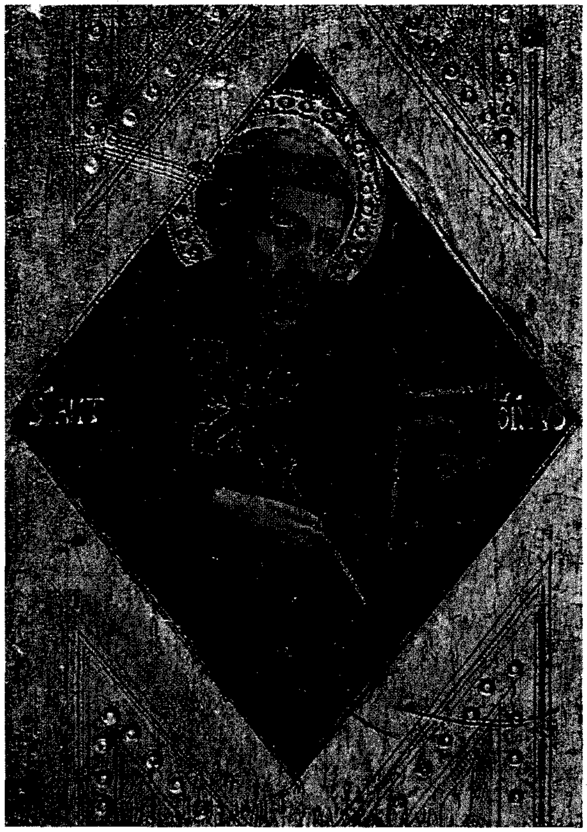
Getting Medieval

Two shows at the Met bring "permanent" collections of art from the Middle Ages (one the museum's own, the other on loan from Assisi) back to new, vivid life.

IN THE EYES OF MANY CURATORS, MUSEUM EXHIBITIONS are just passing fancies. They can titillate the populace, earn some money, and, at times, provide intellectual amusement. But they are not nearly as important as spending the best years of your life listening to a widow discuss her toy poodle's eating habits, should that widow happen to have a Cezanne hanging in her library. Cultivating the permanent collection is what truly counts at important museums. In different ways, the two handsome shows that have just opened at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, **"The Treasury of Saint Francis of Assisi"** and **"Mirror of the Medieval World,"** are tributes to this form of "permanence," intimating what such collections can mean to the contemporary imagination.

"Mirror" presents the results of twenty years of collecting by the Met's Department of Medieval Art and the Cloisters, under the guidance of retiring chairman William D. Wixom. The curators—led by Wixom and Peter Barnet—have gathered together nearly 300 of the department's trophies. In the show, the curators distinguish between two forms of desire in their collecting. On the one hand, they want art that fills holes in the collection, thereby enhancing its "encyclopedic" range. On the other, they burn for masterpieces. Or, to put it in a way no curator would, they are animated by both disinterested desire and determined lust. The lust is especially admirable. In this exhibit, the sheer visual power of many of the works is astonishing. I had no idea that collecting at this level remained possible in the medieval field. Great—not just good—examples of stained glass, metalwork, wood carving, and other media are on view. Many works fulfill both purposes of collecting, dotting the *i*'s while seducing the eye.

In its approach, "Mirror" avoids coddling the objects—which can make art seem distant, precious, and dull. Since permanent collections are always in danger of falling asleep, clever curators must find ways to be serious and playful at the same time, awakening the objects to the present without betraying their origins. Instead of just offering the public a treasure chest or a history lesson, which would have been the easy thing, the curators of "Mirror" have taken away some of the remoteness of medieval art by showing their objects thematically. One room, for example, is organized around angels—an obsession of our own time. Another demonstrates the influence of plant forms upon medieval craftsmen; you can admire the curling organic shapes both in large stone carvings and in the delicate painting of illuminated manuscripts. The grand religious passion of the Middle Ages is not avoided, but neither is it emphasized. As a result, the daily life of the period becomes vivid. The medieval seems remarkably close at hand.



From Assisi, Fra Angelico's *Saint Anthony of Padua.*

Museums are peculiarly modern creations. Their obsessive drive to cultivate encyclopedic collections, always adding "prize pieces" to their holdings, is not something that would have occurred to ancient Egyptian or medieval society. There are many reasons for their behavior, but one of the most important is modern culture's uneasy relation to the past—particularly its regret over what has been lost. The Cloisters represents an attempt not just to display medieval art, for example, but to recreate a timeless medieval aura. The cult of the masterpiece is in part a substitute for the cult of miracles, and the encyclopedic a pale compensation for the putative wholeness of the past. The Cloisters evokes, distantly, the kind of intense focus that the Basilica of Saint Francis in Assisi has embodied for centuries.

The earthquakes that badly damaged Assisi in September 1997 were particularly shocking because Assisi is supposed to be one of those places that never changes. It is a modern as well as a medieval shrine—where pilgrims come not just to worship Saint Francis but to revere a great perma-

(continued on page 77)

Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Never on Domingo

Plácido Domingo owns the production and may eventually sing the title role in 'Sly.' But he unwisely gave over the opera's American premiere to pal José Carreras.

NOW THAT THE POP SENSATION KNOWN AS THE Three Tenors has become such a tempting cash cow—even the Met's sainted James Levine presides over these glitzy hippodrome events and pockets half a million each time—most people seem to have forgotten how innocently it all began. The original gathering of José Carreras, Plácido Domingo, and Luciano Pavarotti at the 1990 World Cup finals in Rome was just a lark, a collegial salute to Carreras after his miraculous recovery from leukemia. We all know what that fun occasion led to: a surprise crossover success, ringing cash registers, and frequent reunions that mushroomed into a global industry. Not only are the three aging divos now superrich, but their twilight careers have been energized in ways no one could have predicted.

Take José Carreras, who might otherwise have never sung again on an opera stage in this country. Right now, at age 52, he is making his first appearances with an American company since 1987, in the demanding title role of Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's **Sly**, with the Washington Opera. While one has to admire the tenor for a risk he hardly needed to take—and at a fee that must be a fraction of what one arena concert brings in—an honest assessment of his performance is difficult, considering all the emotional baggage he now carries with him. Even critics hostile to the Three Tenors phenomenon draw the veil of charity over Carreras's charmless contributions to those mechanized events, hesitating to point out that his voice lost its luster and lyric beauty long before its owner fell ill. Yet that unpleasant fact never seems to dampen the enthusiasm of his fans, who may be less interested in music and expressive singing than in applauding triumph over adversity.

Unlike a fox: José Carreras and Elisabete Matos, in Wolf-Ferrari's *Sly*.

Photograph by Carol Pratt, courtesy of the Washington Opera.

That said, if Carreras the singer still has anything of musical value to offer, it is probably as an advocate of rarely performed operas like *Sly*, which would surely have continued to slumber in obscurity had it not caught his fancy. Plácido Domingo's clout must be factored in here as well, not only in his capacity as artistic director of the Washington Opera and Carreras's good pal but also because this *Sly* production is his personal property, reputedly bought for nearly $2 million. Domingo hired his wife, Marta, to direct the show, and apparently he intends to star in it himself eventually, first in Los Angeles, where he soon will take over as that company's artistic director, and later at the Metropolitan, where he pretty much enjoys carte blanche. If Wolf-Ferrari were alive today, he would surely be astonished to find such influential power brokers taking a proprietary interest in his neglected opera, first performed at La Scala in 1927, seldom staged anywhere since then, and never before seen in this country.

Is *Sly* worth these tenors' valuable time and money? I would say yes—hesitantly, since most post-Puccini Italian operas still get a bad press, even from critics unable to name more than one or two of them. Like many other scores of quality that appeared between the wars, *Sly* never had a chance to establish itself in those troubled times, even though Wolf-Ferrari was already a highly visible European presence by the early years of the century. That was due, in part, to the cultural advantages of having a German father and an Italian mother, although by 1927 the problems of dual nationality had apparently begun to gnaw on the composer. Best known for a series of elegant operatic comedies based on Goldoni plays, Wolf-Ferrari unexpectedly turned his attention to this bitter, pessimistic subject, the tale of a poet driven to madness and suicide by a society not content merely to ignore its artists but to persecute them.

Christopher Sly is a vestigial character in the prologue to Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*, a drunken tinker tricked by a lord into thinking he is a nobleman. The dramatist Giovacchino Forzano (who originally offered the libretto to Puccini) took this slight incident and elaborated it into a tragic Pirandellian drama of identity crisis, misperception, and psychological game-playing with Sly, now a poet, as society's scapegoat. A hallucinatory element is everywhere present, in Act One's vicious tavern revels, in the delusional diversions at the Earl of Westmoreland's castle, and in Sly's return to reality when the wretched man, caged like an animal and thrown into the Earl's wine cellar, breaks a bottle and slashes his wrists. Wolf-Ferrari clothes this grim drama with fastidiously crafted music of often exquisitely painful beauty. He retains the elements of his neoclassical style, closer to late Verdi than to the more heated passions of Puccini, but the vocal lines seethe with extraordinary expressive power and declamatory force.

Carreras makes an honorable stab at the role, but with his reduced vocal resources and robotic acting, he only suggests its potential. *Sly* requires a tenor with a ringing top, an easy flexibility at every dynamic level, a searingly eloquent delivery, and a mesmerizing dramatic presence. I can't think of an Italian-style tenor today who even comes close to that, not even Domingo. The supporting cast is decent enough—Gregory Yurisich as the unscrupulous Westmoreland, Elisabete Matos as Dolly, the Earl's mistress, who falls in love with Sly too late, and William Parcher as Sly's only true friend, John Plake—but this is really a one-man opera. Sra. Domingo's fussy stage direction and Michael Scott's sketchy sets update the action to the year of the opera's composition—a pointless gloss, since all sense of time and place is more or less eradicated by Act Two. Heinz Fricke presides over an orchestra that gives Wolf-Ferrari's aristocratic instrumental score rather rough treatment.

Despite the disappointing production, it was instructive to see at last this intriguing work which I had known from the score but never dreamed would turn up in a theater near me. There are other works from the same era just as worthy of revival, and many of them, like *Sly*, focus on anti-heroes no less at odds with society than their composers seemed to have been: Riccardo Zandonai's *I Cavalieri di Ekebù*, for example, or Franco Alfano's *Cyrano de Bergerac*, both effective theater pieces with strong scores. *Cyrano* is surely a more suitable vehicle for Domingo than *Sly* at this late stage in his career, and perhaps we will see that opera yet. Never underestimate the power of a tenor. ▬

Peter G. Davis's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Stevens *continued from page 75*

nent collection in situ. In the basilica, 2,000 square feet of fresco decoration, including painting by Cimabue and Giotto, cracked or came crashing down. The Met is displaying large, stomach-turning photographs of the rubble. The intention of "Treasury" is to publicize the disaster and—in an unspoken way—demonstrate that Assisi remains permanent.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, many of the finest artists and craftsmen of Europe came to Assisi to decorate its churches. Popes and kings also donated important works to the Franciscans. Not surprisingly, the town became one of Europe's greatest expressions of medieval and early-Renaissance culture; the basilica is so richly decorated that it takes visitors days just to become oriented. "Treasury" contains about 70 paintings, textiles, illuminations, and works in gold and silver that are borrowed from Assisi itself, together with about 30 loans from American and European collections. Many of the paintings are smaller works, among them Fra Angelico's tiny but brilliant *Saint Anthony of Padua*. (The way the artist asymmetrically positions Anthony in a strict, diamond-shaped space makes the monk—and his book—spring to life.) And one of the greatest works of medieval art, the Chalice of Nicholas IV, by the Sienese goldsmith Guccio di Mannaia, has made the trip to New York. This chalice, enriched with enamels, is impossible to overpraise. It shimmers with lush, golden lights, yet its proportions are restrained.

Most great European churches have a gamy, eccentric character. No permanent collection in a museum can hope to convey this power. Inevitably, something abstract or secondhand enters a show like "Mirrors." The Assisi exhibit does, however, manage to bring some of the particular force of the basilica to New York. The reliquaries on display are one reason. While admiring the consummate formal artistry of a medieval artisan, for example, you will inevitably wonder whether there really is a piece of chopped-off finger behind the gold. (The names of some reliquaries are themselves wonderful, such as "The Reliquary of Saint Andrew's Finger" and "The Reliquary of the Seamless Robe.") The here's-this-and-there's-that selection of objects, many of which were made by anonymous or little-known artists, also reflects the idiosyncratic life of the collection. A Franciscan treasury does not have to arrange or explain itself. It is naturally haphazard—a gathering of divine loot. ▬

Mark Stevens's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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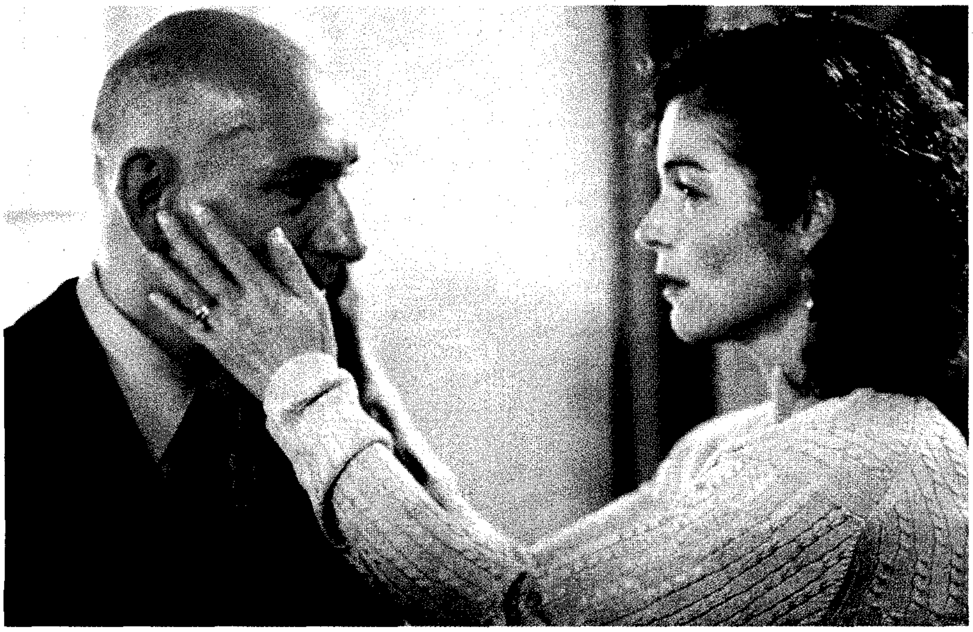
JOHN LEONARD

Call Me Responsible

Defying the conventions of revenge tragedy, Ben Kingsley's heartsick character in 'The Confession' demands he be held accountable for his bloody vengeance.



Tragic consequences: Ben Kingsley and Amy Irving, husband and wife in *The Confession*.

So what if **The Confession** (Friday, March 26; 8 to 10 p.m.; Cinemax) changes the ending of the novel from which it's adapted to the exact opposite of the novelist's own despairing choice? At least, after 33 years, they've finally made a TV movie out of Sol Yurick's *Fertig;* it took them only fourteen years to make a big-screen film out of his first novel, *The Warriors*. I'm trying to be grateful. If, as directed by David Jones, *The Confession* is a bit sluggish, David Black's screenplay nevertheless pokes us in the eye with issues as sharp as spears.

Ben Kingsley, in his Mahatma Gandhi–Simon Wiesenthal mode, plays Harry Fertig, an accountant for a major corporation. Which is to say, he is all gravid principle, damn the explosive consequences. When his 5-year-old son, Stevie, stricken with appendicitis, is refused treatment in the emergency ward of one hospital and dies in a cab on the way to another, not only will Fertig pass judgment on those who fail in their responsibility to help; he executes that judgment personally. In the novel, this meant seven dead bodies, including a rabbi; in the movie, it means three, hold the rabbi. And when Jack Grenoble (Jay O. Sanders), the CEO of the corporation to whose secrets this accountant has been privy, hires hotshot defense attorney Roy Bleakie (Alec Baldwin) to plead Fertig not guilty by reason of insanity, they're both astonished when his own sanity is what he insists on. Unlike the people he has killed, having completed his audit, having balanced his books, he assumes responsibility. That's the ethical point.

If you haven't read the novel, I don't want to spoil its narrative suspense. But you do need to know that Grenoble wants Fertig declared insane so that nothing he may say later on—about, for instance, a highway-beautification project that involved toxic dumping that then required an expensive new filtering system for an upstate reservoir in order to save New York City's water supply from PCBs—will ever be credible in a police investigation or a court of law. And that the real payoff for the go-along-to-get-along Bleakie is the promise of a promotion to district attorney. And that as easily as pols buy lawyers and their own species of convenient justice, so, just as easily, lawyers buy psychiatrists and their own species of convenient lunacy. There is even an I. F. Stone–admiring journalist who sells out cheap (for a Nieman fellowship). What we have is systemic malpractice.

While Kingsley/Fertig specializes in the adamantine like some Khmer god-king, Baldwin/Bleakie is a moral weather vane, big but soft. His career blows one way, his conscience another, and his priapic urgencies a third. He will even sleep with Sara (Amy Irving), Fertig's wife, who has gone untouched by Fertig since the death of their child. Irving, as she has been in everything from *Carrie* to *Yentl* to *Crossing Delancey* to *A Show of Force,* is both marvelous and troubling—an Old Testament beauty and neurotic urban chick. The almond-eyed good-bye look she gives Baldwin when the trial is over is so enigmatic it might have been borrowed from Pinter. (Jones, in fact, directed the film version of Pinter's *Betrayal,* which was also surprisingly sluggish.) Irving blurs all these hard edges: we never know what she's really thinking; we suspect some deep erotic dream.

Still, having raised most of the questions Yurick asked in the novel, *The Confession* fudges on his darker answers by turning Bleakie into a last-minute hero, as if the Big Fix were, instead, *To Kill a Mockingbird.* Had Roy Bleakie really been a hero, he would never have become a U.S. senator in Yurick's next novel, *The Bag,* a more radical account of urban corruption—and one so expansive that it managed to include Norman Podhoretz, Allen Ginsberg, *and* Bobby Kennedy. What this flawed but absorbing TV movie does suggest is that all Sol Yurick's novels deserve a film. From *The Warriors,* his riff on youth gangs reinventing Xenophon's *Anabasis,* Walter Hill made a violent ballet of skinheads, Rollerbladers, Valkyries, and baseball bats in a neon jukebox jungle. I'd like to see a *(continued on page 80)*

Photograph by K. C. Bailey/Cinemax.

JAZZ CHRIS NORRIS

Voodoo Child

The willfully unpredictable jazz singer Cassandra Wilson—equally comfortable with Cyndi Lauper and Bill Evans—conjures the spirit of Miles Davis on her new album.

SMILING FROM EVERY MAGAZINE COVER, TOPping every critic's poll, the sunny, earthy, amazingly poised Lauryn Hill is the prime mover of current pop discourse. Critics say her Grammy-sweeping *The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill* represents the multi-culti music of the future. They say she brought underground chops to classic songcraft, reconciled seventies soul with nineties grit. They say she has the voice of Roberta Flack and the songwriting gift of Joni Mitchell. Who do they think she is, Cassandra Wilson?

Actually, they wouldn't be so far off. Had she been born twenty years earlier, grown up on Sarah Vaughan as well as Marvin Gaye, and possessed twice as much voice, Hill might be very much like Wilson, the jazz singer who releases her twelfth album, *Traveling Miles,* this week. The two are peers, if not soul sisters. In two competitive, female-unfriendly music cultures, both have excelled on their craft's own terms. (Hill's rap skills are wildly underrated.) And in two largely static and homogeneous genres, each brought an invigorating new aesthetic, giving the male-dominated scenes a warmer, more personal vision of nineties music-making. Hill's breakthrough required a confessional frankness; her solo debut bared professional spite, romantic hurt, and a love of Frankie Valli hits. Wilson's came through a similarly brave self-disclosure. As she told one magazine, "I needed to be able to say, 'Yeah—I like Bread.' "

In her 1993 album *Blue Light 'Til Dawn,* the edgy virtuoso—a veteran of Brooklyn's futuristic jazz collective M-Base—embraced folk songs, show tunes, and AM hits. Her candor and expansive musicality opened a new avenue for jazz expression. The record brought in bouzakis and harmonicas, linked Robert Johnson blues to Van Morrison ballads, and unified them all in a tingling sonic space that displayed both jazz delicacy and a mastery of studio seduction technology. Produced with cinematic ambience (all struck matches and chirping cicadas) by Craig Street, *Blue Light* and its '96 follow-up, *New Moon Daughter,* recast Wilson as a folksy sorceress. It was a convincing role for a singer whose voice suggests incense and thunderheads. It's also one that makes her uniquely suited for her new album's spiritual touchstone: fellow sorcerer and crossover artist Miles Davis.

Traveling Miles (*Blue Note*) presents tunes that were either composed or famously performed by the trumpet giant, along with four originals that are, one assumes, somehow in synch with his spirit. Wilson and music director–bassist Lonnie Plaxico take an appropriately minimalist approach to the material, retitling many of the songs and using only basic melodies and arrangement filigrees to evoke Davis's distinct musical temperament. This self-produced album isn't as lushly enveloping as Wilson's Craig Street–helmed records, but it does strive for a mood—a sort of dark, mercurial sensitivity—and it makes surprising connections along the way.

The record grew out of a Jazz at Lincoln Center commission Wilson performed a little over a year ago, during which the strands connecting vocalist to horn player became forehead-slappingly obvious. Most striking was their shared visual charisma. Unlike her hero Betty Carter—a glistening, tautly grimacing oracle onstage—Wilson is an effortlessly glamorous performer, a swaying, willowy muse in golden dreads. And as with Miles, this lithe physicality seems to bespeak a specific kind of pantomime, an ability to suspend time and space, to summon opera-size emotions with the subtlest gesture.

Ballads are the natural showcase for such mastery, and of the album's four slow jams, two reinterpretations—"Someday My Prince Will Come" and "Time After Time"—are particularly revealing. The former is an obvious swoon vehicle for Wilson, whose standards album, *Blue Skies,* established her as a peerless interpreter. Molasses-slow, set off by brushes and a disconsolate bass ostinato, her dramaturgy is shimmering and tragic without seeming mawkish. That she renders the Cyndi Lauper hit just as majestically highlights another of her affinities with Miles: a love of pop and a readiness to imbue it with deep, complex emotions. The chiming acoustic guitars and Wilson's hesitant, stop-start line parsing breathes so much ache into this VH 1 flashback that it's almost perverse. (She has done similar things with songs by the Monkees.)

A love of pop craft also shows in Wilson's originals, which tend toward breezy chord progressions and intimate dialogue, and are often the highlights of her records. But verbally conjuring one of jazz's most enigmatic figures would be a daunting task for any librettist. For the most part, Wilson handles the job effectively if unspectacularly, eschewing corny scat tropes of crazy cats boppin' at Minton's for more elemental lyrics about lightning and thunder, sound and wind. This allows the listener a luxurious immersion in her voice—easier with a tone-poem masterpiece like Bill Evans's "Blue in Green" (reborn as "Sky and Sea") than with an original like "Right Here, Right Now," whose Ba-

Miles to go: Cassandra Wilson cuts across boundaries to find inspiration.

Photograph by JoAnne Savio.

ba Ram Dass aperçus and gnomic musings about the follies of modern life beg Jewel comparisons that no musician as cool as Wilson should have to endure.

That is, if anyone even notices the words. Of the very few vocalists with comparable musical intelligence, none has anything like Wilson's throaty, smoky, drop-dead-gorgeous instrument. It's not an acquired taste. While Betty Carter clearly informs her drawn-out, hornlike lines, Wilson's husky, flecked timbre seems to come less from such bop-era technicians than from bluesier sirens like Nina Simone. Her voice is actually sub-contralto, lower than the standard female range, which suggests another provocative similarity to Miles Davis, the notoriously macho trumpeter who had, as Wilson writes in her liner notes, a quality "so intimate it seems almost feminine." Both musicians marry a complex, hard-to-pin-down sense of humanity with a deep sense of the blues, enabling an unusual fluidity in style and era.

In a recent article that called Wilson "the brightest star of the post-classic generation," jazz scholar Robert G. O'Meally wrote that classic jazz claimed "everything from country blues, church songs and ragtime to European classics, minstrel-show marches, vaudeville ditties, Latin music, and Broadway tunes." Part of the allure of Wilson's nineties records is that they actually sound like this heritage: swampy, folksy, twangy, and not the slightest bit "smooth." Along with the polyglot instrumentation, her arrangements use open harmonic fields instead of intricate charts, letting drones and atmosphere provide songs with an ancient, atavistic quality. This openness lets Wilson seem to transcend the jazz genre much as someone like Alison Krauss did bluegrass or Jeff Buckley did alternative rock.

Of course, few musicians have traversed genre boundaries as pointedly as Miles Davis or with as much attitude. So it fits that one of *Traveling Miles*'s most exciting songs should come from his most controversial records, the fusion manifesto *Bitches Brew.* Remaking that album's "Miles Runs the Voodoo Down," Wilson assumes a persona quite unlike her sometime guises of cultural anthropologist or abstract formalist. And it's one neither Joni Mitchell nor Roberta Flack nor Lauryn Hill could ever pull off. Presiding over a sexy, nervous acoustic funk groove, Wilson sings of high-john root and Mississippi mud, flirting with mojo clichés that, before the end of the first verse, she utterly validates. A dissonant electric chill rises in the air behind her as she sings, "When it comes to making music . . . I run the vooo . . . dooo . . . down." Coming from her, that claim to seductive menace is understated, irrefutable, and totally badass. Qualities Miles would definitely appreciate. ■

Leonard

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Spike Lee or a Jonathan Demme take on the insurrectionary *Bag.* And either James Cameron or Ridley Scott could have subversive fun with *Richard A.,* whose mad amalgam of neurophysiology and computer technology, the Cabala and the Mafia, so eerily anticipated the cyberpunk fiction of the libertarian William Gibson and the Trotskyist Ken MacLeod.

AGAINST MY WILL, I ACTUALLY LAUGHED ALL the way through three episodes of **"It's Like, You Know . . ."** (Wednesdays, starting March 24; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; ABC), the new sitcom from Peter Mehlman, who was co–executive producer of *Seinfeld.* We are asked to enjoy the vile slumming of a neurotic New York journalist in a sun-baked, soft-brained City of Angels. Chris Eigeman ("Being me doesn't really require my full attention") intends to write an I-hate-L.A. book while sponging off such leisure-class friendlies as his ex–college roommate Steven Eckholdt, who got rich marketing the High Holy Days on cable TV (*Pay-Per-Jew*), and oddball do-nothing plutocrat Evan Handler, who just happens to have "one of the largest private collections of money in the world." They're abetted in their slacker antics by the always delicious A. J. Langer, a masseuse who moonlights as a process-server and who is contemplating going to a chiropractor school with a drive-through window ("She's so cute I feel like dunking her in my coffee"), and Jennifer Grey, who is playing herself after cosmetic surgery in an American Express Card commercial ("Don't change your face without it"). It is also Grey who explains that "talking to people who aren't in show business is like talking to children."

So there are jokes about raisins in the pastrami and Elliott Gould in a Honda and sit-ins at Spago to protest the no-smoking ordinance. About "amnesiologists" who perform "amnectomies" to surgically remove whatever you'd rather forget. And about how come an escaping felon in a freeway chase on "live" TV ("It's like our version of a snow day") doesn't take a hostage so he can use the car-pool lane. There are even jokes about J. D. Salinger, John Updike, and Harvard. My favorite so far may be the spirited serious discussion of why, after the war, Germany didn't change its name to something nicer—like, say, Aspen? Well, I grew up in that place where "the murder trials last two years and the marriages last two months," so obviously I'm prejudiced. But it seems to me that ABC could have here an ideal lead-in for *Sports Night,* the best network comedy not enough of us are watching. ■

John Leonard's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Smart City

continued from page 53

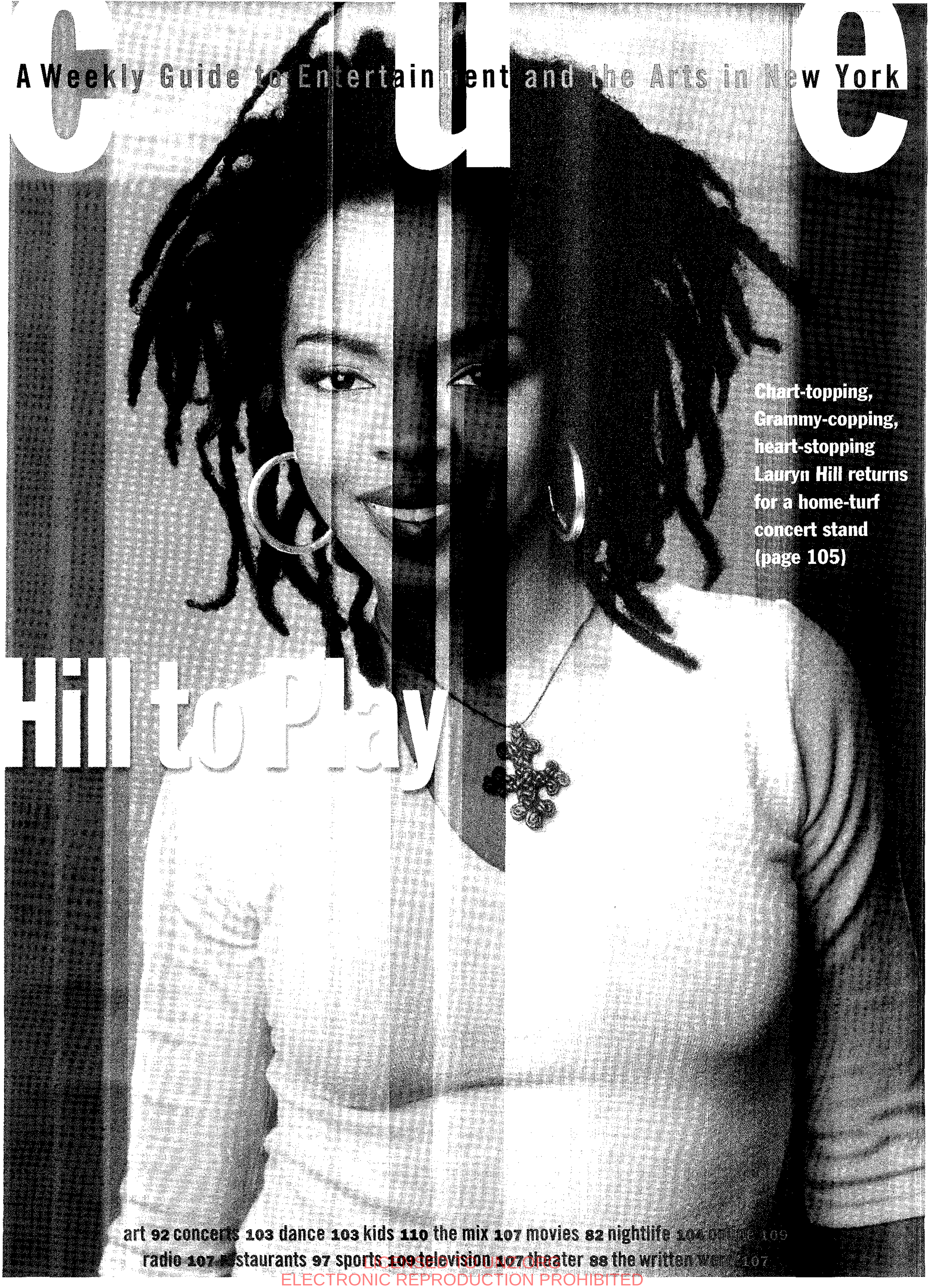
of chic Greek, and no shortage of bleak Greek. But for a reminder of something that seems to have gone the way of Zum Zum and the Calico Kitchen, you might want to head out to Astoria, and **Zenon** (yes, with a *z,* 3410 31st Avenue, Astoria; 718-956-0133). Greek restaurants are hardly unknown in these environs, yet even the cognoscenti rate Zenon a cut above. The room is long and narrow, the walls decorated with the requisite Aegean scenes. The classic food delivers what you might call the shock of the old. Nothing is oversalted, oversweetened, over-anythinged. Tsatsiki's yogurt, garlic, and cucumber are in perfect balance, as are the red caviar, onion, and lemon juice of the taramasalata (both are $3.95). A combination of souvlaki and sheftalia ($9.95)—lamb cubes and Cypriot-style lamb sausage—is fragrant and totally satisfying; lamb youvetsi ($9.95) is nothing to write home about but nothing to complain about, either. Zenon will make the Picky One a perfectly respectable pizza ($2.95) to tear into while you sip your retsina. And when was the last time you had a baklava you could call subtle? As if you needed another reason to make the journey, the bakery next door to Zenon sells very good challah for $1 the loaf.

Back, finally, to the Upper West Side, where Main Street has been replaced by **Calle Ocho** (446 Columbus Avenue; 873-5025), and not a moment too soon. Whereas Main Street was welcoming and resolutely mediocre, Calle Ocho is welcoming and thrillingly exotic. The food is pan-Latin American, and the staff is sensational—not only completely versed in the menu's arcana but concerned with your well-being in a way that somehow manages never to seem intrusive. Everything the kitchen does with shrimp is enticing, from a chowder zapped with achiote oil ($7) to rum-glazed jumbos with crispy fried onions and avocado salsa ($11). Salmon ($17), coated with spices, is beautifully underdone and swims atop a clam-infested broth of tomato and chorizo. The Argentinian steak ($19) is superb, but the substitution of yuca fries for potatoes perpetrates the season's worst dining trend—a minor complaint, and more than made up for by the amazing desserts: coconut ice cream in a chocolate shell, for example, with roasted pineapple and passion-fruit sauce; or rolled chocolate cake with white-chocolate ice cream and a spicy chocolate sauce (both $7).

Journalistic duty compels me to report that when it was all over, my own kids delightedly ticked off their favorite dishes, from Avenue to Zenon. Who won best all-around, hands down? Benihana. Oh, well. ■

Cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



Hill to Play

Chart-topping, Grammy-copping, heart-stopping Lauryn Hill returns for a home-turf concert stand (page 105)

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movies

New Directors/New Films...*Edtv...The Mod Squad*

Opening

Teen Beats

Omar Epps, Giovanni Ribisi, and Claire Danes star as the nineties version of that late-sixties-to-early-seventies TV show 'The Mod Squad.' As the target audience may well not know the story line, here's a brief explanation: The members of this stylish trio are delinquents from various backgrounds who get out of trouble with the LAPD by working for it—undercover. This time, their sleuthing uncovers corruption on the inside. Opens March 26.

New Films

★**Affliction**—Writer-director Paul Schrader's adaptation of the 1989 Russell Banks novel is a heavy dose of oppressiveness. Small-town New Hampshire looks like hell frozen over. Barreling his way through this frostbitten inferno, Wade Whitehouse (Nick Nolte) is the archetypal walking wounded. He may try to wriggle out of his fate but it's bigger than he is. The world of this movie is framed as a battlefield of male privilege, and even if you reject the hallucinatory machismo at its core, it holds you. There's excellent supporting work by Sissy Spacek, Willem Dafoe, Mary Beth Hurt, and James Coburn. Nolte is near the top of his form. The character he plays is afflicted, all right—beyond reckoning. The movie is his dirge. (Rainer; 1/11/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Among Giants—Rachel Griffiths is a wanderer who joins a band of electrical tower painters and falls in love. With Pete Postlethwaite. Directed by Sam Miller. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Opens March 26 at UA Union Square.*

Analyze This—Robert De Niro plays a Mafia boss who suddenly finds himself experiencing panic attacks. Delivered up to a psychiatrist (Billy Crystal), he approaches the sessions as if they were summit meetings. Initially on guard, he begins to catch on to the ritual. It's like learning a new scam. De Niro is quite funny; comedy seems to rejuvenate his actor's instincts. Crystal is unduly dour. Harold Ramis, who directed, brings off some classic sequences, but he sets up the capo and the psychiatrist as matching mopes. They learn life lessons from each other. And what we learn yet again is that potentially terrific comedies are often whacked by filmmakers feeling the need to spread a little therapy themselves. (Rainer; 3/15/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; CC Coronet; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Baby Geniuses—A talking-baby movie. With Kathleen Turner. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Blind Faith—When a black police officer's son is arrested for murder, a community begins a fiery debate of the ideologies in black America in the fifties. With Charles S. Dutton and Courtney B. Vance. Directed by Ernest Dickerson. (1 hr. 58 mins.; NR) *BAM Rose Cinemas.*

★**Central Station**—I can't join in with the prevailing opinion that Walter Salles's *Central Station* is on par with early De Sica—I love early De Sica too much. But in this otherwise rather schematic swatch of social catharsis, Brazil's Fernanda Montenegro gives the best performance by an actress I've seen all year. De Sica might not have made this movie, but he would have recognized in her bitter, beseeching portrayal a kindred character. (Rainer; 12/14/98) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; CC Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Children of Heaven—A young boy loses his sister's only pair of shoes and tries to get them back without letting his parents know they are missing. Written and directed by Majid Majidi. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

The Corruptor—An idealistic NYPD cop learns how power has corrupted his superiors. Starring Chow Yun-Fat and Mark Wahlberg. Directed by James Foley. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; CC Crown Gotham; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Cruel Intentions—Teenage step-siblings make wagers regarding the sexual conquest of two innocent prep-schoolers. With Sarah Michelle Gellar, Ryan Phillippe, and Reese Witherspoon. Directed by Roger Kumble. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Dancemaker—A documentary about choreographer Paul Taylor and his dance troupe. By Matthew Diamond. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Days of Heaven—Terrence Malick's 1978 film about a couple who leave Chicago to work for a wheat farmer in the Texas panhandle. Starring Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, and Sam Shepard. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Film Forum.*

The Deep End of the Ocean—Michelle Pfeiffer plays a

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

'Cue' cover photograph by Kwaku Alston/Outline.

mother whose 3-year-old son is kidnapped and then, nine years later, reunited with her in this uneven, affecting drama directed by Ulu Grosbard. It's essentially a superior example of a TV movie-of-the-week on the big screen, but Pfeiffer's performance gives it real resonance, especially in her early scenes, when she seems practically zombiefied with grief. It's one of the most harrowing portrayals of heavy depression ever put on film. Later, when Beth becomes a valiant archangel and the film takes on the Big Issues, the meaning of family, and all that, it loses its force. Treat Williams plays her straight-arrow husband, who just wishes his storybook family could stay intact. As their troubled older son, Vincent, Jonathan Jackson scores in a couple of key scenes with Pfeiffer. (Rainer; 3/22/99) (2 hrs. 28 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; UA Criterion; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Devil's Island—A family saga set in fifties Iceland. Directed by Fridrik Thor Fridriksson. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

8 MM—Set in the porno underworld, this is an exploitation movie about an exploitation movie. It wallows in its own scum. Nicolas Cage, in a blanked-out performance, plays a private detective who is hired by a rich widow when she discovers in her late husband's safe an 8-mm. snuff film. Charged with finding out whether it's real, Cage descends into the porn pits and becomes deranged. Movies about the sex industry are always ripe for attack from both the right and the left. It would be unfortunate if the inevitable salvos aimed at this film boosted its credibility. Its crimes are aesthetic, not political. The true obscenity is how out of touch the film is with the most basic human sympathies. Joel Schumacher directed with a floridness in the porn scenes that suggests he's still in his *Batman* mode; the screenwriter was Kevin Allen Walker, the same fun guy who gave us *Seven*. As Max, the porno-store clerk, Joaquin Phoenix is the only guy you don't want to see snuffed. (Rainer; 3/8/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Elizabeth—This film, about the daughter of King Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, has real verve. It's not all that great even so, but in the historical-bio genre, liveliness counts for a lot. Cate Blanchett plays the young Elizabeth from the time she is nearly rendered headless by her half-sister Queen Mary (Kathy Burke) to her final ascension as the Virgin Queen. We are not to take that moniker literally. The Elizabeth on view here is a frolicker who knows how to dangle her spinsterhood before her panting suitors. She's a sexy queen, especially when she realizes she needs to ensure her power by lopping off a few heads of her own. The Indian director Shekhar Kapur and his screenwriter, Michael Hirst, would like us to see her as a feminist icon: She could do it all—dance the volta with her lover Robert Dudley (Joseph Fiennes) in full scandalous view of her court and lord it over the old fuds in Parliament. "I am no man's Elizabeth," she cries out while still in her marriageable mode. Later, she amends that: "I am married to England." Lucky England. (Rainer; 11/16/98) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea West; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews 84th Street; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Enemy of the State—This film is set against the backdrop of top-secret government surveillance, and I suppose it's all meant to be Kafkaesque. But since this is a Jerry Bruckheimer production, it's more like Kafka on steroids. Gene Hackman (ostensibly Will Smith's co-star) doesn't even make it onto the wall until an hour into the show. He plays a kind of defrocked former CIA agent named Brill who knows all sorts of clever secret-agent-type things. Brill reluctantly surfaces to offer his aid when a Washington lawyer, Robert Clayton Dean (Smith), is targeted by rogue National Security Agency operatives under the command of Thomas Brian Reynolds (Jon Voight). Reynolds has already engineered the garroting of a senator

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(an unbilled Jason Robards) opposed to an over-the-top domestic snoop-and-spy bill. By accident, Dean finds himself in possession of a videotape of the murder, and runs for his life. If you're going to make a movie about how easy it is for our identities to be electronically stolen by the government, shouldn't you at least create people with identities worth stealing? The only character in the movie with any resonance is Brill, and that's largely because Hackman is playing him like a follow-up to his Harry Caul, the professional surveillance expert in *The Conversation*. (Rainer; 11/30/98) (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Forces of Nature—Ben Affleck meets Sandra Bullock on the way to his wedding. With Blythe Danner and Maura Tierney. Directed by Bronwen Hughes. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Gods and Monsters—The story of aging director James Whale (Ian McKellen) and his relationship with his lawn boy, played by Brendan Fraser. With Lynn Redgrave. Written and directed by Bill Condon. Based on the novel *Father of Frankenstein.* (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway.*

★**Hands on a Hard Body**—It's about one of those homespun real-life gothic events just crying out to be chronicled. Every year in Longview, Texas—population 70,000—an auto dealership stages a contest in which entrants are required to stand around a fully loaded Nissan hard-body pickup with at least one hand on the truck at all times. The last person standing wins. Seth Bindler, an NYU Film School grad, shot this film on video for less than the cost of the truck—around $15,000. It's not all that it might be, but Bindler doesn't turn the contestants into freaks or saps. Errol Morris might have turned this subject into a creepy-crawly sideshow, but it's probably best he didn't get wind of it. Weirdness this good deserves the plain treatment. (Rainer; 2/15/99) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *CC Village East.*

Hard—When an L.A. cop goes after a serial killer who targets male hustlers, he finds he becomes the murder suspect and the killer's main target. With Noel Palomaria and Malcolm Moorman. Directed by John Huckert. (About 2 hrs.; NR) *Opens 3/26 at Cinema Village.*

The Harmonists—A pretty good German film about the legendary a cappella vocal ensemble the Comedian Harmonists, who gave to the waning days of Weimar a bubbly frivolity before being broken up by the Nazis. (Three of the six vocalists were Jewish.) The destruction of the arts in Germany by the Nazis is often framed in terms of high culture. Here's an instance of pop culture being blown apart. (Rainer; 3/22/99) (2 hrs.; NR) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Festival
Cool Hunting

Once again, the New Directors/New Films festival is here, showcasing the coolest of cool movies from around the world—some of which will be released here in the next few months, others of which will never be. Two of the 27 to consider: *Run Lola Run,* Germany's high-energy story about a couple with twenty minutes to save themselves from a gangster; *The Wounds* (pictured, left), about two hardened teenagers in Belgrade who use crime and violence to secure fame; and *West Beirut* (right), a funny coming-of-age story set in seventies Lebanon. March 26–April 11, at MOMA. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Hilary & Jackie—Emily Watson is the celebrated British cellist Jacqueline du Pré, who developed multiple sclerosis at 28. With Rachel Griffiths as her sister Hilary. Based on the book by Hilary and Piers du Pré, *A Genius in the Family.* Directed by Anand Tucker. (2 hrs.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

I Stand Alone—A middle-aged ex-con tries to salvage his life despite his horribly violent temper and racism. Written and directed by Gasper Noé. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The King and I—An animated story based on the musical by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Featuring the voices of Miranda Richardson and Martin Vidnovic. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Life Is Beautiful—When an Italian Jew and his son are taken to a concentration camp at the end of World War II, the father attempts to hide the horror with fun and games. Starring Roberto Benigni, Sergio Bustric, Nicoletta Braschi, and Giorgio Cantarini. In Italian, with subtitles. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; Paris Theatre; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews 72nd St. East; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; Clearview's Cobble Hill; UA Marboro; Cinemart; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Hylan Plaza.*

Little Voice—A young girl who barely speaks but who can belt out impersonations of singing stars is persuaded to give a concert. Based on the play by Jim Cartwright. Starring Jane Horrocks, Brenda Blethyn, Michael Caine, and Ewan McGregor. Directed by Mark Herman. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *CC Sutton.*

Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels—It's about four petty hoodlums from London's East End who fight their way out of debt and throw in a double-cross. First-time writer-director Guy Ritchie sets four separate gangs against each other in what amounts to a serial Gunfight at OK Corral, and he stages the splatter like an MTV-generation Peckinpah; it has a hideous giddiness. He's a director to watch. (Rainer; 3/15/99) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas; Pavilion.*

Message in a Bottle—A bottle washes ashore and a woman reads its contents—a rapturous love letter from a man to the wife he lost. Theresa (Robin Wright Penn), a Chicago *Tribune* researcher, tracks down the man (Kevin Costner), who turns out to be a lovelorn North Carolina boatbuilder and all-around dreamboat. That love letter is purest Hallmark and so's the movie. Paul Newman, playing the boatbuilder's father, steals what little there is to steal in this bowl of suds. (Rainer; 2/22/99) (2 hrs. 6 mins.; PG-13) *UA Gemini.*

The Mod Squad—Claire Danes, Omar Epps, and Giovanni Ribisi are juvenile delinquents working as undercover cops. Based on the TV show. Directed by Scott Silver. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Opens March 26.*

My Favorite Martian—The television show adapted for the screen. With Jeff Daniels, Christopher Lloyd, Elizabeth Hurley, Daryl Hannah, and Wallace Shawn. Directed by Donald Petrie. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) *CC Village East; CC Sutton; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone.*

October Sky—An inspirational drama without a whit of inspiration about a coal miner's son (Jake Gyllenhaal) who becomes a rocket scientist. The visuals, the dialogue, the sentiments seem lifted right out of the Boy Scouts Handbook. Set during the Sputnik era, it's supposed to be based on a true story, but who can believe it? That's the problem with mediocrity: It makes even verity seem fraudulent. Chris Cooper plays the boy's mine-supervisor father, and he has a few strong moments. (Rainer; 2/22/99) (About 2 hrs.; PG) *Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Clearview's Beekman; Sony Lincoln Square.*

The Other Sister—A couple's mentally handicapped adult daughter builds a relationship and teaches her parents about life and love. With Diane Keaton, Tom Skerritt, Giovanni Ribisi, and Juliette Lewis. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Out-Of-Towners—A midwestern couple visit New York on a business trip that turns into a series of mishaps. Starring Goldie Hawn, Steve Martin, and John Cleese. Directed by Sam Weisman. (About 1

Photographs courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Opens March 26.*

★**Payback**—As Porter, the thug-on-a-mission, Mel Gibson is as mad as he's been since he was Max. His bootblacked hair is color-coordinated with his black jackets and blacker mood. He's a human projectile blasting through crimeland's inner sanctums. Shot and left for dead after a heist by his double-crossing partner (Gregg Henry), he thinks only of one thing: revenge and getting back his share—$70,000. The insanity of setting himself up as the walking dead for such a paltry sum never penetrates Porter's brain. Brian Helgeland, the gifted screenwriter of *Conspiracy Theory* and (with Curtis Hanson) *L.A. Confidential*, makes his directorial debut and, despite some production disagreements with Gibson that resulted in his walking off the set near the end of the shoot, it's a confident, startlingly funny piece of work. It's a killing comedy not for the squeamish. The terrific cast also includes Maria Bello, David Paymer, William Devane, Kris Kristofferson, and, unbilled, James Coburn. The film is based on the same book—Donald Westlake's *The Hunter*, written under the pseudonym Richard Stark—that John Boorman used for *Point Blank*. (Rainer; 2/22/99) (2 hrs.; R) *Loews State; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

The Rage: Carrie 2—A misfit girl with telekinesis is once again tricked into thinking she is normal. Horror ensues. Starring Emily Bergl, Amy Irving, and Jason London. Directed by Katt Shea. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's 59th Street East; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Ravenous—See Rainer, page 70. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Clearview's Ziegfeld; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Relax . . . It's Just Sex—Thirtysomething friends bed-hop until a gay-bashing incident triggers the group's upheaval. With Jennifer Tilly, Lori Petty, Cynda Williams, and Serena Scott Thomas. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Rushmore—Fun but overrated. Fifteen-year-old Max Fischer (Jason Schwartzmann) is a tenth-grader at Rushmore Academy who is on sudden-death academic probation despite (or because of) being captain of everything from the drama club to the Double-Team Dodgeball Society. His counterpart is Mr. Blume, a clinically depressed tycoon and the academy's chief benefactor, extremely well played by Bill Murray. Wes Anderson, the co-writer and director, has an affinity for deadpan obsessives and a flukey sense of comic timing. (Rainer; 12/14/98) (2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; CC Sutton; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

★***Saving Private Ryan***—This is a marvelous film, though it needs to be said that the material between the two battle scenes isn't on their transcendent level. It begins as an epic, changes into an anecdote, and works toward a kind of moral fable. After the beach has been secured, Captain Tom Miller and some of his men (Adam Goldberg, Vin Diesel, Barry Pepper, Ed Burns, Jeremy Davies, and Tom Sizemore) are sent on a special mission. It seems that three brothers from Iowa have been killed; the Army wants the fourth brother, Private Ryan, sent home. When they at last find Ryan (Matt Damon), he doesn't want to be saved. The business of saving a single soldier gets folded into a larger question: What is the value of a decent gesture—any decent gesture—in war? (Denby; 7/27/98) (2 hrs. 48 mins.; R) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Olympia; Whitestone.*

The School of Flesh—A successful fashion designer falls for a dangerous young bartender. Starring Isabelle Huppert and Vincent Martinez. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Shakespeare in Love—A fanciful romp about the young Will who wrote *Romeo and Juliet* and the romantic liaison that may have led to it. Joseph Fiennes is blandly dashing as the Bard, and Gwyneth Paltrow, as his muse, is blandly pretty. She'd be better off if she didn't keep trying to set herself up as the Grace Kelly of the twentysomething set. She's best when she shows some steel, as in *Hard 8* and *Flesh and Bone*. (Rainer; 12/21/98) (2 hrs.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movieworld.*

She's All That—The senior-class president bets his best friend he can create a prom queen from the frumpiest girl in the school. Starring Freddie Prinze Jr., Jodi Lyn O'Keefe, Matthew Lillard, Usher Raymond, Paul Walker, Rachael Leigh Cook, Kieran Culkin, and Kevin Pollak. (1 hr. 26 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Chelsea.*

★**A Simple Plan**—A crashed small plane with 4 million bucks in tow is discovered in a remote game preserve by three local townspeople. Theft, murder, double-crosses ensue. Director Sam Raimi is primarily known as a gonzo goremeister with a hyperkinetic visual style, but he's pared down his act here. In his new film, wintry rural Minnesota gets the dark, elemental treatment. The snowdrifts seem to be covering up some vast horror and the *noir* fatalism is limiting. Once again we are told that greed turns good men into bad—it doth make suckers of us all. But the action is compelling and the performances by Bill Paxton and Billy Bob Thornton, playing night-and-day brothers, as well as Brent Briscoe and Bridget Fonda, are superb. (Rainer; 12/14/98) (2 hrs.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; Clearview's Metro Cinema.*

Opening

Ordinary People

In Ron Howard's 'Edtv,' Matthew McConaughey is a beer-swilling, underachieving San Franciscan who becomes the country's biggest star when he allows a television studio to film every minute of his daily routine. Of course, it's great fun at first; but things turn ugly when he falls in love with his brother's girlfriend (a surprisingly mellow Jenna Elfman) and his family's dirty laundry is revealed—live—to the nation. Opens March 26.

Photograph by Ron Batzdorff/Universal Studios.

Sparkler—A trashy misfit rescues three boys from emotional and financial doom. With Park Overall, Veronica Cartwright, Don Harvey, Jamie Kennedy, and Freddie Prinze Jr. Written and directed by Darren Stein. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Sticky Fingers of Time—A woman in 1953 New York spontaneously lands in the East Village ca. 1997 and finds she's caught in a dangerous struggle among time-travelers like herself. Written and directed by Hilary Brougher. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Opens March 26 at the Screening Room.*

Tango—A tango dancer falls in love with his beautiful partner and clashes with her gangster boyfriend. With Miguel Àngel Solà and Mia Maestro. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Thin Red Line—Terrence Malick's first movie in twenty years—an adaptation of James Jones's 1962 WWII novel about an Army platoon in Guadalcanal—brings us back to that same seventies fugue state of his in which all action is aestheticized until nothing is left but patterning and pretty pictures. Malick never saw a sunset he didn't want to emblematize. A lot of powerful actors turn up—including Nick Nolte and Sean Penn—but they're upstaged by Malick's froufrou flossiness. The initial battle charge against the Japanese artillery is excitingly staged, and there are some evocative passages, but this seems less a movie about the terrors of combat than a reverie about how to preserve your refinement in the trenches. (Rainer; 1/4/99) (2 hrs. 46 mins.; R) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.*

True Crime—See Rainer, page 69. (2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Loews 19th St. East; UA Criterion; Loews New York Twin; UA East; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

200 Cigarettes—Another multi-character, multi-plot movie that gives a bad name to the term *Altmanesque*. It's about partygoers in the East Village, 1981, and it features actors you want to see—just not in this thing. Ben Affleck, Courtney Love, Christina Ricci, Janeane Garofalo, and many others turn up. Everybody vamps and preens as if it were amateur night in SoHo. As a disco cabdriver stuck in the seventies, Dave Chappelle has a slithery rap, but for all its punk trappings, the film is a squeaky-clean affair. (Rainer; 3/8/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; UA Crossbay II.*

A Walk on the Moon—Diane Lane is a young housewife in 1969 who begins an affair at a summer resort in the Catskills. With Liev Schreiber, Anna Paquin, Tovah Feldshuh, and Viggo Mortensen. Directed by Tony Goldwyn. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Opens March 26.*

Wing Commander—A sci-fi thriller set in 2564 during a war between Earth's forces and those of another planet. With Matthew Lillard, Freddie Prinze Jr., and Saffron Burrows. Directed by Chris Roberts. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97 Greenwich Ave. at W. 12th St. (929-3350) *Forces of Nature; Rushmore.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Children of Heaven; Devil's Island; The Harmonists; Life Is Beautiful; Shakespeare in Love.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Affliction; American History X; Baby Geniuses; Hands on a Hard Body; The King and I; My Favorite Martian; The Other Sister; Wing Commander.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *The School of Flesh; The Hole.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *Saving Private Ryan.*
Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Dancemaker; Days of Heaven; I Stand Alone.*
Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS #952) *Analyze This; The Corruptor; The Deep End of the Ocean; Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels; True Crime; 200 Cigarettes.*
Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Central Station; Gods and Monsters; Relax . . . It's Just Sex; Sparkler.*
Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *The Rook; Velvet Goldmine.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")
UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (253-2225) *Cruel Intentions; 8 MM; Elizabeth; Forces of Nature; Hilary & Jackie; The Rage: Carrie 2; Ravenous; Rushmore; Saving Private Ryan; The Thin Red Line; 20 Dates.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Analyze This; The Corruptor; The Deep End of the Ocean; Life Is Beautiful.*
Clearview's 34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (777-FILM#700) *October Sky; Shakespeare in Love; True Crime.*
Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *Affliction; Baby Geniuses; Cruel Intentions; 8 MM; Forces of Nature; Gods and Monsters; The Rage: Carrie 2; Shakespeare in Love; She's All That; Wing Commander.*
Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Elizabeth; The King and I.*
Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS #558) *Analyze This; The Corruptor; The Deep End of the Ocean; Life Is Beautiful; True Crime; 200 Cigarettes.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *The Other Sister; Shakespeare in Love.*
CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *The Corruptor.*
CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Central Station.*
CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Little Voice; My Favorite Martian;* Rushmore.
Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *The Rage: Carrie 2.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")
Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Ravenous.*
CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Analyze This.*
CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Enemy of the State; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; A Simple Plan; Virus; Waking Ned Devine.*
Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Shakespeare in Love.*
Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS #699) *The Corruptor.*
Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS #901) *8 MM; Forces of Nature; The King and I; Payback.*
Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Life Is Beautiful.*
UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Cruel Intentions; The Deep End of the Ocean; The Rage: Carrie 2; True Crime; Wing Commander.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *October Sky.*
Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *Baby Geniuses; Cruel Intentions; Elizabeth; Forces of Nature; Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels; Saving Private Ryan; The Thin Red Line.*
Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Life Is Beautiful; Wing Commander.*
Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS #704) *Life Is Beautiful.*
Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS #698) *True Crime.*
Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS #964) *Analyze This; The Corruptor; Cruel Intentions; 8 MM; The King and I; The Rage: Carrie 2; Shakespeare in Love.*
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *True Crime.*
UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *The Deep End of the Ocean; 8 MM; The King and I; Message in a Bottle.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Gods and Monsters.*
Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Analyze This; Life Is Beautiful; A Simple Plan.*
Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Saving Private Ryan; Shakespeare in Love.*
CO Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Call theater for showtimes.*
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Affliction; Central Station; The Harmonists; Hilary & Jackie; The School of Flesh; Tango.*
Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS #701) *The Corruptor; 8 MM; Elizabeth; Life Is Beautiful; The Rage: Carrie 2; True Crime.*
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *The Corruptor; The King and I; The Rage: Carrie 2; Wing Commander.*
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *The Corruptor; The King and I; The Rage: Carrie 2.*
Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS #638) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Cruel Intentions; The Deep End of the Ocean; Forces of Nature; The King and I; Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels; October Sky; The Other Sister; Rushmore; Shakespeare in Love; 200 Cigarettes; Wing Commander.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; The Corruptor; Cruel Intentions; 8 MM; Forces of Nature; The King and I; The Other Sister; The Rage: Carrie 2; Ravenous; True Crime; 200 Cigarettes; Wing Commander.*
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; The Corruptor; Cruel Intentions; The King and I; My Favorite Martian; The Rage: Carrie 2; True Crime; Wing Commander.*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; The Corruptor; Cruel Intentions; The Deep End of the Ocean; 8 MM; Forces of Nature; The King and I; My Favorite Martian; The Rage: Carrie 2; Ravenous; Saving Private Ryan; True Crime; Wing Commander.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (623-2770) *Affliction; Blind Faith; Central Station; Elizabeth; Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels.*
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *The Corruptor; The King and I; The Rage: Carrie 2.*
Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Analyze This; Life Is Beautiful; Rushmore; Shakespeare in Love; True Crime.*
CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*
CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM #578) *Call theater for showtimes.*
CO Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Talent

One Giant Step . . .

Actor Tony Goldwyn is calling from his cell phone on the way to the airport, where he'll fly to the L.A. premiere of his directorial debut, *A Walk on the Moon.* It's been a long time coming: He worked on the project—which stars Diane Lane, Liev Schreiber, and Anna Paquin (below, with Goldwyn)—with writer Pamela Gray for two years before he found a producer (Dustin Hoffman) and a director (himself). It took that long to warm up to the idea of helming a production. "On all the films I'd worked on, the directing job just didn't seem like any fun," he says. "It seemed so formidable and stressful and burdensome. Directors have this thousand-yard stare and always look exhausted." The trick, he learned, is to "admit what you don't know and surround yourself with people who'll support you. It turned out I knew a lot more than I thought." The drama is set at a Catskills resort in 1969, the summer of Woodstock and the first moon walk, and tells the story of a bored Jewish mother (Lane) whose affair with a traveling salesman (Viggo Mortensen) sends her family into a tailspin. Hoffman, who never set foot on the set, was a tremendous asset for Goldwyn. "He's been such a great mentor and teacher," Goldwyn says. "If I ever needed something creatively, he went to bat for me and said, 'Give it to him.' " There was also Tony's father, the producer Samuel Goldwyn Jr., who joined the fray during the editing process. "I was trying to keep the pace tight and fast," says Goldwyn, "and Dad said, 'This is an art film. This movie needs to take its time.' He encouraged me to let the air back into it. And he was right." The warm acceptance of *Moon*—most recently at Sundance—brought Goldwyn two new directing projects: *Georgia Rule,* written by Mark Andrus (*As Good As It Gets*), and *Imagining Nathan,* by Bo Goldman (*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*). He's also preparing to hook up with Hoffman again—with Hoffman starring and Goldwyn directing. *A Walk on the Moon* opens March 26.

Photograph by Jonathan Wenk/Miramax Films.

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Analyze This; The Corruptor; The King and I.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; The Corruptor; Cruel Intentions; Forces of Nature; The King and I; Payback; The Rage: Carrie 2; Ravenous; True Crime; Wing Commander.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *Analyze This; 8 MM; Forces of Nature; The King and I; Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels; The Rage: Carrie 2; Ravenous; Shakespeare in Love; True Crime.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Analyze This; Cruel Intentions; The King and I; True Crime.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Analyze This; The Deep End of the Ocean; Life Is Beautiful; Shakespeare in Love.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Analyze This; The Corruptor; Cruel Intentions; 8 MM; Forces of Nature; The Other Sister; The Rage: Carrie 2; Ravenous; True Crime; Wing Commander.*

Revival

The Wide Red Line

A new print of Terrence Malick's stunningly beautiful 1978 film *Days of Heaven*, filmed almost entirely during the hour before sunset, plays at Film Forum starting March 26. The tragic love story set *in the Texas panhandle before World War I stars Richard Gere and Brooke Adams as doomed lovers* and Sam Shepard as the wealthy wheat farmer who comes between them.

Queens

Area Code 718

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Analyze This; The Corruptor; Cruel Intentions; Forces of Nature; The King and I; The Rage: Carrie 2.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Baby Geniuses; The Corruptor; The King and I; Life Is Beautiful; The Rage: Carrie 2.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Analyze This; The Corruptor; The King and I.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; The Corruptor; Cruel Intentions; Forces of Nature; The King and I; True Crime.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Life Is Beautiful.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *The Corruptor; The Rage: Carrie 2.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM #712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM #733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM #735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Analyze This; The Corruptor; Forces of Nature; The Rage: Carrie 2; True Crime; Wing Commander.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Ravenous; True Crime.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Cruel Intentions; Forces of Nature; The King and I; The Rage: Carrie 2; 200 Cigarettes; Wing Commander.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Analyze This; The Deep End of the Ocean; 8 MM; Forces of Nature; Ravenous; Shakespeare in Love; True Crime; Wing Commander.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *The Deep End of the Ocean; Forces of Nature; Life Is Beautiful; Wing Commander.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Analyze This; Cruel Intentions; Forces of Nature; The King and I; The Rage: Carrie 2; Ravenous; Shakespeare in Love.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; Cruel Intentions; Forces of Nature; The King and I; Life Is Beautiful; True Crime; Wing Commander.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Analyze This; Cruel Intentions; Forces of Nature; Life Is Beautiful; The Rage: Carrie 2.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Analyze This; Baby Geniuses; The Corruptor; Cruel Intentions; The Deep End of the Ocean; 8 MM; Forces of Nature; The King and I; The Other Sister; The Rage: Carrie 2; Ravenous; True Crime; Wing Commander.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"The Films of Ernie Gehr." 3/20–3/28: A complete retrospective of the avant-garde filmmaker's work. AMMI: 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—"New Filmmakers." 3/24: Shorts and Peter Hall's *Delinquent* (1997). "Alan Pakula Retrospective." 3/25–3/28: *Klute* (1971), *Parallax View* (1974), and *All the President's Men* (1976). "Three by Peggy Ahwesh." 3/26–3/28: *The Deadman* (1989), *The Color of Love* (1994), and *Nocturne* (1998). "Warrington Hudlin's Trilogy." 3/28: *Cosmic Slop* (1994) and appearance by Hudlin. "Austrian Cultural Institute presents." 3/30: *Sidonie* (1990). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"East Side Stories." 3/27: *300 Miles to Heaven* (1989). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6; $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Cinema Classics—"Kurosawa Retrospective." Through 3/24: *Ikiru* (1952). 3/25–3/28: *The Seven Samurai* (1954). 3/29–3/30: *The Idiot* (1951). Double feature, $5. 332 E. 11th St.; call 675-6692 for info.

Different Light—3/28: *Robot Holocaust* (1986). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Egyptian Musicals." 3/24–3/30: Films from the late forties to the late sixties. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings, $8.50–$15.

French Institute—"Films From Senegal." 3/22–3/27: Eighteen films and videos by Senegalese directors. "A Celebration of Marseilles." 3/30: *Bye Bye* (1995). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Instituto Cervantes—"Spain in European Cinema." 2/25: *Ese Oscuro Objecto De Deseo* (1977). In French with English subtitles. At King Juan Carlos I Center, NYU, 53 Washington Square South. For more info, call 689-4232.

Japan Society—"Tai Kato Retrospective." Through 5/21: Nine of Kato's best-known yakuza films. 3/26: *Love for a Mother* (1962). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $5 members, $8 nonmembers, students, and senior citizens.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"Conscience and Courage." Three weekends of heroes of the Holocaust. 3/27: *The Visas That Saved Lives* (1992). 3/28: *Raoul Wallenberg: Buried Alive* (1984) and *The Wall* (1982). James B. M. McNally Amphitheatre at Fordham Law School. 140 W. 62nd St. Admission is free but seating is limited. Make reservations by 3/25 by calling 968-1800, ext. 106.

Museum of Modern Art—"New Directors/New Films." 3/26–4/11: An international selection of 28 new films. "Tribute to Marie Dressler." 3/25: *Tillie Wakes Up* (1917) and *Dangerous Females* (1929). "Edward G. Robinson Retrospective." Through 4/12: Highlights from the actor's career. "Marie Dressler Remembered." 3/25: *Tillie Wakes Up* (1917) and *Dangerous Females* (1929). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

New York Public Library—"The Cult Film." 3/24: *Asparagus* (1978) and *Naked Lunch* (1991). "Art, Architecture & the Arts." 3/25: Shorts on Charles Dana Gibson and Mauritz Escher. Donnell Media Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

New York University—"Jill Godmilow's Non-Fiction Films." 3/25–3/26: Screening and discussions of Godmilow's work held at different campus locations. Free. Call 998-3759 for info.

92nd Street Y—3/29: Documentary *Beyond Words: The Life and Work of José Limón* (1999) followed by discussion moderated by Deborah Jowitt. 1395 Lexington Ave. Tickets, $18. Call 996-1100 for info.

Ocularis—3/28: *The Killing* (1956). 70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-388-8713); $5.

Screening Room—Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Call theater for info. 54 Varick St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Tonic—"Monday Night Film Series." 3/29: *Hi Mom!* (1970). Tickets, $4. 107 Norfolk St. For more info, call 358-7503.

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 3/27–3/28: *Tokyo Story* (1953). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum/Photofest.

theater

Fragments of a Greek Trilogy... **Mark Brokaw**

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Civil War—With this musical, Frank Wildhorn—a man who has made a career out of pleasing crowds and underwhelming critics—becomes the first composer in twenty years to have three shows running simultaneously on Broadway. (His other two are *The Scarlet Pimpernel* and *Jekyll & Hyde.*) He wrote the book with Gregory Boyd and Jack Murphy; Jerry Zaks, an old pro, did the staging. The characters and subplots were gleaned from letters, diaries, and newspaper accounts of the Civil War. $20–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7:30. Previews begin 3/23 for a 4/22 opening. *St. James Theater, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Closer—A glamorous cast (including Natasha Richardson and Rupert Graves) explores fashionable interrelated topics (love, deceit, and sexual jealousy) in this blunt, sourly amusing Olivier-award-winning play by Patrick Marber. $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 3/25 opening. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Rollin' on the T.O.B.A.—A songful tribute to the last days of black vaudeville, when African-Americans toured the 80-house circuit with their white brethren but were frequently denied pay and lodging. Conceived and written by Ronald "Smokey" Stevens and Jaye Stewart; featuring the music of Duke Ellington, Eubie Blake, and a host of musicians unsung. $35–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/24 opening. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

The Weir—A brew of ghost stories and ale from Ireland's baby-blue eminence Conor McPherson, who turned 27 this year. $60. Tues.–Sat at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Previews begin 3/23 for a 4/1 opening. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (307-4100).*

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished by Christopher Hampton. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) Now with Judd Hirsch, Joe Morton, and George Wendt. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Onstage
The Name on Everybody's Lips

Based on the above photo, she may look like the ideal escort for Austin Powers, but the term "bird" better applies to Ruthie Henshall in the most clichéd sense: She sings like one. Having just completed a successful run as Roxie Hart in the London production of *Chicago,* Henshall makes her American debut this week in the Encores! revival of *Ziegfeld Follies of 1936,* a collection of showbiz sketches originally brought to life by Fanny Brice, Eve Arden, Gertrude Neisen, and Bob Hope. Vernon Duke did the music; Ira Gershwin did the lyrics. Performances run March 25 through 30 at City Center. Call 581-1212 for information and tickets.

Band in Berlin—A new musical about the Comedian Harmonists, a German sextet that rose to prominence in the twenties but collapsed by the mid-thirties, when the Nuremberg Laws required the three Jewish members to leave the group. Written by Susan Feldman; performed by real-life sextet Hudson Shad. $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Andrea McArdle plays the girl; James Barbour plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Starring Alan Cumming. $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Minimalism prevails in this production. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two with sprightly kittenishness and superhuman timing. But Karen Ziemba, a lovely dancer and likable singer, radiates innocent chirpiness that is all wrong for Roxie. (Simon: 11/30/98.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Death of a Salesman—This *Salesman* is a hard but efficacious sell. "I sell, therefore I am" is the neo-Cartesian maxim Willy is meant to embody and explicate. Rightly, Miller embeds this value system in a business, social, and family context, but the interaction of the elements is achieved more by contrivance than by a sense of the inevitable. Yet most of the acting is splendid. Brian Dennehy is a man truly at the end of his tether, letting us in on every step of his decline via naïve optimism, disregard of reality, aging, and capitalist callousness. Elizabeth Franz settles into a quietly and thoroughly moving Linda. Kevin Anderson welds Biff's duality as unmoored drifter and canny *raisonneur* into a totally believable and heartrending amalgam. (Simon: 2/22/99.) $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon, sadly, is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. Kenny Loggins, Tom Snow, et al. did the lyrics; Dean Pitchford and director Walter Bobbie did the book. $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2.

Photograph by Paul Nassey/SSP.

Opened 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion in Winter—One of the iffy things a play can do is try too hard. That is precisely what James Goldman's 1966 play does. Dialogue should be witty; so every line is, or tries to be, an epigram. On the other hand, many of the lines really are funny, or at least clever. As for the plot, it is ingenious and complex. We get the continuous machinations of England's Henry II; his queen and adversary, Eleanor of Aquitaine; and their three sons, each of whom covets the crown. So much history and geography is tossed about that your head feels it is swimming the English Channel in both directions at once. Pinpoint casting would help greatly, but we don't quite get it. Laurence Fishburne's Henry is good enough to erase memories of Peter O'Toole in the movie version but not good enough to efface Robert Preston in the play's premiere. (Could anyone?) Stockard Channing is sassily sparkly as Eleanor, but I recall Rosemary Harris's achieving as much with greater ease. The others are problematic. (Simon: 3/22/99.) $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Night Must Fall—Another Broadway revival of an old spine-tingler, this time with Matthew Broderick as the charming sociopath. Judy Parfitt plays the elderly English woman who employs him, J. Smith-Cameron plays her niece, and John Tillinger directs. $25–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Not About Nightingales—It is not often that a lost early work of a playwright is exhumed smelling like roses rather than of corpse. That, however, is the case of this remarkable fourth play by Tennessee Williams. It shuttles between the prison block—where a number of diverse prisoners roister, quarrel, and struggle to survive under the draconian regime of a psychopathic prison warden, Boss Whalen—and the warden's office and waiting room. What he wrote here lends itself splendidly to both small and thunderously big performances—none bigger than Corin Redgrave's grotesque yet scary Boss Whalen. *Stupendous* is the word for Trevor Nunn's direction, the kind you see only a few times in a life of theatergoing. Even if you shun so-called depressing plays, you'd better catch this one, unless you want regrets for the rest of your days. (Simon: 3/15/99.) $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle-in-the-Square Theatre, 1633 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Ten leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—The show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn did the score. Nan Knighton has recently revised her book, adapted from Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Douglas Sills stars. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Side Man—*A must.* This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) $25–$60. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Revival

Girl Talk

***Fragments of a Greek Trilogy* has been performed so many times at La MaMa, one could almost call it a chestnut of the avant-garde. But every time this seventies epic—a combined program of *Medea, The Trojan Women,* and *Electra*—gallops back into town, the chorus cheers. Directed by Andrei Serban; composed by Elizabeth Swados. Performances begin March 26.**

Photograph courtesy of La MaMa E.T.C.

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Richard Chamberlain plays the widower captain. $30–$75. Tues. at 8, Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 3/28. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Via Dolorosa—See Simon, page 72. Broadway's slow and steady annexation by David Hare continues with this 90-minute monologue examining the Palestine question. The playwright himself performs. $35–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This revival is a curious hybrid, half delightful, half letdown. Clearly, if an adult cast of six is to animate a half-dozen popular cartoon figures, they have to be expert performers as well as something even more important: able to dig up the buried child (or dog) in themselves. Three cast members can; three fail. Clark Gesner's music and lyrics never rise above the functional, but at least they are that. The book is better, thanks to the original "Peanuts" vendor, Charles Schulz. Michael Mayer's direction tirelessly whips these ex-drawings into exciting life. Kristin Chenoweth, as Sally Brown, is something you won't often encounter: perfection. You do not have to be a parent, or even a man, to want to wrap her in tissue paper and take her home with you. (Simon: 2/15/99.) $15–$75. Tues.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 1 and 5:30. *Ambassador Theatre, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Dream True—A new musical tracing a 50-year friendship between two men. Tina Landau (*Floyd Collins*) wrote it; Ricky Ian Gordon did the book; Judy Kuhn, Jeff McCarthy, and Daniel Jenkins star. $45. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. Previews begin 3/24 for a 4/14 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Pitchfork Disney—A comedy by Philip Ridley, author of *The Fastest Clock in the Universe,* about a pair of 28-year-old twins whose quiet life of pill-popping is loudly interrupted by a pair of bizarre cabaret entertainers. Presented by Blue Light Theater Company. $27.50–$30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/1 opening. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (279-4200).*

Red—Chay Yew's new play about a best-selling American author who returns to China to do research for her new book. $36. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 7:30, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/23 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Tongue of a Bird—Ellen McLaughlin

joins *Angels in America* alum David Marshall Grant with a play of her own, this one by way of the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles. Cherry Jones, radiant as a gemstone, stars as a search-and-rescue pilot charged with finding a little girl in the Adirondacks; Lisa Peterson directs. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 4/4 opening. Through 4/18. *The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Turn of the Screw—Jeffrey Hatcher's adaptation of the Henry James mystery at Bly Manor. Starring Enid Graham. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/24 opening. Through 4/16. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

2.5 Minute Ride—Lisa Kron, one-fifth of the Obie-winning Five Lesbian Brothers, breaks away in her one-woman show, which juxtaposes a trip to Auschwitz with her family's annual pilgrimage to an Ohio amusement park. Mark Brokaw directs. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 3/28 opening. *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Ashes to Ashes—David Strathairn stars in this 1996 Harold Pinter play about a marriage in crisis. $24–$48. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 5/9. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (777-4900).*

Beautiful Thing—Jonathan Harvey's 1993 play (and later, acclaimed film) about two working-class teenage boys who fall in love. $45–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

Betty's Summer Vacation—See Simon, page 72. A new play by Christopher Durang *(Sex and Longing)* about a summer sojourn gone awry. Nicholas Martin directs. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 3/28. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Captains Courageous, The Musical—As the title says, the musical version of the Rudyard Kipling novel about the spoiled son of a wealthy industrialist who falls off the decks of his father's luxury liner. Treat Williams and Brandon Espinoza star; Frederick Freyer did the music; Patrick Cook did the book and lyrics. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 4. Through 4/4. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

A Couple of Blaguards—Tired yet of the brothers McCourt? Good! We thought not. Come see Frank and Malachy's stage version of their growing-up story. $40–$42.50. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Ennio—This Italian performance artist is a living cartoon, bringing to life such pop figures as Cher, Madonna, and Marge Simpson through his paper creations. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9:30, Sun. at 3. Through 4/4. *McGinn/Cazale Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Everybody's Ruby—Phylicia Rashad plays Zora Neale Hurston in this new Thulani Davis play about Ruby McCollum, a married black woman who shot the most prominent white doctor in Live Oak, Florida, amid allegations of a sex scandal. $40. Tues., Wed., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Far East—A new play from A. R. Gurney about a young American Navy lieutenant who finds himself caught between the wife of his commanding officer and the woman he loves. Directed by Daniel Sullivan; starring Michael Hayden. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/6. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting in this brave, bizarre rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Michael Cerveris stars; Stephen Trask did the music and lyrics. $20–$49.50. Mon., Wed., and Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

The Hothouse—An early play by Harold Pinter, when he was still a half-pinter and not the subsequent megalomaniac, this is a savory satire on the horrors of bureaucracy. It takes place in a government "rest home" that is really, as Martin Esslin put it, a mental home and psychological-research station, where grotesquely funny and gruelingly creepy goings-on are the norm. The fine cast, under Karen Kohlhaas's tight direction, performs riotously on Walt Spangler's spookily antiseptic set. (Simon: 3/22/99.) $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. Through 3/27. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—A musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days: heterosexual love. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

James Naughton: Street of Dreams—Two hours of crooning from the two-time Tony marvy James Naughton. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/11. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Killer Joe—Tracy Letts's new (and first) play about a dysfunctional family in a Texas trailer park. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Macbeth—See Simon, page 73. Bill Camp sees the dagger before him; Elizabeth Marvel tries to out that damned spot. Presented by Theatre for a New Audience. $10–$40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/4. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Mineola Twins—This is neither top- nor bottom-drawer Paula Vogel, though the play is written in good part from her drawers. It is the story of how the twins Myrna (conventional, bourgeois, reactionary) and Myra (rebellious, promiscuous, radical) fared through the Eisenhower, Nixon, and Bush eras. Vogel writes farce here, and the jokes

Opening
Blythe Manner

It was only a matter of time before the Henry James craze made its way to the theater—which, let's face it, is all about fabric, anyway. 'The Turn of the Screw,' his potboiler about the stranded governess of Bly Manor, opens at Primary Stages on March 24. Playwright Jeffrey Hatcher, no stranger to historical potboilers himself, did the adaptation; Rocco Sisto and Enid Graham star.

Photograph by James Leynse.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

come thick and fast. Many of the gags are recycled or ersatz, but some, mocking old bromides and rituals, manage to squeeze fresh laughs out of old fallacies. What helps the play enormously is the letter-perfect production. And then there's the acting. As the twins, Swoosie Kurtz lets her exemplary facial play, timing, inflection, and body language perform double miracles in antipodal roles. (Simon: 3/1/99.) $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Roundabout Theatre Company, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-9300).*

The Most Fabulous Story Ever Told—The newest play by Paul Rudnick, wicked author of *Addams Family Values, In & Out,* and various bits of acclaimed gay fantasia. In the author's words: "It's a comedy about God, if that's not redundant." $35–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. (420-8000).*

The Mystery of Irma Vep—The late Charles Ludlam's penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a glistening mound of wigs. It was a loopy sensation in 1984; Quinton returns for this repeat engagement with Stephen DeRosa. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43nd St. (239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe DiPietro about the efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $45. Mon., Tues. , Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Paradise Hotel—The latest from Richard Foreman, this time about a group of paranoid sexual adventurers who converge in their quest for Nirvana and fine lodging. $15. Tues. and Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/19. *Ontological Theatre at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

The Seagull—Pearl Theatre Company takes a crack at Chekhov's classic. $20–$33. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (598-9802).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Even the Cathtilian lithp geth a tuneful thong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 321 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Snakebit—This is a small, well-made play—meat and potatoes for our theater, gone much too airy-fairy nouvelle cuisine. In a Hollywood home he is forced to vacate (he has been dumped by his boyfriend), a young social worker hosts visitors from New York: an ambitious actor friend up for a fat movie role and his forlorn wife, an ex-actress who is the last woman our hero ever bedded. The actor-author, David Marshall Grant, says smart things about East Coast and West Coast, theaters and movies, homos and heteros, men and women. (Simon: 3/22/99.) $17.50–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, an energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

This Is Our Youth—Kenneth Lonergan's play is one that young people will adore and their elders embrace. It concerns smooth Dennis, a school dropout and drug dealer; his friend the dopey and klutzy Warren Straub, who shows up with a suitcase full of his prized possessions plus fifteen grand he swiped from his remarried old man; and Jessica Goldman, a stylish and mildly promiscuous design student. A world is conjured up—a world observed with spine-tingling accuracy. Mark Ruffalo is the perfect Warren. Missy Yager is a gem of a Jessica. Mark Brokaw's direction remains exemplary. (Simon: 11/16/98.) $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Thwak—The latest bit of slapstick buffoonery from the Umbilical Brothers, a well-matched but unrelated pair of kinetic Australians. $25–$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. Add a supporting cast in which all shine. For this play alone, Edson should be handed the Harvard English department. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Off-Off Broadway

Admissions—A drama about a hostile student takeover of a university president's office to protest tuition hikes. Directed by Austin Pendleton. $15. Call for specific dates and showtimes. *Blue Heron Theatre, 121 E. 24th St. (332-0027).*

Bad Reputation—Penny Arcade's paean to bad girls. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 8:30. Through 3/28. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St.(477-5288).*

Bitter Lemon—Jamie Salom's play about a man caught on the horns of an age-old dilemma: Should he stay with his wife and child? Or abandon them both for true love? $20. In English: Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8. In Spanish: Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 6:30. *Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (354-1293).*

First Light—A festival of new plays about or involving science—such as the plight of the Wright brothers, for example, or the discoveries of physicist Nicola Tesla. Presented by the Ensemble Studio Theatre. $5–$15. Call for specific plays and showtimes. Runs 3/26 through 4/26. *Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. (247-4982).*

Fragments of a Greek Trilogy—Every time this seventies epic—a combined program of *Medea, The Trojan Women,* and *Electra*—gallops back into town, the chorus cheers. Directed by Andrei Serban; composed by Elizabeth Swados. $20–$30. Call for specific showtimes. Runs 3/26 through 4/11. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

The Happy Prince—A puppet-and-masque version of Oscar Wilde's fairy tale about a cruel prince who becomes a statue in death, forced to observe all the sadness and ugliness he ignored during his lifetime. $12–$18. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2 and 6. Through 4/4. *Irish Repertory's Scott McLucas Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

He Who Says Yes/He Who Says No—Companion works by Bertolt Brecht, in which a young boy must decide whether to sacrifice his life for the ailing people of his village. Performed by the venerable National Asian American Theatre Company. $15. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 3/27. *Connelly Theatre, 220 E. 4th St. (623-1672).*

Ichabod Revealed—*The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, as interpreted by the Elementals, the puppet theater troupe of Bunkuru specialists. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 8:30. Through 3/28. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Jodie's Body—Aviva Jane Carlin's acclaimed one-woman show about art, femininity, and South Africa. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Arc Light Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (595-0355).*

Manhunt—An excuse for comedy duo Premium Bob to crawl the caverns of the American psyche and invent some great characters—including a group of "karaokalists." $12. Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7:30 and 10. Through 3/28. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (216-9596).*

Marcel Marceau—No one thinks better inside the box. $20–$45. Through 3/28; call for specific dates and showtimes. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448).*

A Mom's Life—Kathryn Grody's amusing tales from the trenches about raising kids. $35. Sun. at 4 and 7:30, Mon. at 8, Wed. at 2:30. *ArcLight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (307-4100).*

Symphonie Fantastique—Basil Twist dances his fanciful water-puppets around a giant tank. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

2½ Jews—A comedy about a prominent civil-rights attorney's relationships with his irascible father and lawyer son. By Alan Brandt. $32.50. Wed. at 3 and 8:30, Sat. at 5 and 8:30, Sun. at 2. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (239-6200).*

War, Sex, & Dreams—An autobiographical solo performance piece by Jean-Claude van Itallie, who escaped Nazi brutality as a child and became one of America's preeminent playwrights of the sixties. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 10. Through 4/3. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Winterset—Cocteau Rep. performs Maxwell Anderson's play about a man determined to avenge the death of his father, executed for a murder he never committed. $12–$30. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery. (677-0060).*

Opening

Roller-Coaster Ride

As one of the Five Lesbian Brothers, Lisa Kron has always been able to find the humor in pathology and taboo—hell, she even made eating disorders funny in *The Secretaries,* and that's no . . . piece of cake. But *2.5 Minute Ride,* her solo show opening March 28 at the Public Theatre, should test the limits of this skill: The show juxtaposes a trip she took to Auschwitz with her father, a Holocaust survivor, with her family's annual pilgrimage to an amusement park in Ohio. Mark Brokaw, who worked wonders with *How I Learned to Drive,* directs.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

art

Steve Keister...Elsie de Wolfe...Martin Parr

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Deborah Barrett—Mixed-media works depicting figures and animals based on found nineteenth-century photographs; through 4/17. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Tom Doyle and Lawrence Fane—Recent abstract sculpture by both; through 4/10. Kouros, 23 East 73rd St. (288-5888).

Sherry Kerlin/Mary Jo Vath—Works on paper whose delicate, sepia-toned images of flowers, children, and women are based on photographs/New paintings that depict pairings of objects that are commonly linked, such as a loaf of bread and a stick of butter. Through 4/3. Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. (327-2526).

Harry Roseman and Joseph Cornell—An exhibition exploring the artists' influences on each other's work, including black-and-white photographs of Cornell by Roseman, who was Cornell's last studio assistant, and collages by Cornell; through 4/10. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (838-0333).

Erik van der Grijn/Nancy Steinson—Recent abstract paintings/Painted bronze sculptures. Through 4/24. Shapolsky, 152 E. 65th St. (452-1094).

John Walker—"Passing Bells," a series of etchings inspired by the artist's memory of his father's recollections of World War I; through 4/10. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Beatrice Wood—A survey of drawings, watercolors, and lithographs organized by Francis M. Naumann, a Dada scholar who has written extensively about the artist; through 4/10. Moeller, 167 E. 73rd St. (988-4500).

57th Street Area

Marina Abramovic and Ana Mendieta—A two-gallery show of works by two artists known for their use of primal elements, the human body, and ritual. At Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470), through 4/24, and Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (434-2405).

Michael Byron—New paintings inspired by photographs of twentieth-century figurative sculptures; through 4/17. Baron/Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. (581-9191).

Julie Heffernan—New paintings in which a female or hermaphroditic central figure is surrounded by symbolic narratives; through 4/17. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Bill Jacklin—New paintings and works on paper depicting scenes in and around New York City; through 4/17. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Leonid Lerman—Recent sculptures in stone, wood, metal plating, and other media that continue the artist's metaphorical exploration of the Trojan War; through 4/10. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Louis Mueller—Wall-mounted objects that explore the properties of paper; through 4/10. Franklin Parrasch, 20 W. 57th St. (246-5360).

Pablo Picasso and Katsushika Hokusai—An exhibit pairing Picasso's erotic etchings from "Suite 347" with Hokusai's erotic woodcut prints from the album *Azumanishiki*, circa 1810; through 4/10. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Charles Seliger/Morris Graves—Recent abstract paintings by the artist, who had his first exhibition at Peggy Guggenheim's gallery, "Art of This Century," when he was 19/Works on paper depicting images from nature. Through 5/1. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

Neil Welliver—Recent paintings of Maine landscapes; through 4/24. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Marina Abramovic and Ana Mendieta—A two-gallery show of works by two artists known for their use of primal elements, the human body, and ritual. At Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405), through 4/24, and Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Gene Beery—Paintings dating from 1967 to 1998 by this California-based artist who worked in New York in the fifties, had his work included in MOMA's 1961 exhibition "Recent Figure Painting U.S.A.," and has not shown his work in New York for 36 years; through 4/3. Algus, 25 Thompson St. (966-1758).

Barbara Bloom—*The French Diplomat's Office*, an installation of the artist's three-dimensional interpretation of a watercolor that appears to depict an interior decorator's rendering of an office; through 4/24. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Douglas Gordon—A new work consisting of two video projections that depict images of Travis Bickle, the lead character in Martin Scorsese's film *Taxi Driver*; through 4/10. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Julie Heffernan/Nancy Spero—New paintings in which female or hermaphroditic figures are central images in symbolic narratives/Paintings on scrolls of paper that feature historic and contemporary images of women; through 4/17. P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (941-8642).

Gillian Jagger—Three large installations that explore the rift between man and nature; through 4/24. Kind, 136 Greene St. (9251200).

Robert Kelly—Gouache paintings and mixed media on plates from a century-old German academic text; through 4/10. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0960).

Charles Luce—Works on paper that use Asian maps and game paper as a ground and explore the image of the stone as a cosmological marker of space and time; through 4/17. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

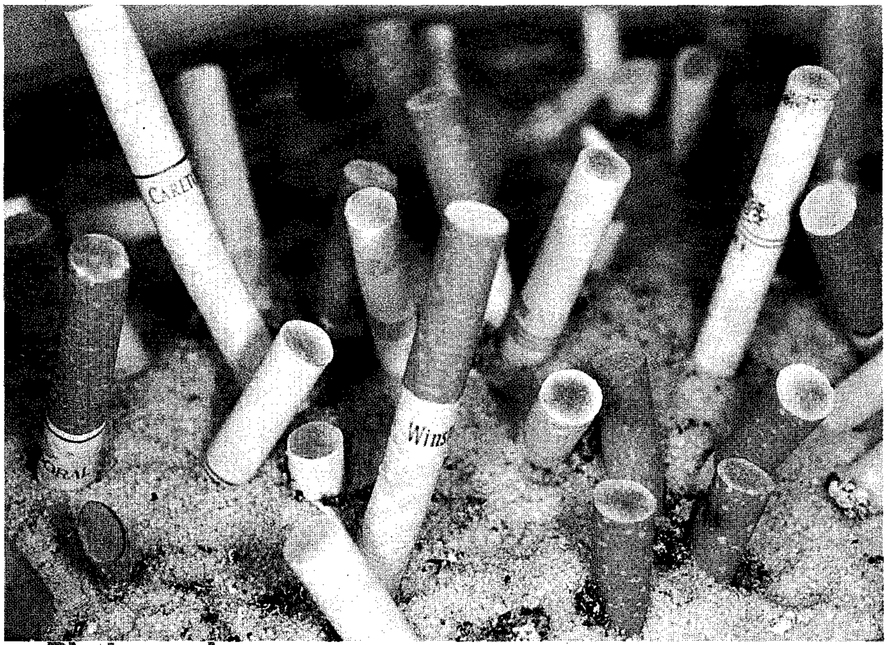
Barry McGee—A floor-to-ceiling painting, drawing, and sculptural installation that fills the entire gallery; through 4/24. Deitch, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Ray Mead—Abstract paintings and works on paper from the nineties by an English-born Canadian artist who died last year; through 4/10. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Nabil Nahas—Recent paintings whose surfaces are built up of granular forms that coalesce as images; through 4/24. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (4431-3685).

Richard Pettibone—New paintings and sculptures that are the artist's humorous appropriations of works by Brancusi, Duchamp, and Picasso; through 4/24. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Markus Raetz—Recent sculpture; through 4/24.



Photography

Thank You for Not Deconstructing

Coarseness is beautiful in Martin Parr's latest in-your-face shots of poisonously pink cupcakes, lipstick-smeared cigarette butts, and stupid T-shirts, simultaneously on view in a New York gallery and in 32 others around the world. At Janet Borden, Inc., 560 Broadway, at Prince Street; March 26 through April 24.

Photograph courtesy of Janet Borden, Inc

Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

Robert Rauschenberg—New paintings; through 4/17. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (421-3292).

Jörg Sasse—Photographs of computer-altered found photographs; through 4/17. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753).

Sean Scherer—New geometric abstract paintings; through 4/10. Kustera, 41 Wooster St. (965-1527).

Christine Siemens—Recent sculptures and drawings by a Las Vegas–based artist; through 4/17. Apex, 291 Church St. (431-5270).

Chelsea

Janine Antoni—An installation of new sculptures and photographs inspired by the need to hold and the need to be held; through 4/17. Luhring Augustine, 5531 W. 24th St. (206-9100).

Mary Beyt—Recent drawings that are actually layers of polyester printed with existing images of flowers, beetles, butterflies, unicorns, and objects that might be found in a nineteenth-century stock-illustration catalogue; through 4/17. Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. (727-2752).

Jeremy Blake—Digitally rendered and animated projections and digital paintings depicting architectural spaces in California that hint at a film-noirish narrative; through 4/10. Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).

Robert Bordo—New paintings whose images are derived from arrangements of landscape postcards; through 4/24. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474).

Stig Brogger—Conceptual paintings from the Danish artist's "Plainthings" series; through 4/17. DCA, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-5511).

Elisa D'Arrigo/Julian Hatton—Wall sculptures made from pigment-stained muslin, patterned cloth, and translucent beeswax/Paintings of imaginary landscapes. Through 4/17. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (463-9666).

Jeff Elrod/Lisa Ruyter—Paintings based on the artist's photographs of suburban homes/Paintings of images drawn on the computer. Through 4/10. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Graham Gillmore—Recent paintings and drawings in which the artist sets up compositions of thought balloons of words and phrases; through 4/17. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

Steve Keister—Recent sculptures cast from molds of Styrofoam packaging materials in polyester resin, cement, terra-cotta, plaster, and fiberglass; through 4/3. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Kerry James Marshall—A 50-foot-long, twelve-panel woodcut that depicts a panel-by-panel narrative of African-American men talking and mingling in a sparse living room; through 4/17. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

Laura Craig McNellis/Eldon Garnet—Paintings on paper by a self-taught artist/Three new series of staged color photographs. Through 4/24. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (627-4819).

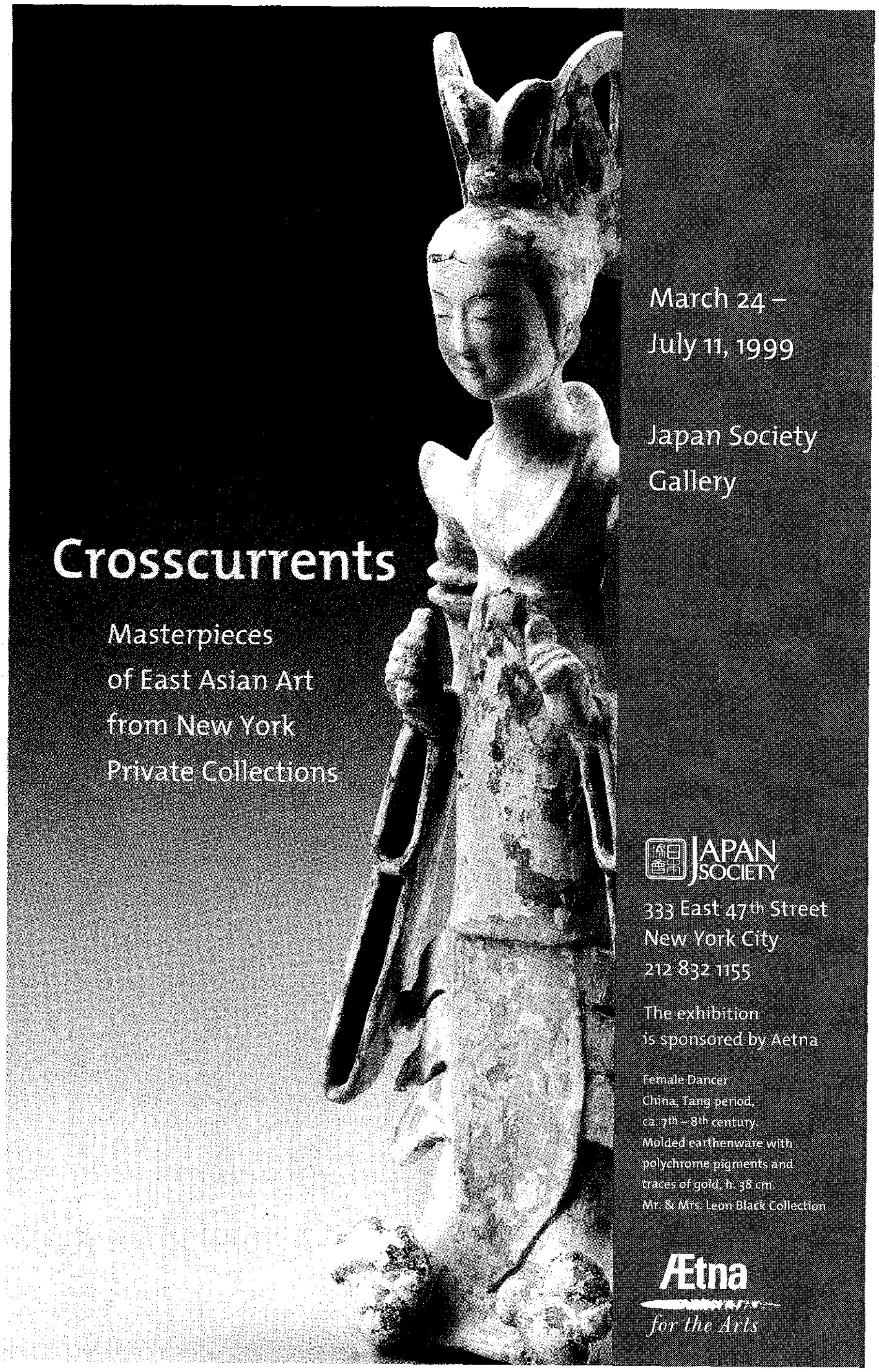
Joanna Rosa/Kim Jones—An 800-pound sculpture consisting of tiny strands of wire woven together to form a large geometric shape/Nine sculptures arranged in a racecourse around the walls of the gallery, enclosing tables supporting photographs, book sculptures, and objects drawn from the artist's childhood. Through 4/17. Weber, 529 W. 20th St. (691-5711).

Lucas Samaras—Three of the artist's fabric "Reconstructions" from the late seventies, two-dimensional rectangular works consisting of brilliantly colored strips of cloth sewn together; through 4/17. Grimm, 505 W. 28th St. (564-7662), Wed.–Sat. 11–7.

Silke Schatz/Kara Walker—A monumental, multicolored pencil drawing that plots different areas of an abandoned concert hall in which the artist lived as a squatter from 1989 to 1991/Two large-scale drawings that continue the artist's explorations of race, gender, and history in operalike scenes. Through 4/17. Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. (929-2262).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.



Crosscurrents

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from New York
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March 24 –
July 11, 1999

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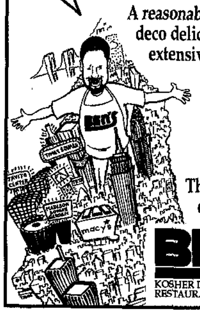

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Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Stone—113 E. 90th St. (988-6870). "Fruits & Flowers, Skies & Pies," still-lifes and landscapes by Cornell, de Kooning, Gorky, and Thiebaud; through 4/17.

Wildenstein—19 E. 64th St. (879-0500). "French Master Drawings From the 16th Through the 18th Centuries," with works by Boucher, Fragonard, Greuze, Watteau, others; through 5/1.

57th Street Area

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–5. "Reflections in a Looking Glass: A Lewis Carroll Centenary Exhibition," an overview of photographs, manuscripts, and drawings by the Victorian writer and artist; through 4/24.

Municipal Art Society—457 Madison Ave. (935-3960). "Elsie de Wolfe: Suitability, Simplicity, and Proportion," an exhibition of the designer's belongings, including paintings by Walter Gay, Drian, and Oliver Messel; photographs by Cecil Beaton, Horst, and Baron de Meyer; and furniture, scrapbooks, and objects; through 4/30.

YWCA—610 Lexington Ave. at 53rd St. (735-9731). "Framed!!: The Artist-Framer," an exhibition that demonstrates the different nineteenth- and twentieth-century framing techniques of artists including Filmus, Heyer, Lukachko, Jackson, Suskind, Tanner, others; through 4/24.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Central—596 Broadway (966-8836). "The Techno-Digital Sublime," high-tech works by Coe, Franquelo, Lowe, and Nechvatal; through 4/24.

Dorsky—379 W. Broadway (966-6170). "Om," an exhibition of meditative works by Bowen, Christensen, Highstein, Means, Shechet, Westfall, others; through 4/6.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Paradise 8," an experiment in which eight curators will merge initially discrete exhibition zones of works by various artists within the gallery space over a period of three months; through 4/3.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). "Conceptual Art as Neurobiological Praxis," works by Albenda, Gillick, Gordon, Kim, Lislegaard, Ritchie, Ruff, others; through 5/1.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (691-5956). Paintings by Jenny Hankwitz and sculpture by Gail Fitzgerald; through 3/20; Photography and video by Dexter Buell and Meighan Gale; through 4/18; Photographs by Janice Sloan and Daniel Root; through 3/28.

AU Base—433 14th St. (414-0563). Contemporary portraits by European artists Grubinger, Irmer, Leopold, and Peer; through 4/17.

Gorney Bravin + Lee—526 W. 26th St. (352-8372). Works by Kenneth Goldsmith, Allen Ruppersberg, and the late Wallace Berman, artist-poets who have extensively explored the idea of language as image; through 4/17.

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (924-4212). "Visitor," photographs by Gieseke; video stills by Alic; miniature sculpted landscapes by Ethridge; and works by Feinstein, Gould, Heindl, McKenna, and Webster; through 5/2.

Other

Baruch College—135 E. 22 St. (202-2881). "Icons of Industrial Expansion: American Precisionist Prints, 1925–1941," works by Davis, Huntley, Lozowick, Ronnebeck, Spruance, others; through 4/22.

Hebrew Union College—1 W. 4th St. (824-2205). Oil paintings depicting Eve by Deborah Russell and a retrospective of printmaker Robert Broner's works; through 7/16. . . . "Avoda: Objects of the Spirit," ceremonial objects by Tobi Kahn; through 5/28.

Hunter College—Times Square Gallery, 450 W. 41st St. (772-4991). "Immediacies of the Hand," recent abstract paintings by New York artists Cohen, Fishman, Hutcheson, McClelland, Miller, Saccoccio, others; through 4/17.

Photography

Ansel Adams—Photographs by the famous landscape photographer; through 5/1. Carter, 560 Broadway (966-1933).

Sally Apfelbaum—Photograms and photographs; through 4/17. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Tom Bamberger—Recent landscape photographs of California and the Midwest; through 5/1. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (255-8450).

Ralph Bartholomew, Jr.—Original photographs by one of the leading American advertising photographers of the mid-twentieth century; through 5/29. De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (327-1482).

Hans Bellmer—Photographs and drawings from the thirties and forties by the Surrealist artist; through 5/1. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Dan Estabrook—"Inherent Vice," recent photographs; through 4/24. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

Eve Fowler—Color photographs of young female athletes and male Manhattan hustlers, and still-lifes; through 4/10. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Robert Frank—"From the Canadian Side," recent photographs taken in Nova Scotia by the documentarian best known for *The Americans*, alongside vintage prints from his 1953 Welsh-miner series; through 4/24. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Patricia Heal—Recent, elaborately staged photographs that contrast stylized icons and props from different eras; through 4/24. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Newman's Gift: Sixty Years of Photography," a retrospective that spans Arnold Newman's 60-year career, including his intimate portraits of Picasso, Capote, Cartier-Bresson, others; through 6/6.

Kim Keever—Cibachrome prints of landscapes created by the artist; through 4/24. De Chiara/Stewart, 521 W. 26th St. (967-6007).

Wendell MacRae—Vintage photographs commemorating the gallery's thirtieth anniversary; through 4/10. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Roger Newton—Color photographs executed with the artist's unique self-made lens; through 4/17. Roth Horowitz, 160A E. 70th St. (717-9067).

Martin Parr—Bright color images of subjects the artist considers to exhibit "bad taste" or "common sense"; through 4/24. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Elliot Porter—Vintage dye-transfer prints by an early experimenter in color; through 5/15. Klotz, 22 E. 72nd St. (327-2211).

Clifford Ross—Thirty new photographs that capture water surfaces; through 5/1. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (750-7070).

Rubin/Van Doren—730 5th Ave. (445-0444). "Another Girl, Another Planet," photographs that experiment with documentary styles, by Becker, Gage, Hoey, Kurland, Marder, Singh, Tandberg, others; through 4/20.

Peter Sekaer—Vintage images by a social-documentary photographer and former collaborator with Walker Evans; through 5/1. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

SoHo Triad—107 Grand St. (965-9500). "The Golden Age and Beyond," works by Hollywood photographers from the Motion Picture and Television Archive; through 4/18.

William Henry Fox Talbot—Mid-nineteenth-century portraits and figure studies of friends and family by the British inventor of photography on paper; through 4/30. Kraus, 25 E. 77th St. (794-2064).

Annika von Hausswolff—Nine large photographs of domestic interiors; through 4/3. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (226-6131).

Nick Waplington—Color photographs taken in Sao Paolo, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, and elsewhere; through 4/3. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Thomas Wrede—Photographs of roller-coaster riders; through 4/3. Cristinerose, 529 W. 20th St. (206-0297).

Zabriskie—41 E. 57th St. (752-1223). "Au Revoir Paris," an exhibit of French photographers whose first American exhibitions were held at this gallery; through 4/10.

Fred Zinnemann—Vintage photographs by the Academy Award–winning director most famous for films like *High Noon, From Here to Eternity,* and *The Day of the Jackal*; through 5/19. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"The Pursuit of Happiness: Visual Essays on Global Rights." Photography, video, and installations by Berry, Chang, Griffiths, Lyon, Meiselas, Nachtwey, Peress, others; through 4/10. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

American Academy of Arts and Letters—"Invitational Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture." Recent works by 35 contemporary artists, among them Gregory Amenoff, Mary Heilmann, Sharon Horvath, Stephen Mueller, Frank Moore, Sue Williams, and Timothy Woodman; through 4/11. 633 W. 155th St. (368-5900), Thurs.–Sun. 1–4; free.

American Craft Museum—"Rörstrand: Swedish Art Nouveau Porcelain From the Schreiber Collection." A rare collection of porcelain produced by Sweden's Rörstrand factory, Europe's second-oldest operating ceramics firm; through 5/23. . . . "Art and Industry: 20th-Century Porcelain From Sèvres." Recent works in porcelain by 40 international artists, architects, and designers created at the Sèvres factory in France; through 5/2. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Epidemic! The World of Infectious Disease." Dioramas, three-dimensional models, videos, films, interactive computer systems, and photographs; through 9/6. . . . "Papua New Guinea: Arts and Spirits, Photographs From the Middle Sepik River, 1953–54." Color and black-and-white photographs of Papua New Guinea's indigenous species, art, architecture, and people taken by museum ornithologist E. Thomas Gilliard during his 1953–54 expedition; through 3/28. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Bamboo Masterworks: Japanese Baskets From the Lloyd Cotsen Collection"; through 5/30. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Life and the Arts in the Baroque Palaces of Rome: Ambiente Barocco." Furniture and decorative works from Roman palaces, on loan from public and private collections; through 6/13. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Lewis Wickes Hine: The Final Years." 110 photographs of New York, only ten of which have been seen by the public, including images documenting the construction of the Empire State Building, the arrival of immigrants at Ellis Island, and workers in mills and factories; through 4/4. . . . "Domestic Transformations." Works by the Brooklyn-based artists Ann Agee, Ron Baron, Jean Blackburn, and Andy Yoder; through 6/13. . . . "The Matthew Scott Sloan Collection of American Furniture"; through 9/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"Graphic Design in the Mechanical Age: Selections From the Merrill C. Berman Collection." More than 200 works by such pioneers of the avant-garde as Lester Beall, A. M. Cassandre, Gustav Klutsis, Alexandr Rodchenko, and Jan Tschichold, including posters, books, one-of-a-kind prototypes, collages, and other ephemera;

through 5/23. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"A Victorian Salon: Paintings From the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, Bournemouth, England." Thirty-five nineteenth-century paintings collected by the British hotelier Merton Russell-Cotes (1835–1921), among them works by Edwin Landseer, Edwin Long, Albert Moore, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti; through 4/17. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: Double Vision." New site-specific installations by the Canadian artist Stan Douglas and the Scottish artist Douglas Gordon; through 6/13. . . . "Andy Warhol: Shadows." A work made in 1978 composed of more than 100 silk-screened and hand-painted panels; through 6/13. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Scenewright." Early installations, small-scale modeled figures, proposals for monuments, watercolors, and photographs by the German artist; through 6/13. . . . "Joseph Beuys: Drawings After the Codices Madrid of Leonardo da Vinci, and Sculpture." Works from Dia's permanent collection, including 96 drawings made in response to two sketchbooks by Leonardo da Vinci, and sculptures; through 6/13. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square 3*." The second part of a site-specific installation by the California artist; through 6/13. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Installation

The White Album

We have turn-of-the-century society decorator Lady Mendl (a.k.a. Elsie de Wolfe) to thank for chintz. We also have her to thank for the popularity of white paint, garden trellises, and the occasional zebra skin on the drawing-room floor. If this lineup of old-school touches makes you faintly nauseated, wait—it could have been much worse. As *House & Garden* said in 1950, "Fashion, to put it bluntly, had mired us in a musty rut. Lady Mendl, single-handedly, pulled us out of it." In a pair of instructive images in the Municipal Art Society's Elsie de Wolfe show, "Simplicity, Suitability and Proportion" (457 Madison Avenue, at 51st Street; through April 10), we see De Wolfe's own dining room as a test case for her galvanizing effect. The "before" picture shows dark wood, darker furniture, and a profusion of porcelain plates. The "after" shows white furniture, white doors and moldings, and a single marble bust. "Her ideas don't seem to be revolutionary, but that's because they've become mainstream, classic American good taste," says the show's curator, Jane Stubbs. "Her influence was absorbed all the way down the economic scale. I don't think it's going too far to call her the Martha Stewart of her generation." The cheapest De Wolfe touch: painting furniture white. The most expensive: checkerboard marble foyers, mirrored walls, and caned toilet chairs. The latter were a stylistic tic she carried over from the Victorians. De Wolfe hated porcelain bathroom fixtures, so her toilets had to be covered by a custom-made piece of furniture, resembling a wing chair but with a removable seat. On April 7, antique dealer R. Louis Bofferding, who has an original De Wolfe toilet chair in his bedroom (they are really too nice for modern bathrooms), will give a lecture on her colorful life (a Sapphic enclave on Sutton Place; her early career as an actress, known as "The Clotheshorse," hired more for her wardrobe than for her dramatic skills). De Wolfe's signature cocktail, a combination of gin, Cointreau, and pink-grapefruit juice, will be served. Why these ingredients? As her trusty needlepoint pillow read, NEVER COMPLAIN. NEVER EXPLAIN.

ALEXANDRA LANGE

Drawing Center—"Raymond Pettibon." More than 500 drawings from the late seventies to the present and a selection of artist's books, fanzines, and record covers by the Los Angeles–based artist; through 4/10. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—"French and English Drawings of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries From the National Gallery of Canada." Sixty-seven works by French and English artists, among them Bonnard, Burne-Jones, Constable, Courbet, Hogarth, and Ingres; through 4/25. . . . "Drouais' Portrait of Madame de Pompadour From the National Gallery, London." François-Hubert Drouais's celebrated full-length portrait of Madame de Pompadour; through 4/25. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Picasso and the War Years: 1937–1945." An exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculpture, and prints that explores Picasso's artistic response to the events leading from the Spanish Civil War through the Nazi occupation of France and the eventual liberation of France by Allied troops; through 5/9. . . . "Jim Dine: Walking Memory, 1959–1969." The first survey of the artist's early paintings and constructions; through 5/16. . . . "Photography: An Expanded View—Recent Acquisitions." Works from the museum's permanent collection by modern masters and contemporary photographers Barth, Casebere, Coolidge, Demand, Eliasson, Jacobson, and others; through 5/16. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Japan Society—"Crosscurrents: Masterpieces of East Asian Art From New York Private Collections." Ceramics, calligraphy, sculpture, ceramics, bronze, and lacquerworks from various private New York collections; through 7/11. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), daily 11–6 (except the weekends of Christmas and New Year's); $3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"Bar Mitzvah: A Collaboration by David Mamet and Donald Sultan." Drawings and text from the new book *Bar Mitzvah—Story by David Mamet, Drawings by Donald Sultan* (Bulfinch); through 6/6. . . . "Ikat: Splendid Silks of Central Asia From the Guido Goldman Collection." Rare silk wall hangings, mounted panels, and robes made by master craftsmen in the kingdoms of Bukhara and Samarkand; through 5/16. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"The Nature of Islamic Ornament, Part III: Geometric Patterns." The third exhibition in a four-part series covering designs in Islamic ornamentation; through 7/18. . . . "The Treasury of Saint Francis of Assisi." Approximately 70 masterpieces of medieval and Renaissance panel painting, goldsmiths' works, textiles, and manuscript illuminations from Assisi as well as works from European and American collections; through 6/27. . . . "Mirror of the Medieval World." Jewelry, manuscripts, sculptures and other works acquired by the museum since 1977; through 7/15. . . . "American Folk Art in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and portrait miniatures by Rufus Hathaway, Edward Hicks, Joshua Johnson, Ammi Phillips, and others working within native and provincial traditions in the United States during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; through 9/5. . . . "The Practice of Japanese Art: An August and Accomplished Heritage." Buddhist and decorative painting and calligraphy, along with ceramics, lacquers, metalwork, and woodblock prints; through 1/30/2000. . . . "Picasso: Painter and Sculptor in Clay." A survey of the artist's ceramic sculptures; through 6/6. . . . "Late–16th Century to Early–19th Century Indian Drawings"; through 7/5. . . . "Masterpieces From the Gilman Paper Company Collection." Approximately 45 important nineteenth-century British, American, and French photographs; through 5/23. . . . "Dosso Dossi, Court Painter in Renaissance Ferrara." Paintings by the sixteenth-century Italian artist, who worked in Ferrara; through 3/28. . . . "Eighteenth-Century French Drawings in New York Collections." Works on loan from private collections and public institutions in New York City; through 4/25. . . . "Clay Into Art: Selections From the Collection of Contemporary Ceramics"; through 5/30. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. **The Cloisters**, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Landscapes of the Soul: Woman of the African Diaspora—Photographs by Chester Higgins, Jr." Images of African and African-American women taken over the past 30 years; through 3/28. . . . "A Sense of Wonder: African Art From the Faletti Family Collection." A selection of objects from Western, Central, and Eastern Africa dating from the sixteenth to the early-twentieth century; through 3/28. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Nellie Mae Rowe: Ninety-Nine-and-a-Half Won't Do." The first major retrospective of paintings by the self-taught African-American artist; through 5/2. Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"France Divided: Impassioned Responses to the Dreyfus Scandal." A selection of posters and lithographs illustrating France's reactions to the wrongful 1894 conviction and imprisonment of Captain Alfred Dreyfus; through 6/13. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. 9–2, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"The Museum as Muse: Artists Reflect." Works that address the concept and function of the museum by 60 artists, among them Barbara Bloom, Christian Boltanski, Marcel Broodthaer, Joseph Cornell, Marcel Duchamp, Komar and Melamid, Claes Oldenburg, and Hiroshi Sugimoto; through 6/1. . . . "Pop Impressions Europe/USA: Prints and Multiples From the Museum of Modern Art." Approximately 100 works highlighting printmaking within the Pop aesthetic; through 5/18. . . . "Projects 67—Elaine Reichek: When This You See." Embroidered works that take the format of traditional samplers, but whose aphorisms are culled from art history, literature, science, mythology, and popular culture; through 3/30. . . . "Julia Margaret Cameron's Women." Portraits of women by the nineteenth-century British photographer; through 5/4. . . . "Mary Lucier: Floodsongs." A video and audio installation presenting portraits of residents of Grand Forks, North Dakota, and their reflections on the flood that ravaged their town in the spring of 1997; through 6/20. . . . "Site Gags: Humor, Satire, and Grotesque in Modern and Contemporary Drawings." Works on paper from the museum's collection, including satirical sketches, grotesques, straight comic illustrations, and visual puns; through 5/4. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Washington's New York." Paintings, costumes, maps, furniture, documents, and relics relating to George Washington's experiences in New York City as a military commander and political leader; through 7/4. . . . "The Little Apple: Souvenir Buildings From the Collection of Ace Architects." A selection of miniature models of New York buildings created over the past 100 years; through 3/28. . . . "New York Horizontal: Cirkut Camera Views by William Hassler." Thirty rare panoramic views of WWI-era New York; through 5/2. . . . "New York Vertical by Horst Hamman." Photographs that emphasize the verticality of New York's skyscrapers; through 4/18. . . . "New York on the Rise: Architectural Renderings by Hughson Hawley"; through 4/4. . . . "Landscapes of Hope: Rebuilding New York City's Neighborhoods." Photographs by Larry Racioppo that document the rebuilding of various New York City neighborhoods; through 6/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; suggested contribution $5, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"China Chic: East Meets West." An exhibition tracing the evolution of Chinese dress and its influence on modern Western fashion; through 4/24. . . . "Shoes: A Lexicon of Style." More than 100 pairs of women's shoes, among them twenties pumps by André Perugia, fifties stilettos by Roger Vivier, and seventies platform sandals by Charles Jourdan; through 4/17. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design and School of Fine Arts—"174th Annual Exhibition." Recent works by more than 190 artists; through 4/25. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri. 10–6; $8, $5 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Fever: The Art of David Wojnarowicz." The first retrospective of the work of the East Village artist who died of AIDS in 1992; through 6/20. . . . "Anaida Hernandez: Juegos Ilegales/Illegal Games." Large-scale casinolike games created with interactive installations, paintings, and objects; through 4/11. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"Order and Disorder: Architectural Transitions in Prints and Photographs." Prints depicting the life cycles of built structures, drawn from the library's Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art, Prints, and Photographs; through 4/3. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"The Celebrated Hatter." An exhibition of hats, advertisements, newspaper articles, and other objects and ephemera relating to the life of John N. Genin, the nineteenth-century New Yorker whose lower-Broadway store, Genin's Hat Emporium, made him a household name; through 6/13. "Secrets of a Beautiful Face: Beauty Product Advertisements From the Collection of the New-York Historical Society"; through 4/11. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

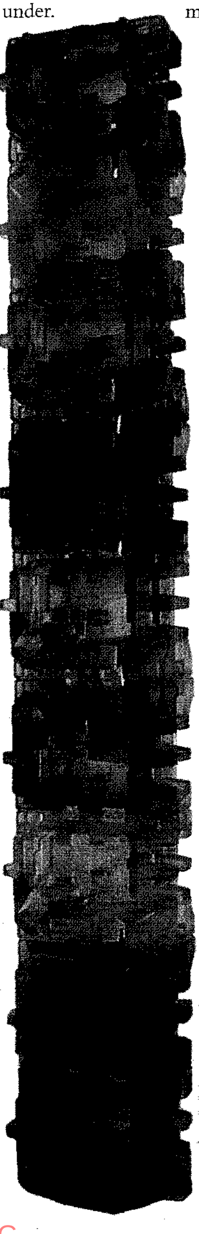
P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Ronald Bladen: Selected Works." A survey of the minimalist's large-scale sculpture, models, and drawings; through 4/3. . . . "1999: P.S. 1 Studio Program Exhibition"; through 4/3. . . . "Primarily Structural: A Selection of Minimalist and Post-Minimalist Works on Paper." Works by Carl Andre, Jene Highstein, Patrick Ireland, Jackie Winsor, and others; through 4/3. . . . "Criss Cross: Some Young New Yorkers III"; through 4/3. . . . "The Game Room: A Tribute to Gino De Dominicis." A painting and several conceptual works together with a gambling table for the use of museum visitors; through 4/3. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Wormsley Library: A Personal Selection by Sir Paul Getty, K.B.E." Illuminated manuscripts, fine printed books, historic bookbindings, and other works from the Wormsley Library in England; through 5/2. . . . "Master Drawings Recently Acquired"; through 5/6. . . . "Poe: The Ardent Imagination." A selection of letters, manuscripts, and rare printed editions; through 5/9. . . . "Detectives, Private Eyes, and Spies." Early editions of works by Ambler, Childers, Poe, and others; through 5/5. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7; $5 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"To Conserve a Legacy: American Art From Historically Black Colleges and Universities." Works of art drawn from the collections of Clark Atlanta University, Fisk University, Hampton University, Howard University, North Carolina Central University, and Tuskegee University; through 7/11. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500), Wed.– Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students (free on the first Sat. of every month).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Pale Guide to Transparent Things." A related group of photographic works by Seton Smith; through 4/4. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $9, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"The Long Twilight: An Installation by Lynne Yamamoto." An installation that evokes aspects of the life of a young Japanese woman, who disappeared mysteriously in the thirties, by presenting a collection of her personal belongings; through 4/23. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.



Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1119). 3/30 at 10 and 2: "French and Continental Furniture, European Works of Art and Tapestries." On view from 3/26.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 3/24 at 10 and 2: "Asian and European Decorative Arts." On view from 3/20.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 3/24 at 10: "Fine Furniture, Decorations, and Paintings." On view from 3/20.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 3/24 at 10:15 and 2: "Japanese Works of Art." On view from 3/19. 3/25 at 10:15: "Indian and Southeast Asian Art." On view from 3/20. 3/26 at 10:15 and 2: "Asian Decorative Art." On view from 3/19. 3/27 at 10 and 2: "Wine." 3/29–3/30 at 10 and 2: "Furniture and Decorations from Alberto Pinto's Paris Home." On view from 3/25. 3/30 at 10:15 and 2: "American Paintings." On view from 3/25.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 3/25 at 10:30: "Decorative Graphics." On view from 10/20.

Talent **Steve Keister's geometric sculptures, cast from molds of ordinary pieces of Styrofoam packaging, have always transcended their humble ancestry. Now, in his latest works (left, of tinted polyester resin), he's managed to coax these preexisting forms into mysterious evocations of pre-Columbian objects and architecture. At Bill Maynes Gallery, 529 West 20th Street; through April 3.**

Photograph courtesy of Bill Maynes Gallery.

restaurants

Good Egg...Savory Seder...Under Wares

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Park—Sophisticated seafood preparations and wonderful water views merit a special trip to the southern tip of Manhattan. In warm weather, outdoor seating is ideal for cocktails and light bites from the raw bar, but even in winter, walls of glass windows remind us that this is a coastal town, after all. Catering available. *Opposite 175 State St., Battery Park (809-5508). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of the fashionable neighborhood. The creative American bistro fare includes an acclaimed roasted garlic-lemon chicken with spinach and mashed potatoes, barbecued pork ribs, and lobster cakes served with a sweet corn salad. *179 W. Broadway (219-2010). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

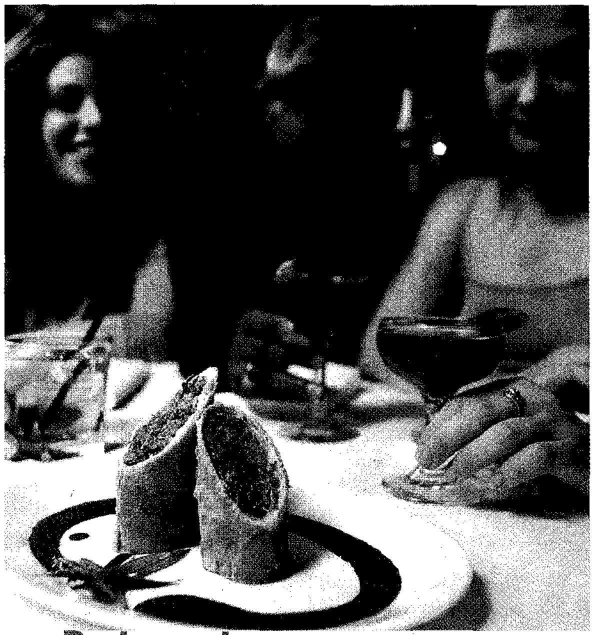
Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wall Street Kitchen & Bar—As downtown grows more and more residential, its halls of finance, like this former bank building, are being converted into service establishments. This sister of SoHo Kitchen & Bar offers a similarly extensive selection of beers and wines by the glass, plus such eclectic American fare as beer-braised short ribs with egg noodles, and pizza topped with shrimp, smoked ba-



Restaurant After Hours

Before it was Alva, the funky, cigar-friendly Gramercy space with a bare-bulb motif was Chefs Cuisiniers Club, and it catered to restaurant workers who needed a place of their own in which to unwind after closing time. Now, by keeping its dining room open until 2 A.M. and adding a bar menu of light bites like a steak sandwich and duck-confit spring rolls (above), the restaurant has resumed courting bartenders, waiters, and cooks from the ever-expanding galaxy of neighboring kitchens like Cena, Patria, Union Pacific, and Tabla. (36 East 22nd Street; 228-4399.)

Photograph by Magdalena Caris.

Happening

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner

On March 31, for the very first time, Gentile chef Antoine Bouterin is hosting a (non-kosher) Passover seder at his antique-and-flower-strewn Provençal restaurant, Bouterin. Why? "Most of my friends are Jewish," he says, which made it easy to find a good matzo-ball recipe, and many regular customers had been asking him to do it for some time. Fifty dollars buys—besides the soup—chicken-liver mousse with matzo, brisket, a yet-to-be determined fish dish, coconut macaroons, and flourless chocolate cake. (420 East 59th Street; 758-0323.)

Photograph by Amy Freeth.

con, and roasted tomatoes. *70 Broad St. (797-7070). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. Late-night dining too. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre- or post–Film Forum noshing. Live opera performances on Sunday nights. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The au courant Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

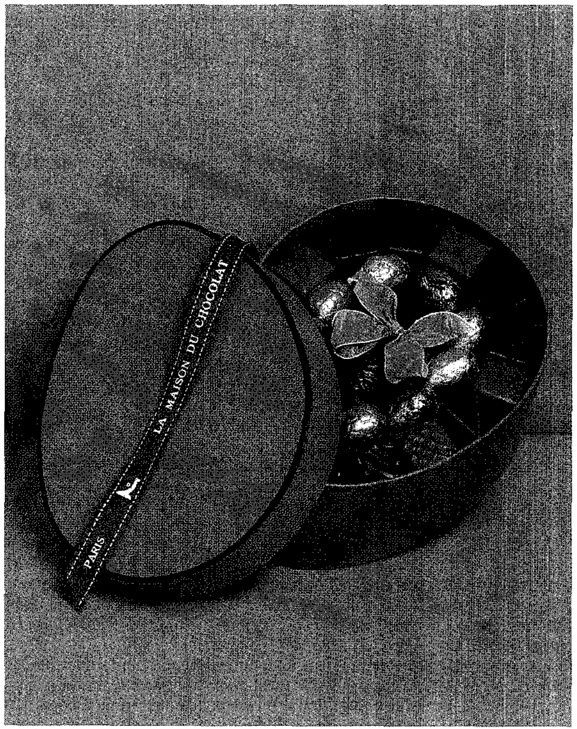
Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (260-5454). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



Shopping

Easter has always been geared to the syrupy-sweet taste buds of children. But more mature celebrants who've never had a problem ignoring the charms of pink marshmallow bunnies and Cadbury Creme Eggs may not be able to resist the refined flavors of La Maison du Chocolat's first adult (and at $78, adult-priced) Easter egg. Two tiers of ganache infused with grown-up ingredients like fennel, espresso, and rum raisins, plus a smattering of milk-chocolate fish, bittersweet coffee beans, and dark-chocolate almonds surround a beribboned egg, which breaks open to reveal even more candy and, mercifully, a complete lack of plastic grass. (1018 Madison Avenue, near 78th Street; 744-7117.)

Photograph by Tommy Naess.

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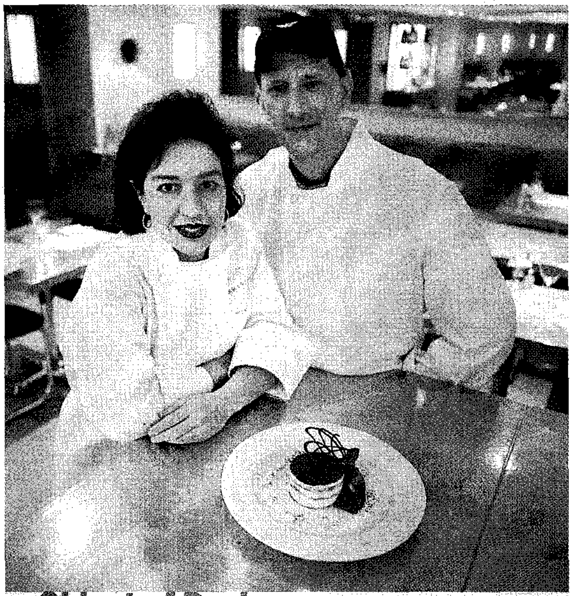
restaurants



Object of Desire

Hand-Tailored to Taste

You might not expect to find delectable Italian food in a basement—especially in the basement of a clothing store. But Armani Cafe chefs Lauren Collura and Timothy Lenahan, above, exceed expectations by using top-notch produce and superior imported cheese in their daily-changing roster of lunchtime panini, salads, and al dente pastas. Their mission of simplifying and perfecting classic recipes—not unlike a certain designer's—is best expressed in their velvety tirami su, a lush reminder of how the mascarpone-and-sponge-cake confection tasted before it became the ultimate culinary cliché. (601 Madison Avenue, near 57th Street; 715-0500.)

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Istana—Situated in the lobby of the New York Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer is rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only one, chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail accompaniments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravioli with walnuts, or baby chicken with Tunisian spices. *455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (303-6032). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moscow Restaurant & Cabaret—This Russian theme restaurant melds art, food, and entertainment in a three-story celebration of the homeland. Downstairs, folk singers perform in the rustic Cabaret, decorated with the owner's enormous horseshoe collection. Upstairs, massive sculptures and paintings dominate the Gallery Bar and the Russian Room, where diners can partake of house specialties like Siberian pelmeni, chicken Kiev, and blini with Beluga caviar. *137 E. 55th St. (813-1313). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the modern American fare concocted by ex–Aja chef Gary Robins. Sample dishes include roasted-beet carpaccio with tangerines and goat cheese, seared foie gras with black Thai rice, and roasted rack of lamb with cardamom-poached apricots. Piano music performed nightly. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig 'n' Whistle on 3rd—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, blackened rib eye, chicken potpie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Scarabée—Some of the city's best French-Mediterranean food is being served on a nondescript residential block in Turtle Bay, courtesy of chef Joseph Fortunato (formerly of Layla). Owner Karim El Sherif (formerly of Restaurant Daniel) compiled the well-chosen, helpfully categorized wine list, with selections that pair well with dishes like truffle-marinated squab, pomegranate-glazed salmon, and, at lunch, a killer braised-lamb sandwich. No matter how full you are, don't skip dessert. *230 E. 51st St. (758-6633). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neil Becker serves up such sophisticated fare as crispy sea scallops with rock shrimp, lobster, and shellfish cream; rack of lamb with Parmesan bread pudding; and a white-and-dark-chocolate-mousse parfait. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel reopens with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot "chop" with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. The pretheater prix fixe menu runs $43, and the garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the $19.99 prix fixe dinner or the $12.95 lunch.

Photograph by Eric Tomberlin.

342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, chicken, and lobster—served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. Serious wines, too. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on-and-off-premises catering. Cigar smokers even have their own designated space in which to unmolestedly exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Trattoria Dopo Teatro—Chef Andrea Pace is famous for his open ravioli of lobster and lamb, which appear on his Northern Italian menu alongside dishes like sautéed venison chops with spinach gnocchi, risotto with baby shrimps, and artichoke hearts stuffed with sun-dried tomatoes and black-olive purée. The dining room is decorated with stills from the Italian cinema, and it leads into an enclosed "secret garden," a warren of private rooms, each designated for a different leisurely activity (wine room, grappa room, cigar lounge). *125 W. 44th St. (869-2849). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Via Brasil—This casual, lively Brazilian restaurant serves generous portions of feijoada, the national ode to meat, plus other assorted poultry and seafood specialties like vatapa, a fish dish with coconut-milk sauce. Live music Wednesday through Saturday keeps things hopping. *34 W. 46th St. (997-1158). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey supervises the very popular and wide-ranging menu. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, nonprofessionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with cof-

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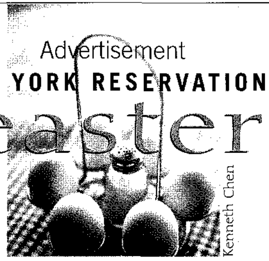
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Spend Easter in the French countryside at "The Best Bistro in New York" (*New York* Magazine, *Time Out New York*). This "bistro extraordinaire" creates an exquisite Easter parade of authentic French country culinary delights in a warm, casually elegant ambience. Prix fixe, $39.50 pp. (children under 10—$19.95) served from noon-9:30p.m. Fireplace; glass-enclosed terrace. "Some of the best French cooking in Manhattan" (*Gourmet* Magazine).

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fee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Regional Thai Sa-Woy—The well-spiced, artfully presented food at this two-story Thai restaurant costs a bit more than it would at your run-of-the-mill pad thai parlor, but the peaceful ambience and elegant, antique-strewn décor may very well put you in the mood to splurge. *1479 First Ave., at 77th St. (744-6374). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Happening

Blue in the Face

A blue moon is the second full moon in a single month—a rare enough occurrence, but even rarer when two occur in a single year, the way they do in 1999. To celebrate the second, on March 31, Drovers Tap Room will serve an appropriately thematic menu of specials, like blue-cheese fondue, blue-corn cakes with smoked trout and horseradish, moonshine barbecue spareribs, and, to drink, blue-moon shots. On the sound system: blues, of course. (9 Jones Street; 627-1233.)

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Merlot Bar & Grill—This wine-besotted restaurant near Lincoln Center offers a French-American menu that complements offerings from the 600-bottle cellar and features two-week-long vintner's dinners. Signature dishes include wild-mushroom strudel, jumbo lump crab cakes, and osso buco of monkfish. Also open for lunch and late-night dining. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

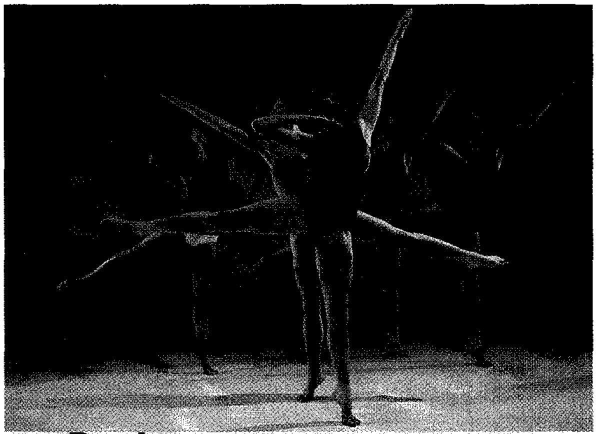
Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Timothy Bell.

in concert

Santa Fe Chamber Festival at the Met Museum



Previews
Dance Revival

When she talks about her work, Lucia Dlugoszewski can barely contain herself. The composer and longtime collaborator of her late husband, choreographer Erick Hawkins, is so effusive that it's hard to believe she's ever known a sad moment in her life. But when Hawkins died, in 1994, she was as close to hopeless as it gets; the Hawkins company was in bad financial shape and had recently lost its rehearsal space. "When Erick died, I wanted to die," she says, still with a trace of heartbreak. In 1997, due in large part to the inspiration and support of new company member Pascal Benichou, Dlugoszewski started choreographing for him, restoring her joie de vivre and rejuvenating a company that was in peril of turning into a shrine to the works of its founder. Two of her dances, including a solo for Benichou, will be premiered by The Erick Hawkins Dance Company this week as the final installment of the 92nd Street Y Harkness Dance Project (see "Dance"). Dlugoszewski says her work owes a great deal to Hawkins—and how could it not, after nearly 40 years of collaboration?—but it is clear that she and the company have changed course. "It's refreshing to be in a totally new place," she says, in a brief moment of calm reflection. "It healed my widowhood. I feel guilty because I'm enjoying it so much."

NICK MEYER

Classical Music

Tuesday, March 23

Cincinnati Pops—Performs symphonic arrangements of Ellington tunes, with choreography by Mercedes Ellington. Erich Kunzel, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $17–$65.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs Stravinsky's Violin Concerto and *Firebird* Suite, with violinist Hilary Hahn. Yuri Temirkanov, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 6:45; $14–$73.*

Thursday, March 25

National Symphony Orchestra—Performs the New York premieres of Bolcom's Symphony No. 6, Zwilich's *Images*, and Elgar/Payne's Symphony No. 3. With duo pianists Katia and Marielle Labèque. Leonard Slatkin, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $17–$65.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs Poulenc's *Les biches*, Saint-Saëns's Cello Concerto No. 1, and Holst's *The Planets*. With cellist Han-Na Chang and the Women of the Judith Clurman Chorale. Charles Dutoit, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $14–$73.*

Friday, March 26

Avner Arad and Albert Kim, Duo Pianos—Perform works by Schubert, Mozart, Brahms, and Dvorák. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18.*

National Symphony Orchestra—Performs the New York premiere of Corigliano's *A Dylan Thomas Trilogy*. Leonard Slatkin, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $17–$65.*

New York Philharmonic—See 3/25.

Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival—Performances of Haydn's Trio in G major; Dohnanyi's Serenade in C major; and Brahms's Quartet No. 1 in G minor. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave. (570-3949), at 8; $25.*

Saturday, March 27

New York Philharmonic—See 3/25.

Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival—Performances of works by Joachim, Strauss, Ullmann, and others. *Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave. (570-3949), at 8; $25.*

Sunday, March 28

Chamber Music Society—Performs Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*, Tavener's *To a Child Dancing in the Wind*, and Dvorák's String Quartet in G major. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5788), at 5; $25–$35.*

Garrick Ohlsson, Piano—Performs works by Beethoven and Liszt. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 2; $35.*

New England Symphonic Ensemble—Performs Easter portions of Handel's *Messiah*, with combined choruses. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $16–$68.*

New York Philharmonic Musicians—Bassist Eugene Levinson, pianist Gina Levinson, and violinist Gary Levinson perform works by Beethoven, Bottesini, Bruch, and others. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8:30; $32.*

Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden—Performs works by Rossini, Verdi, Strauss, and others. Sir Charles Mackerras, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $25–$47.*

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—Performs works by Han Yong, Ravel, Beethoven, and Mozart, with pianist Olli Mustonen. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Monday, March 29

András Schiff, Piano—Performs works by Schumann, Bach, and Beethoven. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $18–$70.*

Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden—Performs works by Bizet, Britten, Mozart, and others. Sir Charles Mackerras, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $25–$47.*

Ying String Quartet—Performs Mozart's String Quintet in G minor, with violist Lesley Robertson. Robert Kapilow, conductor. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $20.*

Opera

Amato Opera—Performs Verdi's *Un ballo in maschera*, 3/27 at 7:30 and 3/28 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $23.*

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Verdi's *Rigoletto*, 3/23 at 8 and 3/27 at 1:30; Verdi's *Aida*, 3/24 and 3/27 at 8; Puccini's *Tosca*, 3/25 at 8; and Tchaikovsky's *The Queen of Spades*, 3/26 at 8 and 3/29 at 7:30. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $25–$210.*

New York City Opera—Performs Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, 3/23 at 7:30 and 3/26 at 8; Beeson's *Lizzie Borden*, 3/24 at 8; a double bill of Ravel's *L'Heure espagnole* and *L'Enfant et les sortilèges*, 3/25 at 7:30 and 3/27 at 1:30; and Puccini's *La Bohème*, 3/27 at 8 and 3/28 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$90.*

Dance

The Erick Hawkins Dance Company—Performs three programs of new and repertory works, including the world premieres of Lucia Dlugoszewski's *Radical Ardent* and *Taking Time to Be Vulnerable*, and Hawkins's *Why Does a Man Dance* and *Last Love Duet* from "Each Time You Carry Me", with live music by Dlugoszewski, 3/23–3/25 and 3/27 at 8, and 3/28 at 5. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (996-1100 or 415-5553); $20.*

Shapiro & Smith Dance—Performs the world premieres of dance-theater works *Shtick* and *When We Last Spoke* and the New York premiere of *Notes From a Seance*, 3/23–3/26 at 8, 3/27 at 2 and 8, and 3/28 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $26.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

nightlife

Hill . . . Blur . . . Somnaut

Could you repeat the question? Radiohead's Thom Yorke (right) meets the press.

Opening Gee: Whiz

The real subject of Grant Gee's new film *Meeting People Is Easy* is not Radiohead—though the 94-minute documentary does trail the Oxford quintet through the frantic world tour that followed the 1997 release of their brilliant *OK Computer*. "I'm not a very good documentarian," admits Gee. "I don't like eavesdropping, and there are a lot of times I have to force myself to keep the camera rolling." Nor, despite its copious footage of a seemingly endless series of interviews (up to three per day, per band member), is the film even so much about the constant media frenzy that surrounded the twelve-month rock odyssey. The true focus is, in fact, architecture—specifically, the alienating structures that define the numb tedium of life on the road. A curving staircase in an Australian airport appears to float in the frame as singer Thom Yorke ascends it. The group's arrival in Berlin is signaled by a montage sequence of the Potsdamer Platz—still under construction, it's a portentous grid of rebar and mud. Such themes are, of course, a perfect complement to Radiohead's haunted musical epics. But they are also part of Gee's own master plan. "I want to make documentaries about urban development," says the 34-year-old filmmaker, who did postgraduate studies in "urban geography" before tiring of the academic treadmill. "I've always loved music, but I've never seen myself as someone who does music videos." Though he did direct the clip for Radiohead's "No Surprises," Gee *really* wants to create a television series "about the narratives behind stuff you see every day—the marks skateboarders leave on cities, for instance." The Brighton-based director has yet to drum up much interest in such a project—leaving him to ponder an alternate next move. "I'd like to find a way to do something about a band that doesn't involve lurking in corners," he muses. *Meeting People Is Easy* screens at the Angelika Film Center April 1 and 2, and it's out on home video May 4.

Ethan Smith

Concerts

The Allman Brothers Band—Though missing key bro (and lead guitarist) Duane since '71, the Allmans decided to regroup in 1989 to see what magic they could conjure in a Duaneless configuration. In what has now become an annual tradition, these tie-dyed shag-rock torchbearers take over the Upper West Side for a month, cranking out surprisingly lively renditions of their southern-rock classics. 3/22–3/27 at 8. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (307-7171). $35–$50.*

Blur—When these four London lads released their last, self-titled album, they were engaged in a vicious, ridiculous contest with Oasis for Brit-pop dominance. And while, commercially speaking at least, the Gallagher brothers' turgid bombast won out, Blur has now, with the release of *13*, convincingly proclaimed itself the more aesthetically innovative of the two. (Simultaneously, a conciliatory mood has overtaken singer Damon Albarn, who's called for an end to the rivalry.) A sprawling, ambitious record, *13* moves from a gospel-choir overhaul of "Give Peace a Chance" ("Tender") to fuzzed-out No-Wave rocker "Bugman" (whose refrain "I go out in the city" scans quite nicely with chord changes lifted from Bowie's "Suffragette City"), to the more straightforward Brit-pop pleasures of "Coffee & TV." With its wildly choppy production, courtesy of latter-day Eno figure William Orbit, and emotionally raw lyrics (the disc partially chronicles Albarn's breakup with Elastica's Justine Frischmann), *13* inspired a fair amount of hyperbole in the British press, where it's been labeled everything from "a gorgeous failure" to album of the decade. From an American perspective, the disc is an unquestionable triumph. The real question is, how will Albarn & Co. pull off this epic music live? This is their first show, anywhere, since the album's release, so we'll be the first to know. 3/30 at 8. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $15.*

Valerie Capers—Backed by a quartet, the Bronx-born singer-pianist performs works from her new album, *Wagner Takes the "A" Train*—as its title implies, a mix of motifs from *Der Ring des Nibelungen* and faves by Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk, and the Jazz Messengers. 3/24 at 8. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (307-7171). $32.*

Tommy Flanagan—Coming off two weeks at the Vanguard, the pianist should be in top form (as he always seems to be, anyway) for the last of Lincoln Center's Ellington-themed solo dates. 3/25–3/26 at 8. *Stanley Kaplan Penthouse, 165 W. 65th St. (721-6500). $40.*

Lauryn Hill—Even when a hip-hop album is great, even when it's *tremendous,* it rarely makes you hanker to hear it live. Those looped samples and pounding drum machines sound fine in your booming system—why suffer the inevitable disappointment of seeing the artist rap live over a taped backing track? Hill's *Miseducation of Lauryn Hill,* on top of being one of the best albums of last year, has the further distinction of making you want to see what she does with it in concert. Even her appropriation of the Doors' "Light My Fire" has enough tweaked wit to pique curiosity (will she really have that harpsichord on stage?). Furthermore, Hill's music has so much funky sensuality to it that it's impossible not to believe that this show will be one to tell the grandkids about. With freaked-out Atlanta rappers OutKast. 3/23–3/25 at 8. *Theater at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (307-7171). $48–$63.* 4/2 at 7:30. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark, New Jersey (888-GO-NJPAC). $35–$55.*

Abdullah Ibrahim; Ladysmith Black Mambazo—The "dean of South African jazz," pianist Ibrahim joins another internationally influential outfit from his nation, the giddy Afro-pop harmonists of Ladysmith Black Mambazo. 3/28 at 7. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $25–$40.*

Satoshi Inoue and Jim Hall—3/24 at 6:30. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5488). $15.*

Jay-Z—Adding fuel to the already heated speculation that the world's reserves of sample-ready pop songs are rapidly depleting, Jay-Z has turned a *Little Orphan Annie* chorus into a ubiquitous hip-hop hit. The undeniably charismatic rapper's all-star "Hard-Knock Life Tour" features fellow New

Photograph by Grant Gee.

Yorkers DMX, Method Man, and Redman. 3/28 at 8. *Nassau Coliseum, Uniondale, Long Island (212-307-7171). $25–$35.*

"Labor of Love: The Life of Sarah Vaughan"—Marlena Shaw, Andy Bey, Ronell Bey, Frank Foster, Loud Minority Band, Amiri Baraka, and Paquito D'Rivera. 3/27 at 8. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark, New Jersey (888-GO-NJPAC). $17–$44.*

Annbjorg Lien—The trad-Norwegian fiddle virtuoso, joined by fellow Scandinavians Vassen (from Sweden) and JPP (from Finland). 3/27 at 8. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $25–$30.*

"The Past Is Present"—By composer Jeffrey Schanzer with visuals by Noah Bogan and the singers Theo Bleckmann, Thomas Buckner, Isabelle Ganz, and Ilana Kochinska accompanied by the Sirius String Quartet with Margot Leverett and Kevin Norton. 3/25–3/27 at 8. (Free post-performance discussion on 3/25.) *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793). $15.*

The Roots—On their new *Things Fall Apart,* this Philly hip-hop collective gets away from the slightly acid-jazz feel of its earlier efforts and delves into meaty, abstract, and darkly inventive territory. Live, the band's secret weapon will undoubtedly remain rapper Rahzell, "the godfather of noise," whose virtuoso beatboxing puts even past masters the Fat Boys to shame. 3/26 at 8. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $19.50–$22.*

Sing Sing Rhythms—The Senegalese music and dance troupe. 3/26 at 8. *Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160). $15–$20.*

Slayer—Tom Araya and his gore-obsessed cohorts have been bearing the death-metal standard for over a decade and a half. The band's twin tastes for machine-precise riffing and bloody imagery must signify *something* about the ironies implicit in modern existence. But we're not sure what. With disciples Meshuggah, who offer many of the same pleasures as Slayer—plus a lot of ridiculous time signatures. 3/31 at 7:30. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $22.50.*

"A Tribute to Thelonious Monk"—Manhattan School of Music Jazz Orchestra with guest conductor Don Sickler. 3/23 at 8. *Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. (749-2802). $12–$15.*

"Women . . . And All That Jazz"—Presented by International Women in Jazz. Jazzberry Jam; Lenora Zanzalai Helm; Arlee Leonard; Linda Richter. 3/28 at 7:30. *Saint Peter's Lutheran Church, 619 Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (922-2010). $6–$12.*

Clubland

Baby Jupiter—3/26: Electronica trio Somnaut put on one of the most unusual—and engaging—shows in town. Apparently taking her cue from the science installments of *Schoolhouse Rock,* frontwoman Jane LeCroy is a nightclub Interplanet Janet, turning whale skeletons and deep-space probes into stunningly effective metaphors. Meanwhile, her knob-twiddling partner David Heagle tweaks fluttering drum-and-bass sounds, and video-maestro Aaron Harder literalizes LeCroy's vision into trippy, futuristic imagery and projects it over the performers. And dig that Cassini name-check. *170 Orchard St. (780-0287). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 3/26: Paul Ruderman; Gerald Blair. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—The Mercury Lounge's roomy new Lower East Side outpost, where up-and-comers can hone their big-room chops. 3/24: Kid Rock. 3/25: Perfecto; Paul Oakenfold; Dave Ralph. 3/27: Morphine. 3/29–3/30: Collective Soul. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

CBGB & OMFUG—3/26: Speedball Baby. 3/27: Tamara; Parker. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—3/27: With his unbelievably emotional—and gravelly—delivery, Otis Clay is an unsung heroes of Memphis soul. His "Trying to Live Without You" is a classic on the order of virtually anything Al, Ann, et al. ever recorded. 3/24: L'il Mama. 3/25: Todd Wolfe. 3/26: Milo Z. 3/29: Jimi Natale. 3/30: Seth Okrend. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Connolly's—Saturdays, Black 47 keeps up the Celtic pride. *14 East 47th St. (867-3767).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. Sundays: Jackie Beat's "Uptown Lady, Downtown Girl." *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—3/25–3/26: Having survived the hype that surrounded his fourth album, *XO,* Oregonian turned Brooklynite Elliott Smith can finally get back to the business of cranking out his preternaturally perceptive folk-pop ditties. Compared with Smith's usual sets—during which he sits on a stool, barely looking at the audience—his recent full-band performances have been triumphs of showmanship, complete with charging guitars, pounding drums, and all those other nasty rock-and-roll trappings. If such high jinks don't appeal (though Smith manages to make them remarkably suitable vehicles for his music), check out the solo-acoustic gig at the more intimate Westbeth Theater (listing below). With Jr. High. 3/27: Fuel; Virgos Merlot. 3/29–3/30: Stabbing Westward; Placebo; Flick. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The ever-expanding Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, four microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 3/22–3/24: Joe Lovano. 3/25: DJ Logic; Fat Mama. 3/26: Belizbeha. *74 Leonard St. (219-3055). $*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. Mondays: Craig Dreter & Friends. 3/23: Dave Keyes. 3/24: Mason Casey. 3/25–3/26: Hiram Bullock; Will Lee; Clint Deganon. 3/27: Dana Fuchs. 3/30: Shade Tree Mechanics. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—After a couple years' dormancy, New Jersey's (and perhaps the tri-state area's) finest rock club is back with a vengeance. 3/23: Mighty Blue Kings. 3/25: U.S. Chaos; Baby Drowsy; Antigone Rising. 3/26: The Gefkens; Kevin Gill. 3/27: Dan Bern; David Poe. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 3/23: Hazel O'Connor; Julia Darling. 3/25: Gigolo Aunts; Firewater. 3/26: Steve Wynn. 3/27: Versus. 3/30: Lotion. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

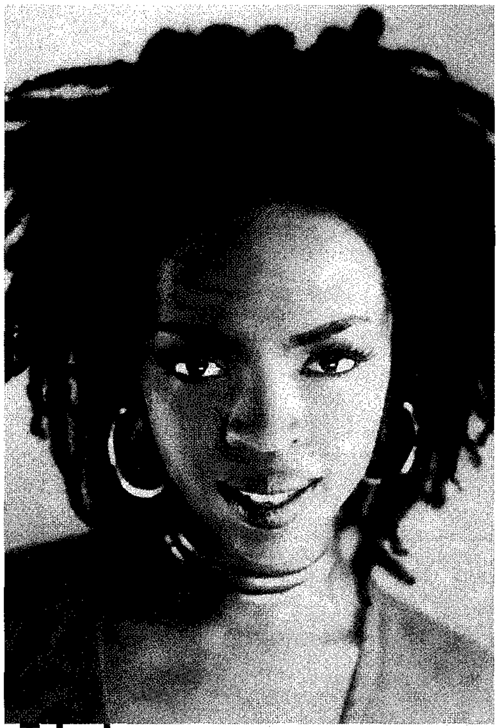
S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music, reggae, and soul-jazz venue, presenting acts that could fill stadia back home and local talent that might one day do the same here. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 3/22: Tipica 73. 3/23: Andrea Parker; D.J. Nicodemus. 3/24: On his new solo album, *The Ablist,* X-Ecutioners member D.J. Rob Swift chops beats and rhymes into a head-spinning bouillabaisse. Best refrain on the disc: "All that scratchin' is makin' me rich!" Local hip-hop outfit Dujeous supplies the head-bobbing atmospherics 3/25: "Philly Underground Hip-Hop Showcase." 3/29: Raul Paz. 3/30: Meditations. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Fridays and Saturdays at 8, the Supper Club's house big-band swings with abandon. 3/26: Zoot Suit Revue. 3/27: Zoot Suit Revue; Jumpin' Gigolos. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 3/23: Prince Paul; Stetsasonic; Big Daddy Kane. 3/26: Buffalo Tom. 3/27: Robert Earl Keen; Reckless Kelly. 3/28: Hepcat; Belmont Playboys. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Westbeth Theatre—3/27: Elliott Smith plays one for the die-hards: Unaccompanied, the virtuosic, channel-surfing troubador serves up his gorgeous folk-pop gems the way they were originally written. *151 Bank St. (691-2272).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. 3/23: Deadcenter; After Dark. 3/25: Free-Beer&Chicken; Jill Sobule; Derek Trucks. 3/26: Agents of Good Roots. 3/28–3/29: Col. Bruce Hampton; Bernie Worrell; David Fuicsynski. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244) $.*



Talent

Hill's Sweet Blues

Lauryn Hill spent the winter sweeping the critics' polls and year-end lists, plus the Grammys, with her lithe, funky, and utterly compelling 'Miseducation of Lauryn Hill.' Now, as spring approaches, the 23-year-old New Jerseyan's preparing her local debut as a leader. Supplying the bouncing clavinets, head-bobbing horns, and funked-out guitars will be a sixteen-piece band. Providing the syncretic soul of the show, of course, will be Hill herself—as poised and earthy a hip-hop icon as there's ever been. The Theater at Madison Square Garden, March 23 through 25; New Jersey Performing Arts Center, April 2 (see "Concerts").

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine south-

Photograph by Joseph Cultice.

ern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Tuesday, the Mingus Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. $15–$20 cover; $10 minimum. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 3/24: Ron Affif Trio. 3/25–3/27: Chico Hamilton; Euphoria; Joe Chambers Quintet. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 3/21: Eddie Palmieri Big Band. 3/30–4/4: "Congamania"; Ray Barretto; Poncho Sanchez Latin Jazz Band. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Flea Theatre—With the Jazz at the Flea series, the TriBeCa space presents some of the city's most adventurous players. Sets at 8; $10 cover. 3/22: Philip Johnston Duos. 3/23: Joel Forrester Solo. *41 White St. (226-0051).*

Iridium—In the cozy basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find some of the finest chow in jazzland, plus formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table-placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 3/23–3/28: Steve Turre & Regina Carter. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Jazz at Noon—East midtown's long-running, Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns for its thirty-third season, with the usual high-caliber house band. Noon–2:30 P.M. $5 cover. 3/26: Gene Bertoncini. *San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10, Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight, Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 3/25–3/28: Benny Green and Christian McBride Duo. 3/31–4/4: Ray Bryant Trio. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Roulette—A TriBeCa performance space featuring experimental and adventurous music—basically, a miniature Knitting Factory. Shows at 9. 3/25: Jens Brand. 3/26: Ulrich Kreiger. 3/27: Phoebe Legere. 3/28: Vernon Reid. *228 W. Broadway (219-8242). $8.*

Savoy Lounge—Nestled beneath the Port Authority Bus Terminal, this truly funky soul-jazz joint features sawdust on the floor, cheap beer in bottles, and a Hammond organ in the corner. $3–$7 cover; no minimum. *355 W. 41st. St. (947-5255). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 3/23–3/28: Wolfgang Muthspiel Trio. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, this hole-in-the-wall shares space with a beauty parlor and has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Chow down on bagels and lox at Sunday's Klezmer Brunch. 3/23–3/26: Medeski Martin & Wood. 3/27: Dougie Bowne, Arto Lindsay, Melvin Gibbs, and Marc Ribot. 3/28: P.G. Six; Voluntaries; Matt Valentine. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 3/30–4/11: Chucho Valdes Quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Performance

All the Good Numbers

Having touched off a flurry of debate in the British press with the release of their ambitious sixth album, *13*, Blur launch a U.S. tour at Roseland on March 30 (see "Concerts").

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8,10, and midnight. Jim Norton, DC Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson & Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 3/24: Stephen Lynch. 3/25–3/28: Tracy Morgan. 3/28–3/29: Mario Cantone. 3/31: Mike Robles. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Through 3/28: Wanda Sykes-Hall; Greg Giraldo; Vic Henley; Dave Attell; Tom Papa; Godfrey. 3/29–4/4: Carie Karavas; Jerry Diner; Jim Norton; Nancy Redman; Willie Asbury; Quentin Heggs. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 3/22–3/28: Justin McKinney; John Rizzo; Most Brothers; Nancy Redman; Willie Asbury; Paul Mercurio; Jim McCue *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 3/26–3/27: Tom Rhodes; Ted Alexandro; Angel Salazar. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30. Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:15. 3/26–3/27: Ted Alexandro; Mike Estime; William Stephenson; Joe Mulligan; Joe Matarese. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Upright Citizens Brigade Theater—New York's favorite sketch-comedy troupe, currently in production on their TV show's second season, now have a live theater to call home, too. Not shabby. UCB members perform four nights a week, with other comics taking up the little bit of slack left. All shows $5 or less; call for show times. *161 W. 22nd St. (366-9176). $.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (early shows Tues-Sat., late shows Fri. & Sat.). Through 4/10: Lainie Kazan. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—3/23–3/27: Betty Buckley. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Eighty-Eight's—3/24: "Aaron Lee Battle Sings Ellington" with Spider Soloff. 3/31: "Aaron Lee Battle Sings Ellington." *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

FireBird Café—Through 4/3: Steve Ross. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Laurie Beechman Theatre—3/27: Amanda Green's "Take It Like Amanda." Sets at 8; $15 cover; one-drink minimum. *407 W. 42 St. (695-6909).*

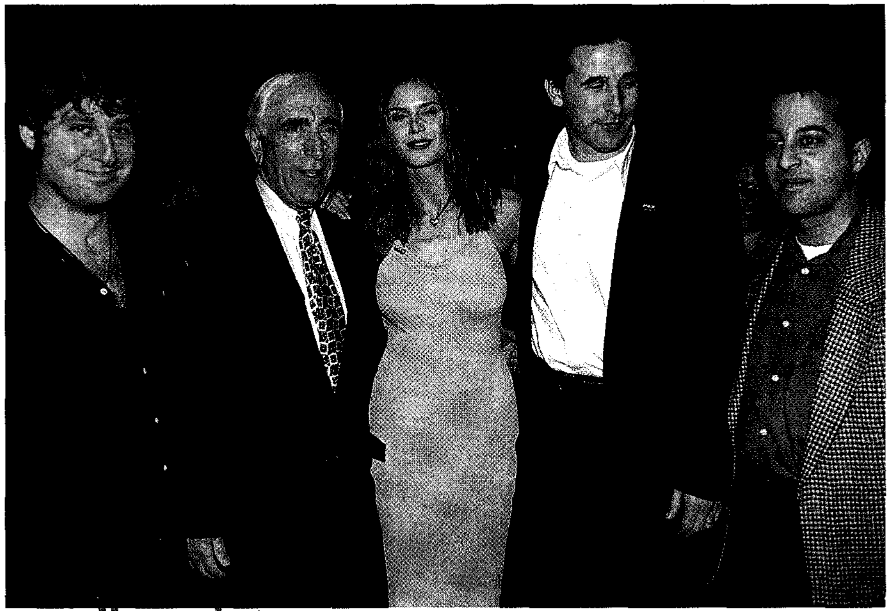
Sardi's—Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards and a little "down-home blues." No cover; $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Tatou—A swank midtown supper club, with dancing, dining, and a dress code. $20 cover; no minimum. 3/23: Jennifer Johnson; Velvet Groove. 3/25: Flipped Fedoras. 3/26: Peggy Cone and Central Park Stompers. 3/27: Vito Picone and the Elegants. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144).*

Photograph by Rankin.

the mix

Tipper Gore...E.L. Doctorow



Happening

Night of the Shooting Stars

When Matt Gross (pictured, left) was shot and injured two years ago on top of the Empire State Building, his brother, Daniel, took it upon himself to start PAX, an organization working to end gun violence. Senator Frank Lautenberg, Heidi Klum, Billy Baldwin (pictured here, from left to right, with PAX board member Bob Mitchell), and Leo DiCaprio (picture him in your head) took it upon themselves to show up for last year's PAX Benefit. This year, join a fresh batch of stars and rock out to the music of Blackalicious and Better Than Ezra on March 27 from 8 P.M. to 3 A.M. at the Roseland Ballroom. Call 803-5490 for tickets.

John Leonard's TV Notes

Beyond Black and White: Affirmative Action in America (3/23; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13), a Fred Friendly Seminar, is one of those roundtables where everybody from Ann Lewis in the White House to Tamar Jacoby at the Manhattan Institute reaches an adjournment of minds while being cross-examined on hypothetical cases by Harvard Law's Charles Ogletree. What these deliberations really need is a poet or two and maybe a fire-breathing prophet like Amos.

The Devil's Arithmetic (3/28; 8 to 9:35 P.M.; Showtime) is a nicely accomplished adaptation of Jane Yolen's novel in which an all-American teenager and New Rochelle mall-rat secular chick (Kirsten Dunst), upon opening the door for Elijah at a Seder in the house of her favorite aunt (Louise Fletcher), discovers herself at Auschwitz, reliving her aunt's past and maybe not entirely helpless to repair the future in some small way. With Mimi Rogers, Paul Freeman, Shelly Skandrani, Daniel Brocklebank, and the always wonderful Brittany Murphy.

Fatal Error (3/28; 8 to 10 P.M.; TBS), the superstation's first original movie, pits Antonio Sabato Jr., a doctor with some attitude, and Janine Turner, an Army field agent with even more such attitude, against media tycoon Robert Wagner, various nutcase scientists in his deplorable employ, and a computer virus so evolved that it attacks human beings from their TV sets and their ATM machines, eating through their optic nerves and calcifying their brains and other vital organs. Not the Janine we remember and cherish as Maggie in *Northern Exposure,* but nonetheless a passable variation on the cyberthriller and pandemic themes.

Holy Joe (3/28; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) stars John Ritter as an Episcopal priest and volunteer fireman who may or may not have experienced a genuine miracle while saving the child of Mexican vineyard workers from engulfing flames, but anyway finds his marriage (to Meredith Baxter), his fatherhood (sexy daughter, rebellious son), and his calling (should he move to a fancier church, with a richer congregation?) all called into question, between odd references to both Norman Mailer and Thomas Pynchon. Must everybody on this network be touched by an angel?

Mutiny (3/28; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) docudramatizes the shameful treatment of black men in the still-segregated U.S. Navy during World War II, who stopped loading munitions ships to meet punishing quotas established by white officers to bet on after one of those ships exploded in 1944, killing more than 300. Michael Jai White, David Ramsey, and Duane Martin are among the abused; Adrian Pasdar and James B. Sikking for and against them at the court-martial; and Joe Morton as Thurgood Marshall, who helped them escape even if they haven't, to this day, been exonerated. Sharp, edgy material; strong acting.

Intimate Portrait: Bella Abzug (3/28; 11 P.M. to midnight; Lifetime) observes the first anniversary of her death with a loving documentary from Lee Grant, with tough stuff from Bella and wonderfully soft words of remembrance from such feminist friends as Gloria Steinem, Lily Tomlin, Marlo Thomas, and Shirley MacLaine. We are reminded as well of a very good marriage. If it makes you nostalgic for social justice, it also ought to make you angry.

Radio Highlights

The New York Festival of Song—3/24 at 7 P.M.: The first of the series, hosted by Jamie Bernstein-Thomas, daughter of Leonard Bernstein. This segment is a celebration of the work of Gershwin. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Susan Cheever and Brian Greene—3/27 at 10 P.M.: Host Casper Citron talks with the authors of *Note Found in a Bottle* and *The Elegant Universe,* respectively. WOR, 710 AM.

Simon Jacobson—3/28 at 6 P.M.: Rabbi Simon Jacobson, author of the best-seller *Toward a Meaningful Life,* talks with Mike Feder about the big questions: Why do good people suffer? Who needs God? Is religion superstition? WEVD-NY, 1050 AM.

Lost & Found Sound—Fridays at 4 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM, and at 5 P.M. on WNYC, 93.9 FM: A collection of stories that explores the art and history of recorded sound and creates an audio portrait of the twentieth century by incorporating rare recordings, audio artifacts, and the stories of people whose lives were altered by sound, among them Tony Schwartz, record producer Sam Phillips, playwright Norman Corwin, *Mir* cosmonaut Sergei Krikalev, guitarist Les Paul, the women of all-girl radio station WHER, and hi-fi whiz Emory Cook. Call the 24-hour Quest for Sound Hotline at 202-408-0300 with your suggestions and audio heirlooms for possible inclusion.

Everything Old Is New Again and Jazz Sampler—Sunday nights at 9 P.M. and 11 P.M.: The music of Broadway, Hollywood, and Tin Pan Alley, from Ira Gershwin to Cole Porter. Then stay tuned for the best of jazz with host Bill Farrar. Both of these programs are intended to embrace the listeners who've lost their beloved WQEW to the hands of Disney. WBAI, 99.5 FM.

The Written Word

Jerome Loving—3/23 at 7:30 P.M.: The author of *Walt Whitman: The Song of Himself* will be joined by David Reynolds and others for a discussion of

Photograph by Patrick McMullan.

Whitman's life and work. Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Joan Morgan—3/23 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *When Chickenheads Come Home to Roost: My Life as a Hip-hop Feminist.* Barnes & Noble Brooklyn, 267 Seventh Ave., Park Slope (718-832-9066); free.

Loida Maritza Pérez—Reading from *Geographies of Home.* 3/24 at 7:30: Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (420-1322); free; 3/27 at 6:30: N'Kiru Books, 76 Saint Marks Ave., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-783-6306); free.

Ben Katchor—3/24 at 7:30 P.M.: Will talk about "Graven Images in the Popular Yiddish Press" as part of the "Bad Jews" reading series. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); free.

"What's in a Name?"—3/24 at 6:30 P.M.: Readings by Alec Baldwin, Jerry Orbach, and Lillo Way from Charles Dickinson's "Bill Boston," Josip Novakovich's "A Whale's Throat," and Maureen Stanton's "Nijinsky," respectively. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); $17.

Charles Simic and Charles Wright—3/24 at 7 P.M.: The poets read from their work, including new poems from Simic's forthcoming book *Jackstraws.* NYU's Vanderbilt Hall, 40 Washington Square South (998-8816); free.

Burning Girls—3/24 at 8 P.M.: Jill Ciment reads from *Teeth of the Dog,* Ben Neihart reads from *Burning Girl,* and Julie Regan reads new work. The National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South (592-4648); free; wear a jacket.

E. L. Doctorow, Sharon Olds, Edna O'Brien, Cornelius Eady—3/26 at 7 P.M.: Ambassador Jean Kennedy Smith will be honored at this evening of readings to benefit NYU/Goldwater Memorial Hospital Writing Project, which provides writing classes to a 900-bed hospital for the severely physically challenged. Hemmerdinger Hall, 100 Washington Square East (998-8816); $25–$1,000.

Legs McNeil and Gillian McCain—3/26 at 10:30 P.M.: The authors read from *Inappropriate Behavior: The Uncensored Oral History of the Adult Film Industry* by McNeil, and *Please Kill Me: The Uncensored Oral History of Punk* by McNeil and McCain. Poetry Project/St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $7.

Kevin Baker—3/27 at 4 P.M.: Reading from *Dreamland.* Housing Works Used Book Cafe, 126 Crosby St. (334-3324); free.

Lectures and Panels

"America's Wake-Up Call: 47 Years With *Today*"—3/23 at 6 P.M.: Join the whole gang—Katie Couric, Ann Curry, Matt Lauer, Al Roker, and Jeff Zucker—for a symposium. The Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $10.

Cokie Roberts—3/23 at 2 P.M.: The chief congressional analyst for ABC News and author of *We Are Our Mother's Daughters* explores the historic roles of women in America. College of Mount Saint Vincent's Cardinal Hayes Auditorium, 6301 Riverdale Ave., the Bronx (718-405-3345); free.

"Line as Pure Event"—3/23 at 6 P.M.: AZ lecture by Norman Bryson, author of *Word and Image: French Painting of the Ancient Regime.* Wollman Auditorium, Cooper Union, 51 Astor Pl. (353-4220); free.

"The Business of Entertainment: The Big Picture"—3/24 at 8:30 A.M.: Hear all about it from Bill Gates, Mel Karmazin, William E. Kennard, and Gerald Levin. The Plaza Hotel (492-6082); $850.

"Poe and the New American Literature"—3/24 at 1 P.M.: Christine Helson, curator of literary and historical manuscripts, will lecture. The Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); $5.

"So You Want to Run for Office?"—3/25 at 6 P.M.: Ed Koch tells you what it's like to be and become a public servant, with help from Victor Kovner, chair, New York State Clinton-Gore '96; Luis Mirada, field director, New York State Democratic Coordinated Campaign '98; and Lisa Linden, public-relations consultant, Linden Alschuler & Kaplan. NYU's Lipton Hall, 108 W. 3rd St. (998-7434); free.

"Making a Garden"—3/25 at 6:30 P.M.: David Culp of Sunny Borders Nursery in Connecticut discusses using unusual plants in a traditional setting. Hunter College School of Social Work, 129 E. 79th St. (718-549-3200, ext. 220); $12.

"*Barbie Nation: An Unauthorized Tour*"—3/25 at 6 P.M.: Susan Stern presents and discusses her film, on the occasion of Barbie's 40th birthday. Donnell Media Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0609); free.

"American Memoir"—3/28 at 3 P.M.: Jay Parini moderates a discussion among Erica Jong, Gay Talese, and others, in conjunction with the publication of *The Norton Book of American Autobiography.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Benefits

29th Annual National Salute to Black Achievers in Industry—3/25: Tipper Gore will give the keynote address at this event to honor 100 top African-American executives from Fortune 500 companies. Proceeds go to the YMCA's Jackie Robinson Youth Center. The Sheraton New York Hotel and Towers, 811 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (281-4100, ext. 201); $200–$5,000.

Events

Arts of Pacific Asia—3/24–3/28: Seventy of the world's best dealers of Asian textiles and antiques. 69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 26th St. (683-2434); $8–$20.

The Haughton International Asian Art Fair—3/25–3/30: Sixty-one exhibitors from China, Taiwan, Japan, Singapore, India, and Southeast Asia. Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. (327-9235); $15.

The 1999 New York International Orchid Show—3/25–3/28: The second-largest orchid show in the world, with two indoor acres of orchids from the U.S., Brazil, Peru, Columbia, Ecuador, England, Scotland, Italy, France, Taiwan, and Japan. Sixty judges from the American Orchid Society and the Garden Club of America will assess the plants on Wednesday, March 24. World Financial Center Winter Garden, West St. bet. Vesey and Liberty Sts. (201-767-0621); free.

25th Anniversary Macy's Flower Show—3/27–4/3: 30,000 varieties of flowers, plants, and trees from around the globe. Tour the South American Garden with its subtropical flowers; the Alpine Garden with its pines, mosses, and edelweiss; the orchid-filled Southeast Asian Garden; and more. Macy's Herald Square, 34th St. and Broadway (494-4495); free.

1999 Poetry Publication Showcase—3/27–4/30: A thousand new poetry books showcased by Poets House, along with readings, discussions, and workshops. 72 Spring St. (431-7920); free.

Small Press Book Fair—3/27 and 3/28: Some 200 small publishers offer readings, book-making demonstrations, great prices, and snacks. General Society Library, 20 W. 44th St. (764-7021); free.

Botanical Book Fair—3/28 at 10 A.M.: Pre-owned books on gardening, the environment, herbs, landscaping, and other plant-related topics. Proceeds to support the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Donations sought! The Rotunda, 1000 Washington Ave., Brooklyn (718-622-4433).

Tours

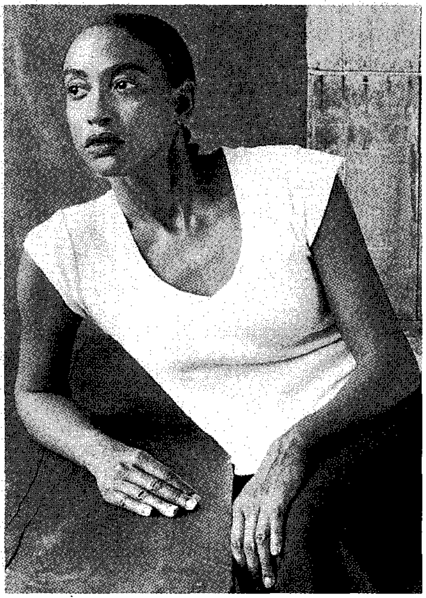
"Gotham City Ghost Tour"—3/27 at 1 P.M.: Investigate the infamous and the macabre in Greenwich Village. Stops include the cemetery at St. Mark's Church; the "hanging elm," a nineteenth-century public execution site; and the burial grounds at Washington Square Park. Call 465-3331 for reservations and meeting place; $12.

"More Teeming Than Bombay"—3/28 at 1 P.M.: A tour of the old Jewish East Side, which began as two

In Print

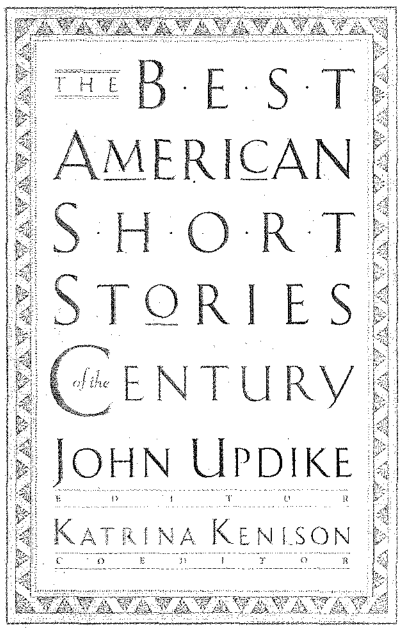
Crazy Love

Loida Maritza Pérez is preoccupied by "the difference between intuition and insanity." She has had what she can only call premonitions; a murder was committed in a house she once lived in at Cornell, and on the night of the crime, Pérez says she had an overwhelming sense that something awful would happen to her if she went home. Her first novel, *Geographies of Home,* traces the chaotic workings of a Brooklyn Dominican family constantly moving back and forth between perceptive and just plain nuts. "I heard a news story once in Chicago about a woman arrested for living with her two dead sisters; one had been dead for two years, the other for four," Pérez says. "Everyone was talking about how horrifying this woman's life was, but all I could think about were the years when *two* of them were alive, after the first sister died. So that's the kind of thing that inspires me—these fascinating familial dependencies and strategies for coping with loneliness." Pérez is already working on a second novel, about revolution and crisis within the Dominican Republic. "To deal with horrible times, nationally or in a family, you have to mythicize them," she says. "I do think something specific to Hispanic culture is accepting extremes." Pérez recently visited Latin America for the second time in her life. "Even weatherwise, everything is extreme there," she says. "It alters your sense of reality." She will be at Barnes & Noble Astor Place on March 24 and at N'Kiru Books in Park Slope on March 27. See "The Written Word" for details. ARIEL LEVY



Photograph by Marion Ettlinger.

In Print **Unfortunately, Hemingway, Faulkner, and Nabokov aren't around to read from their contributions to *The Best American Short Stories of the Century,* but Gish Jen and Carolyn Ferrell will read you theirs on March 30 at 12:30 P.M. at Barnes & Noble Union Square.**



estates in the eighteenth century and was home to more than half a million Jews by 1910. Stops include the clothing shops of Orchard Street, the Forward Building, the Eldridge Street Synagogue, and the Educational Alliance settlement house. Meet at Straus Square at the intersection of Canal and Essex Sts. and East Broadway (242-5762); $12.

"Unsolved Mysteries"—3/28 at 1 P.M.: Explore midtown's most notorious scenes of murder and foul play. Stops include sites associated with the deaths of Nelson Rockefeller, actor Gig Young, and Arnold Rothstein, who fixed the 1919 World Series. Call 465-3331 for info and meeting place; $12.

"Pre-Passover Walking and Eating Tour"—3/28 at 1:30 P.M.: Eat your way across the Lower East Side with the Eldridge Street Project. Visit Streit's Matzoh Factory and Schapiro's Wines, as well as neighborhood landmarks like the cafés, synagogues, bathhouses, and community centers where Jewish East Siders used to gather. Meet at the Eldridge Street Synagogue, 12 Eldridge St. (978-8800); $18.

"Harlem Gospel Walking Tour"—Sundays at 10 A.M.: Learn about the area and visit a gospel church service. Call 718-204-5133 for meeting place and reservations; $15.

The Mystical World of Hasidim—Sundays at 9:30 A.M.: A round-trip bus and walking tour during which you'll experience a Hasidic synagogue, the writing of a Torah scroll, a library, and a kosher-deli lunch. Meet at the New York Public Library, 42nd St. and Fifth Ave. (800-838-TOUR); $36.

Foods of New York—A tour of the restaurants and specialty food shops of Greenwich Village and SoHo. Call 732-636-4650 for dates and additional information; $20.

Metropolitan Opera Backstage—Weekdays at 3:45 P.M. and Saturdays at 10 A.M.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call 769-7020 for reservations and times; $8.

Exhibitions

"No 'Pryor' Restraint: Richard Pryor's Comedy on Television"—Through 4/29: A screening of his appearances on *The Lily Tomlin Show, Saturday Night Live, The Mike Douglas Show, The Kraft Summer Music Hall,* and Pryor's 1977 *The Richard Pryor Special?,* at the Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $3–$6.

"Treasures From the Libraries of the National Trust"—Through 4/17: Seven centuries of extraordinary books, manuscripts, incunabula, fine bindings, and beautifully illustrated books. The Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. (838-6690); free.

"Secrets of a Beautiful Face"—Through 4/11: An exhibition exploring developments in grooming products and conceptions of beauty for men and women during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries through advertisements and packaging, mirrors and dressing tables. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $3–$5.

"*Bar Mitzvah*: David Mamet and Donald Sultan"—Through 6/6: Twenty drawings by Sultan accompanied by Mamet's text, from their new book. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3271); $8.

"Seinfeld's Diner"—Through 8/1: The set of the famous diner frequented by Jerry, Kramer, Elaine, and George is on display along with props and costumes. American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077); $4.50–$8.50.

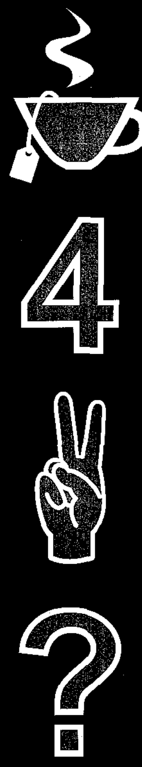
Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website each weekday. This week: Follow women through American history; click through the reincarnation of Byte.com; join the independent-film revolution with *IF* magazine; read entire books online for free (or publish your own); and dig up a deal in someone else's lost luggage. And while you're visiting us at www.nymag.com, stick around and check out all our other great features, like selected articles from the current issue, extensive archives, and an expanded "Cue" section, plus Web exclusives like daily event picks from Jane Blake, "First Words" for bibliophiles, our helpful Subscriber Service Center, and daily New York trivia.

GAME WEEK

HOME ▨ AWAY ▨

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
KNICKS	ATL MSG 8PM		SAC MSG 10:30PM		PHO MSG 8PM		LAL NBC 6:30PM
NETS	TOR FSNY 7:30PM		DET FSNY 7:30PM		IND FSNY 7:30PM	CLE FSNY 8PM	
RANGERS	TB METRO 7PM		FLA MSG 7:30PM			PHI MSG 1PM	
ISLANDERS			CAR METRO 7PM			OTT MSG 1PM	
DEVILS		BUF FSNY 7:30PM		PIT FSNY 7:30PM		CHI FSNY 1PM	FLA FSNY 6PM
	3/22	3/23	3/24	3/25	3/26	3/27	3/28



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kids

Blues...Opera...Boogie-woogie

Children's Events

Swingtime—Focusing on the Harlem Renaissance, "Swingin' in Time," with the Savoy Swingers (see photo), looks at Ella as a bandleader and at poetry by Langston Hughes. Reservations are recommended. **CONTEXT MUSIC STUDIO**, 28 Ave. A (bet. 2nd and 3rd Sts.; 718-963-2081); $10 for adults, $5 for children; special packages for families are available, with a maximum ticket price of $25 per family. ●

Sight Gags—Laughter frequently drowns out the live piano accompaniment at the monthly "Silent Clowns Film Series." This week, "The Charlie Chaplin Jamboree" screens five of his funniest. 3/27 at 1 and 3:30. **78TH STREET THEATER LAB**, 236 W. 78th St. (969-0968); $9, for adults, $5 for children. ●

Egg Heads—Sofika Zielyk brings the ancient Ukrainian *pysanka* method of decorating eggs to the **QUEENS BOTANIC GARDEN**, in a workshop for kids ages 3 to 12. Mar. 27 at 2:30. Space is limited. 43-50 Main St., Queens (718-886-3800); $2. ●

Philemon & Baucis—A short opera that Franz Joseph Haydn whipped up in a hurry, to greet a royal visitor in 1773, is staged by Obie-award-winning puppet artist Barbara Pollitt in collaboration with the Orchestra of St. Luke's. The 50-minute tale incorporates masks (which prove useful for gods who sometimes want to disguise themselves as people), shadow puppets, multiple screen projections, and dancers. For ages 6 and up. 3/28 at 2. **92ND ST. Y**, at Lexington Ave. and 92nd St. (996-1100); $5. ●

Blood and Guts—Pick a scab, compare heartbeats, and squirt digestive juices at the food, all at "Body Odyssey," an informative new exhibit that affords visitors a chance to romp through their innards. The **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN**, 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). Admission is $5, $2.50 for seniors.

Acting Out—Local laugh-riot Silly Billy twists together balloon costumes to help kids in the audience get into character for roles in fractured fairy tales. For children ages 3 and up. **CAROLINES KIDS KLUB** (a.k.a. Carolines Comedy Club), 3/27, 3/28 at 2. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100); $12. Reservations required. ●

By the Book—The prophet is depicted as a rebellious adolescent, searching for his roots in Pharaoh's court, in the Poppy Seed Players' musical comedy *Young Moses*—for families with children ages 4 to 12. 3/28 at 11. Elaine Kaufman Cultural Center, at the **MERKIN CONCERT HALL**, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). Tickets are $10.

Ring a Round—The visual climax of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus this year is the elaborately choreographed "World's Only Living Carousel," incorporating 200 two- and four-legged mammals in a lavish moving tableau. Arrive an hour early for a chance to fool around in the sawdust with the clowns. 3/16 to 3/22, **NASSAU COLISEUM**; 3/26 to 4/11, **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (307-7171 or www.Ringling.com). Tickets are $10.50 to $42.50.

Ain't Nothing but the Blues—In a rich musical journey through folk songs performed on scrub boards, on to slick renditions of megahits like "You Put a Spell on Me," Crossroads Theatre Company chronicles how the blues moved from humble origins to worldwide influence. 3/26 through 4/11. **NEW VICTORY THEATER**, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10. ●

Spontaneous Combustion—"Theatresports" gives audiences—over about 5—a chance to see plays made up before their eyes by the quick-witted **FREESTYLE REP**. Through 4/4. 341 W. 44th St. (642-8202); $15.

Small Stages—Weekends-only productions just for families include *The Tale of Aladdin and the Magic Lamp* (at 1:30) and *Alice in Wonderland* (at 3:30) at **MISS MAJESTY'S LOLLIPOP PLAYHOUSE**, where the house specialty is participatory comedies that riff on well-known tales. At its new, second theater, see *Snow White and the Seven Dwarves* (at 2) and *King Arthur's Enchanted Sword* (at 4). The original theater is at 39 Grove St. **MISS MAJESTY'S LOLLIPOP PLAYHOUSE TOO!** is located at the Gene Frankel Theater Workshop, 24 Bond St. (call 741-6436 for either one); reservations are required; $8. Singer-puppeteer Susan Delery Whedon presents *Puff the Magic Dragon* (at noon) and *Peter and the Wolf* (at 2:30) at the **PAPAGENO PUPPET THEATER**, 462 Columbus Ave., between 82nd and 83rd St. (874-3297); $5.

Royalty—A sophisticated musical puppet production of Oscar Wilde's bittersweet *The Happy Prince*. Through 4/4 at **W. SCOTT MCLUCAS THEATER**, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737); $18 for adults, $12 for children under 12.

Plucky Orphan—A 12-year-old waif disguises herself as a boy, escapes the orphanage, and joins a flea circus in Victorian England in a family opera with all the elements of a good story. Based on *Little Kit, or the Industrious Flea Circus Girl*, by Emily Arnold McCully, the play, called simply *Little Kit*, has a musical score by Charles Greenberg. Recommended for children over 4. Through 3/28. **TRIBECA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER**, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510); $13 for adults, $8 for kids under 13. ●

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

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Happening

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I don't want to come back and see you all doing the same old thing," Norma Miller—one of Whitey's Lindy Hoppers, now in her seventies—told protégée Mickey Davidson before moving to Las Vegas a few years ago. So "it's partly for fear Norma would come back and tell us off," says Davidson, that "Swingin' in Time: A Day at the Savoy Ballroom During the Harlem Renaissance," keeps changing. "It's jazz, and jazz has to stay alive." Davidson, a faculty member at Wesleyan University, regularly choreographs and dances at cultural institutions and schools around the city. To help allow parents to bring their kids to live events "without breaking the bank," Mickey D—as she is known in her Lower East Side neighborhood of 24 years—also likes to put on moderately priced afternoon dance concerts. At performances on Sunday afternoon this week, the Savoy Swingers, which include Davidson, will lindy-hop, jazz, and tap-dance to tunes like Count Basie's "April in Paris," performed by the Frank Owens Trio. Norma Miller will be back in town next month—taking time off from a dual career as a stand-up comedian and screenwriter—to put together a tribute to Ella Fitzgerald at the Apollo Theater, scheduled for June. Davidson admits to some anxiety about what "the queen" will think of her current work: "Well, she's very truthful, so there's always that level of anticipation." March 27 at 1 and 3; see Children's Events for details. BARBARA ENSOR

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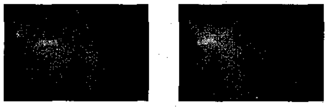

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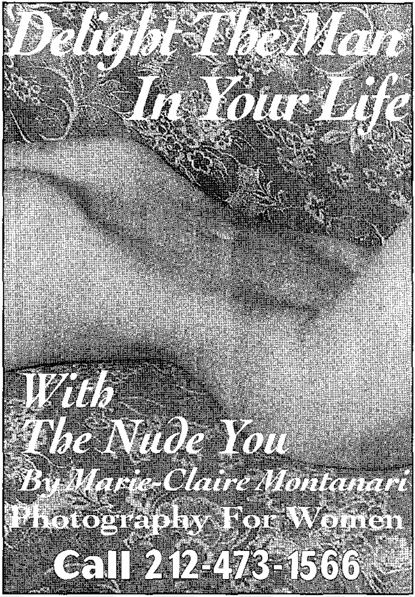

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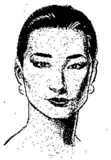

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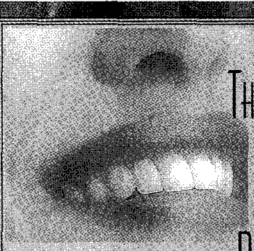

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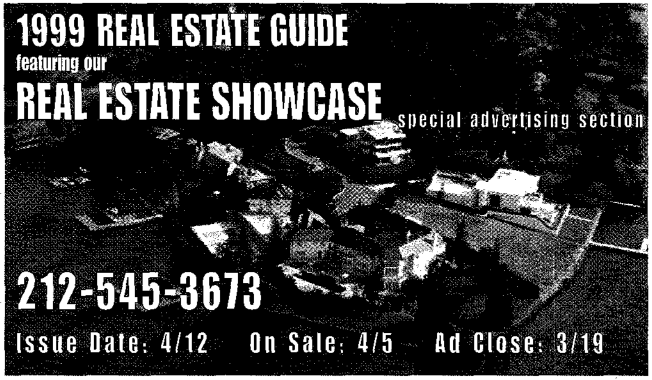
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Jump Start Your Heart!—With a dynamic, cerebral CEO/inventor, a warm, old-fashioned romantic with good looks, 5'10", lean, 43, funny, passion for life, travel, fun, fitness. Seeks bright, sweet woman under 37 for incredible romance/life. Phone/photo necessary. 7678 ✉ ☎

Complete Package—41, handsomely sexy, incredible physique, successful, sincere, honest, energetic, with style and substance, looking for an alluring, exotic woman, 28-35, with similar characteristics. Please, alluring and exotic. Photo and note a must. XOXO. 7605 ✉

Mommies—Successful, Wall St lawyer, fit, Jersey Shore dad, with hair, straight teeth and good shoes, Ivy, 40, 6', nonsmoker; seeks fit, pretty, single mom with younger children. Note/photo. 7698 ✉ ☎

Seeking Best Friend And Romance—40, successful entrepreneur, in-shape, down-to-earth, great sense of humor with many interests. Seeks attractive, fit, fun-loving woman, 20s-30s, for friendship, dining out, theater, dancing, etc. Possible long term relationship. Note/phone/photo please. 7619 ✉ ☎

Handsome And Cerebral Physician—45, Jewish, 6', athletic, literate and altruistic, seeks compatible woman for laughter, sharing and beyond. A thousand words is better than a picture, your choice. 7556 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Slim Woman With Cachet—Seeks an affair with a sensuous, Sinatra-sexy man, 50 plus, good heart, mind, body. Golf, tennis, travel, help. 7651 ✉ ☎

Ensnare Me—Attractive, single Jewish man, 40, Anne Rice fan, cultured, literary, romantic and playful, seeks to abandon the pedestrian and explore the esoteric with a strong-willed woman, average to Rubenesque, who will literally captivate me with her charms. Can dance if forced to. Seeking friend, lover, captress - in any combination. 7535 ✉ ☎

Please Skip This Ad—If you're not that rare, 38-45, elegant, upscale, sweet lady with class, looks, brains. I'm successful, handsome, fit, 5'9", discriminating Jewish man of quality and character. Must be open to warmth, honesty, caring, humor and the finer things. Note/photo. 7689 ✉

New Years Resolution—Is to find Ms. Right and marry her. I'm a highly motivated, successful professional with dual businesses. I consider myself a Renaissance man with interests in the arts, theater, music and dance. I love to dance. I'm very athletic - ski, walk and swim. I'm spiritual and have a great joie de vivre that I'd like to share with you. I'm a handsome 50ish (look 40ish and feel 30ish), 5'7". Live in NJ and enjoy NYC. If you're beautiful, slim, athletic, 30s-40s and ready for a lasting relationship - current photo/note/phone a must. 7528 ✉ ☎

Make My Day—Answer my ad! Me: 46, Jewish, very attractive, sensual, great personality, Victoria Principal type. You: financially and emotionally secure, loving, generous. 45-55. Note/photo. 7595 ✉

Marry Me, Fly Free—Beautiful blond flight attendant, slim, 42, seeks love with financially secure, sweet man. 7686 ✉ ☎

Upbeat, Surgeon/Inventor—A communicative, handsome, passionate, really nice guy, affectionate, 5'10", muscular, 43, much humor, zest for life - travel, fitness, fun, seeks vivacious, sweet woman, under 38, for an incredible romance, life. Phone/photo a must. 7577 ✉ ☎

Asian Beauty Sought - 25-35—By handsome, successful CEO, 40 - homes in NY/East Hampton - for sincere relationship. Note/photo. 7632 ✉

Athletic, Ambitious—Single, white Christian male. Very well-educated business owner, easygoing demeanor. Age 45, young-looking (honest), full head of hair, 6'1", very fit 190 lbs. Interests include great restaurants, comedy, occasional travel, Yankees, much more. Seeks emotionally secure white Christian female, age 28-42, with some mutual interests and some differences. Long Island or Queens preferred. Please send note and photo. 7674 ✉

Down-To-Earth, Handsome, Trim—Single Jewish male, health professional, 42 warmhearted, humorously dry and very stable with an old soul. Seeks slender, trim, single Jewish female, 32-39, family-minded, mature, grounded, and outdoorsy, to share life and love with.7616✉☎

Very Pretty, Blue-Eyed Blond MD—5'8", 120, Jewish Manhattanite with many fine qualities - seeks a special man, 40 or over, for love and marriage. 7690 ✉ ☎

Your Prince Awaits You—Good-looking, great sense of humor, heart of gold, sensitive, successful, athletic, 45, white male, 5'11", 170 lbs. Searching for my soul mate who is 35-40, down-to-earth, beautiful inside and out, sincere, emotionally available, health conscious, and dog lover. You enjoy Knicks games, music, movies, traveling, exercising, biking, walks in the park, Barney Greengrass, Woody Allen, and Stern in the morning. Race not an issue. Spontaneity a must. Note/photo a must. 7643 ✉

Great Guy Seeks Incredible Woman—Very successful, Ivy-educated physician, fun, extremely athletic, energetic, passionate, quick-witted, attractive (6'), very fit white male, late 30s, seeks single female, 24-38, for possible long term romance. Loves world traveling, great food, sports, music and art. Will take you from black ties to black beaches. Must send returnable photograph. 7551 ✉ ☎

Male Hotel Owner—40s, seeks relocatable female. Residences in FL/NY. 7543✉☎

Unique Lady's Top Ten List—I'm pretty, warm, active, special, fun, fit, smart, ad exec who lives NYC/Woodstock. 7628 ✉ ☎

City/Country Girl—Successful NY arts professional, mixes culture with wilderness peace (and loves the spirituality of both). Petite, pretty, joyful, adventurous, introspective, idealistic. Loves to read, world travel, garden, x-country ski, old-fashioned values, simplicity. I am glowing 43, you, a man close in age and spirit. No photo, just sincere note please. 7603 ✉ ☎

Charming, Good-Looking—Divorced businessman, seeking good-looking female, 40-50, sense of humor, for good times. Let's meet for a drink. Recent photo please. 7692 ✉

Nice Guy/Bad Boy—Seeks good girl/bad girl. Handsome, successful ad exec, 43, seeks beauty with brains, 35-40 for fun and committed relationship. Photo a must. 7648 ✉ ☎

Above Average Male, PhD, 60—Passionate about great legs, wishes to marry trim female, 30-40s, who loves Lincoln Center and travel. Photo/letter. 7644 ✉

Very Attractive, Fun, Warm—Single mother of a beautiful two year-old girl adopted from China. I'm a professional woman, divorced, 50, with lots of integrity and a real passion for life. Tall (5'7"), in very good shape, with blond hair and blue eyes. Looking for a tall, attractive, kind-hearted, successful man who's open to a committed relationship and who can appreciate the excitement of having a wonderful child in his life. 7662 ✉ ☎

Don't Settle—I'm handsome (really) 42, green eyes, 5'11", wavy hair, 170 lbs. A kind, warm, compassionate, romantic, artistic, successful man who's ready to to become a "we". Some of my interests include MOMA, Miles, Knicks, dining, travel, the arts and fashion. You are 25-35, model-slim, take great pride in your appearance, and not afraid to admit you're a cut above. You are strong-willed, sensitive, sensual, romantic, with uncompromising values, grace, class and wit. Photo/note, please. 7694 ✉ ☎

Standup Guy—Honest, reflective, funny and good-looking, 49, easy, Ivy, in publishing. Likes symphonies, ballgames, good books, nature and conversation. Seeks bright, positive and pretty, (212) woman, 30s-40s, for sincere relationship. Recent photo appreciated with genuine note (no form letters, please). Hugs reciprocated. 7675 ✉

Fun NJ Male—Jewish, divorced, lawyer, 52, 5'7", fit, cute nonsmoker. Likes: spur-of-the-moment fun, movies (Casablanca, film noir, off beat), idea of cross-country driving without set itinerary, beaches (Caribbean, Hamptons, LBI), street fairs, shopping in the Village/SoHo, dance/techno music, my kids (24 and 22), jeans on weekends, New York Times, Rolling Stone, New Republic. Seeking cute, warm, bright Jewish woman NJ (preferred) or NY, 40-53, who is intrigued, I hope, by at least some/most of the above. Photo/phone, please. 7623 ✉

Very Appealing—Curly blondish 48 year young woman, 5'3", and very fit is interested in meeting a 45-55 year old man - if your qualities, character and interests are similar to mine. I'm outgoing and fun to be with. I'm also honest and open about who I am and what I feel. I am compassionate and very passionate, and I am commitment minded in my profession as well as my personal life. As a professional horsewoman, I love horses and riding them as well as teaching people the art of riding. Animals, antiques, fine dining, movies and hiking are just some of the things I really enjoy. I've been looking forward to meeting you. I know you are out there. 7637 ✉ ☎

trictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for YM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders ccepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 12-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 1th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York agazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a YM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

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ovely Psychotherapist—Seeks 55-65 nale, tall, for life's delights. 7586 ✉ ☎

arttime Social Butterfly—Parttime ntrovert, avid reader, sensitive, spunky, 7, female, seeks self-aware, clever male, vith a zest for life, up to challenge of building a long term relationship. 7594 ✉ ☎

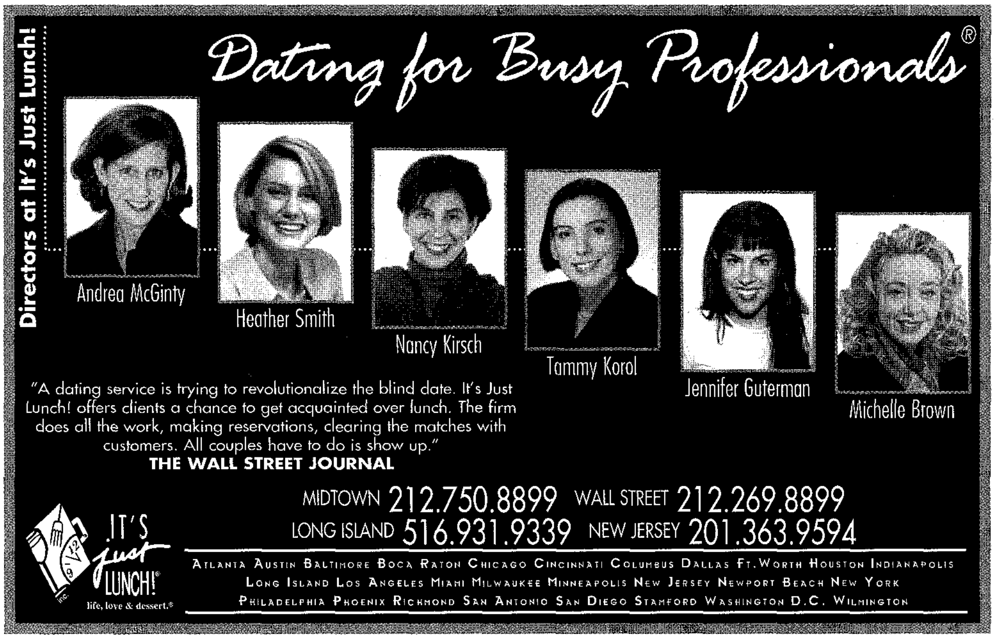
'm Looking For A Nice Lady—Who's ooking for a nice man. 7596 ✉

re You Special?—Can you escape for ong weekends in Aspen? Seeking a striking, sophisticated, extremely fit, 35-45, Manhattan woman of high character, who njoys music, movies, good humor, is very well-educated and understands the concept of passion and peace. Me? An Ivy-educated Wall Street exec, 6', in great shape physically, mentally, emotionally, ooking for a best friend/lover. Send recent photo and note. 7515 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Bi-Coastal Babe—With sparkle, sweetness, spunk, great legs (5'6", 125, 39), infectious laugh, good Jewish values, and a mischievous streak, desires kind, well-educated, fun, Jewish male, 39-53, with a great sense of humor. Prefer a high-powered dynamo, CEO, entrepreneurial-type. 7567 ✉ ☎

Cute, Classy—Early-50s professional female with looks, smarts, warmth, wit, seeks significant other. 7474 ✉☎

Bright, Attractive, Warmhearted—Single white male, youthful 42, 5'8", loves movies, music, books and dining out. Seeks pretty, down-to-earth female, 28-39, to share fun, life and love. Note/photo, please. 7602 ✉ ☎



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Southern Charm/NYC Energy—Pretty, petite exec seeks professional (48-60), fit, funny, smart, successful. Photo. 7491✉☎

Pretty, Smart, Upbeat—Young 60 widow, seeks caring soul mate. 7526 ✉ ☎

Sweet Jewish Female—Nicely packaged, seeks beloved to share outdoors, travel, great food. Late 30s to 50, hair a definite plus. Note/photo. 7490 ✉ ☎

Mature, Warm And Cuddly—Single man, 71, 6'2", 210 lbs. Enjoys NYC, theater, reading, outdoor activities. Seeks mature woman, 60 plus, nonsmoker, with great sense of humor, for long term relationship. 7668 ✉ ☎

A Woman, A Girl, A Goddess—Lovely, smart, cultured woman 28, girlish spirit with face/body of goddess. You are intelligent, successful, handsome, worldly, creative, marriage-minded, age 28-36. Note/photo, please. 7671 ✉ ☎

This Time It's Personal—Jewish, 35, attorney, who loves reading, music, sports, the outdoors and working with animals. I'm seeking an intelligent, down-to-earth female, nonsmoker, 29-34, who can appreciate my weird sense of humor. Dog lover a plus. Note/photo/phone. 7604 ✉ ☎

Playful—46-year-old chinese woman seeks gentleman who can tell a joke or two. Note and photo please. 7591 ✉

Short, Attractive Attorney—55, whose major interests are good books, good movies, good plays and keeping fit, seeks attractive Manhattan woman, with similar interests, for long term relationship. Photo preferred. 7677 ✉ ☎

Dynamic Woman—Looks fantastic at 49: lush hair, long legs, dark eyes; a creative clinician. Loves rock to opera, spinning, dancing, walks, books, kids. Seeks loving, genuine and fit man for committed relationship. 7625 ✉ ☎

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Tall Blond Texan—5'10", outgoing, cultured, fun, seeking professional secure man, 5'10" and up, nonsmoking, 35-50, for spring romance and beyond. 7612 ✉ ☎

Down-To-Earth Woman—43, slim, professional. Enjoys sports, outdoors, dining in/out, travel. Seeks really nice guy, unpretentious, athletic, humorous, 30s-40s. Note/phone/photo. 7507 ✉ ☎

World Traveler (39)—Seeks adventurous woman to see the world. Note/photo/phone. 7670 ✉ ☎

Pretty Woman—Slim, shapely, bright, warm, seeks special man, 62-75. 7560 ✉ ☎

Is It Possible—For a man and woman to meet, fall in love and stay in love? I think it is. Every once in a while, I see a marriage which, even after many years, still has that kind of intense attraction, and I think, "That's what I want". Without it, I'd rather stay single. I'm a 41-year-old man who loves writing, kayaking, the city, the Appalachian Trail, and the movies. Note and photo, please. 7529 ✉ ☎

Success Has Had Its Price—Down-to-earth investment banker, ready to settle down - trim, athletic, educated, adventurous, young 45, seeks intelligent, passionate, beautiful, caring, athletic woman, 25-38, for best friend, hopefully more. Note/photo please. 7506 ✉ ☎

Creative, Handsome—Financially secure male, mid 40s, loves film, theater, good restaurants, travel, knowledge, laughing, gym, reading, writing, helping others. Looking for attractive, fit female with special heart, wit and who is comfortable with herself. Note/photo, please. 7638 ✉

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Pretty, Slim, Warm, Insightful—Jewish professional, 31. Passionate, artistic, easygoing, playful, loves coffee shops, roots-rock, the Angelika, NPR, Coney Island, car trips, animals, dreaming, planning novels I'll never write. Seeks friendly, funny, introspective, smart, cute fella, 30s-40s, with similar interests, temperament. Should like traveling. 7655 ✉ ☎

Beauty And Brains—Slim, sexy, down-to-earth, single Jewish female physician, 35, seeking intelligent, accomplished, sincere, marriage-minded, single Jewish man for love and laughter. Note/photo 7615✉☎

Gay White Female, 41—Feminine, attractive, educated, professional, financially secure, physically and emotionally healthy, enjoys films, working out, dining and reading. Seeks a white female, 36-46, with the same attributes for friendship first, possible relationship. Manhattan and northern NJ a plus. 7549 ✉ ☎

Looking For Last First Date—I know you're out there - I see you everywhere. I'm very fit, handsome, sincere, successful, 40s, Italian-American. I love new experiences, beaches, sending flowers. Seeking very shapely, secure beauty, 30s, for lasting relationship. Note/photo. 7375✉☎

Juliet Seeks Romeo—Attractive, 5'5", blond, 40ish, seeks tall, attractive, romantic male, 44-55, for a fun relationship. Photo. 7683 ✉ ☎

Sexy Sophisticate—Pretty, petite, intelligent, very fit lady seeks an adventuresome, successful, classy gentleman, 50-60. My heart of gold reflects in my eyes and smile. I'm romantic, well-traveled, love dancing and golf. I'm as comfortable in a pair of jeans as in an evening gown! Photo/note. 7631 ✉

Good Girls Are Hard To Find—Beautiful, sweet, sexy blond, 29, wholesome and pure on the inside - but you would never know it from the outside. You are extremely successful (MD/JD/MBA-type) intelligent, kind, Jewish, 30-37, and want a forever romance with an old-fashioned yet knockout-looking girl. Note/photo/phone. 7522 ✉ ☎

Attention Male Snowbirds—Sassy, sexy, slim, south FL woman, loves art, tennis, photography...more. Seeks creative, fit, attractive man, 48-55, for passionate romance. Recent photo please. 7597 ✉ ☎

Elegant Redhead, Sweet And Shapely—Seeks a Jewish, 65-plus, loving, financially secure gentleman to share and enjoy quality life together. 7582 ✉ ☎

She-Brew Seeks He-Brew—Cheerful, outgoing, 40 year-old professional woman, seeks a sweet, smart, stable, smokeless and humor-full professional man to join me in exploring all the wonders and possibilities life has to offer. I'm an attractive, 5'2", with sapphire blue eyes, a mischievous spirit and passionate heart. 7518 ✉ ☎

San Diego Anyone?—Very pretty, smart, thin, athletic, 31, 5'8". Enjoys tennis, boating and the arts, seeks tall professional to relocate west. Note/photo. 7533 ✉ ☎

Centered, Handsome, Professional—Single white gentile male (35, 5'11", 42 jacket) longing for pretty, fit, intelligent, integrated lady to be close to my soul: she knows the mundane; unpretentiously appreciates the finer things and loves the offerings of Manhattan - artistic, social athletic. Note/photo. 7545 ✉ ☎

Wild Chestnut Hair—Dreamy haze eyes, brainy beauty with winning smile into health, fitness, ballet and the arts Seeks dynamic, highly successful professional man over 40. 7508 ✉ ☎

Attractive Woman—Intelligent, cultured self-employed, possesses curiosity and good humor, seeks kind, stable man, late 50s-60s. 7684 ✉

Rarer Than Leprechauns—Unorthodox Orthodox Jewish female, creative, literate real; aches to dovetail-join with kindred spirit Jewish male, 40-50, for life.7546 ✉ ☎

Decent Guy—Single white male, 36, 5'9", 175, Wall Street professional, attractive, intelligent, no baggage. In search of attractive, single/divorced white female, 28-35. Must like museums, parks, travel and positive thinking. No games. Note/photo. 7554 ✉ ☎ .

Let's Share Our Lives—Affectionate, caring, romantic, fun-to-be-with businessman, 6'3", 185 lbs, in-shape, 60. Enjoy ballet, quality conversation, active sports lifestyle, nonsmoker. Looking for that one special woman to establish a relationship built on trust, with a ton of chemistry. Current photo exchange. 7510 ✉ ☎

Catholic? Stop Here—If you're a single white female, 26-36, sane and stable, intelligent, college degreed, want kids (later), not overweight, live in NJ or NYC, and Catholic, our search might be over! I'm an executive and professor, from North NJ, 35, 5'8", 170 lbs, brown hair/eyes, mostly Italian, degreed (MBA and Doctorate), and never married but I'd like to be. Politics is my favorite sport, I read "The Economist" and love plays, old disco, NYC, fishing, sun and beach, and having fun. Note/photo/phone please. 7588 ✉

Hope And Desire—Pretty blond psychologist, intellectual and fun-loving, seeks male partner, 52-65, for an amazing afternoon of our lives. 7656 ✉ ☎

Handsome Man—38, offbeat humor, seeks woman, 40s-50, into museums and good conversation. Note/photo 7550 ✉ ☎

Divorced Male Doctor, 58—Seeks a special woman to enjoy health, happiness and sunsets together. Photo/note. 7512✉☎

Gay Woman—Late 40s, pretty, slim, stable, professional and often amusing. Note, photo if available. 7635 ✉

Gay Country Boy—Smart, sincere, funny, healthy, truly cute 43. Innkeeper (i.e. busy weekends) loves travel, classical music, yoga, theater, film, horse racing and dogs. Seeks similar too share sane, contented lives. Note/photo to 7557 ✉ ☎

Sophisticated Vivacious Head-Turner—Of unusual wartmh and beauty - HIV+ and in excellent health - would love to meet a successful man, of depth and character (55 and over) - who loves life and laughter. Photo/note please. 7660 ✉

A Very Fit But Lonely—65, Ivy-schooled international financial executive seeks female companionship. He likes exotic world travel, theater, arts, spectator sports, books, wood-burning fireplace and the pleasure of sharing. 7532 ✉

Stop! Don't Answer This Ad—Unless you are a qualified white male, 55-65, NYC and Westhampton, who's alive, alert, and ready to laugh. 7555 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Wealthy, Athletic—Harvard MBA, banker, white male, 31, seeks white or Asian female. Likes dining out, movies, exercise, museums and travel. 7485 ✉ ☎

Primordial Soulful Love—38, Jewish male, with a unique blend of deep ntelligence and an artist's heart, warm, really funny, compassionate, charismatic and directed, model looks, very fit. Emotional, psychological, intellectual and soul growth is most important to me. MD, extremely successful, seeks female in the arts, *who truly feels she's my counterpart* and who resonates with this. 7669 ✉

Seeking Smart Lady—Curvy, sound, pretty, 40-52. Am playful, savvy, good-looking, secure. Like art, music (Bach to Pink Floyd), travel. Note/photo. 7589 ✉ ☎

Rescue Me From My Inbox—5'9", slim, hazel-eyed, 40 year old female, seeks tall, fun-loving, under 60, well-educated guy to take her from work to play. Should love to laugh, enjoy sports, movies, and hiking. Photo/note. 7607 ✉

Athletic Riverdale MD—42, Christian, Indian and caucasian ancestry, successful warm, caring, seeking intelligent, classy lady. Photo and phone please. 7502 ✉ ☎

Quality Guy—Accomplished professional, kind, easygoing, wise, reliable, good listener, 5'9", fit, easy on the eyes; not perfect - but getting better all the time; enjoys travel, quiet times at home, arts, sports, nature, fine food, and romance. Seeking youngish 35-45, classy woman with enchanting smile, good heart, affectiuonate, upbeat, unpretentious (that enjoys being spoiled), very attractive, slim, with looks that captivate and a depth of character that is magnetic. Photo/personal note. 7590 ✉ ☎

Angry, Lonely, Disappointed—And depressed - but, fabulous. Looking for a menschy teddybear, over 50. 7629 ✉

Scuba Girl Seeks Scuba Guy—Attractive college professor, 42, PhD, avid diver, likes swimming, running, hiking, classical music, theatre, travel, seeks sincere, fit, educated professional man, 38-52, nonsmoker for longterm relationship. 7618 ✉ ☎

PhD Psychologist, Rabbi—55, 6', modern, affluent, seeks tall, learned, Kosher woman, to 55. Photo. 7659 ✉ ☎

Tall, Dark And Handsome—Divorced Jewish professional male, 45, fit, olympic humored, incredibly handsome, uncommonly intelligent, absolutely perfect in every way. I'd like to meet a woman who'll *humor me when I get like this.* 7593 ✉ ☎

Vivacious, Upbeat, Warm—Slender, 5'6", 48, professional, nonreligious Jewish, nonsmoker, with a passion for travel, books, politics, long walks, good conversation, *seeks male counterpart* for wherever it may lead. 7608 ✉ ☎

Second Chance?—Pretty, fit, fun, athletic, female and young child, self-sufficient with Jewish heart and interest in tradition, love of NYC and beyond seeks tall (5'10 plus) attractive, divorced, kind, successful mensch, 40-52 (light baggage) for friendship, love and sharing life together. (Note/phone, photo.) 7652 ✉

Cerebral Guy—Successful, high achiever, good-looking. Seeks classy female equal, late 30s (or nearby), with brains and beauty. You hold rational, secular, individualist values. 7681 ✉ ☎

Sexy, Charming, Blond—Emotionally/financially secure, seeks male counterpart, 45-57, to share life's best with. 7581 ✉ ☎

Sugar And Spice—Adventurous, pretty blond, curvaceous, thoughtful, educated professional, who likes skiing, travel and great conversation, seeks tall, 35-49, kind, secure, educated man for romance. Photo/note. 7657 ✉

Dana Delany Look-Alike—Who'll lovingly accept you for who you are as a man. Upbeat, bright Jewish woman, 38, with a passion for life, looking to share romantic dinners (dining out or dining in - I'll cook), traveling, the arts, fitness and basketball *(but I'm still mourning* Jordan's retirement), seeks supportive, kind Jewish man, over 35, for love... and more? Note/photo. 7639 ✉ ☎

Pretty Brunette—Big green eyes, mid 30s, Manhattanite, Jewish (nonreligious), witty, refined and family-oriented whose interests include working out, movies, music and Romance languages, seeks white male, 32-42, attractive, professional, outgoing, nonsmoking, no drugs, for long term commitment. Recent photo/note/phone number. 7617 ✉

Stephanie Powers Type—Auburn hair, violet eyes, Jewish, 40ish, curvaceous 5'6", seeks kind, sophisticated, handsome male, 42 plus, 5'10 plus. Photo. 7691 ✉ ☎

Reward!—Somewhere in the midst of Manhattan there lurks a woman who has been on the loose for a long time and is ready to turn herself in. Will you be the one to convince her to take herself out of circulation? Now mind you, she doesn't cook, clean or do laundry, but she's great at Zagat's, reservations and cocktails. Should you succeed, you will be rewarded *everyday for the rest of your life.* Good luck and let the best man win. 7561 ✉ ☎

Bollabustah—Accomplished, independent divorcee, 57, seeks guy with traditional values. 7634 ✉ ☎

Seeking Lady Of Substance—And Jewish tradition, intelligent, articulate, positive, compassionate, stylish, great sense of humor, lover of music, cats and tennis - by tall, 45, good-lookin' professional. Note/photo. 7672 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Petite Jewish Widow—With brains, bucks and many interests, seeks late 50s-60s, compatible gent. 7487 ✉ ☎

Czechmate—Successful American lawyer, 43, who knows Prague's beauty, seeks educated Czech or Eastern European woman, 25-40, to check out NY's restaurants, museums and theater, and travel to Europe if it clicks. 7536 ✉ ☎

Vail Over Miami Any Day—Tall, Waspy, handsome Jewish male, 35, blue eyes, brown hair, extremely athletic, all-Ivy-educated, seeks pretty, smart, funny, refined, athletic Jewish woman who would rather ski out west than sunbathe down south, knows that frosted flakes are cooler than granola, and would never tell a soul that she answered a personal ad. Please help me concoct a tale as to how we met. Photo, please. 7667 ✉

Back By Popular Demand—Modern Orthodox, never married female, 40, self-employed, slim, seeking stable, secure Orthodox mensch with sense of humor. No schmendricks need apply. RML1409@AOL. 7592 ✉

Cute, Dynamic Brunette—With captivating smile, Jewish, athletic (figure skating and tennis), very successful - seeks tall, *trim, educated, monogamous, optimistic* male, 30s-40s, to explore friendship and romance. Recent photo required. 7614 ✉ ☎

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Never Thought It Would Come To This—Refined,, *attractive, caring, successful,* divorced male, 51. Seeks warm, compassionate lady who also may never have thought it would come to this. Photo, please. 7587 ✉

Affectionate, Sensual, Musical—Woman with a soul, seeks loving man, 55-70. 7633 ✉ ☎

Upscale Romantic Male, PhD, 50's—Seeks upscale, romantic, tall, slim, leggy X-model or dancer who strongly believes in love at first sight. Photo/note. 7645 ✉

Looking For The Real Thing—Fairfield County physician, seeking a woman who is *elegant, refined, beautiful inside and out,* 28-38. Photo a must. 7609 ✉

Vivacious, Worldly, Attractive—South-American Jewish woman, MD, with good sense of humor, early 40s, who loves NY. Looking for male match, 40-55, ready to consider a serious relationship. 7641 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, Classy Psychotherapist—Slim, Jewish, former model, 57, seeks best friend and lover. 7572 ✉ ☎

Ah! Men—Smart, funny, sexy, earthy artist, *professor, 40-something, 5'5", prays* for a fit, worldly, creative man, 40s-50s, who shares my love of travel, animals, nature and culture. Nonsmoker. 7489 ✉ ☎

Limited Edition—Handsome Jewish MD, tall, fit, 40, seeks Jewish female, 28-36, beautiful in/out. Photo a must. 7654 ✉ ☎

Soulful Male—37, 6'1", seeks attractive, slim, emotionally deep, intellectually stimulating female with easy laugh. 7640 ✉ ☎

Mensch—My daughter says I need a perfect gentleman. 51 year young, Manhattanite looking for Jewish male to share life's 3 T's (tennis, travel and theater). 7636 ✉ ☎

Gay Man Seeks Masculine Buddy—Me? 6'1", 200, 63, Sean Connery-type. Fit/healthy, show biz writer/humorist, rare, big-hearted vegetarian mensch. You are 30s-40s, gym fit, good looks, very masculine, tall, nonsmoker, emotionally available. Successful at whatever, independent, assertive, literate and creative. Genius mind and twisted humor a plus. Photo/note. 7696 ✉ ☎

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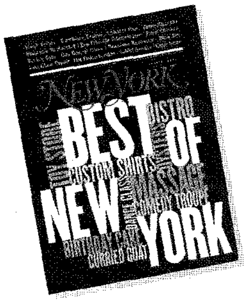

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Elegant And Beautiful—Jewish woman, 32, slim, dark hair, ocean-blue eyes, sophisticated, stylish, fun-loving and sensitive. Seeks Jewish, traditional, modern man, 30-42, with integrity and a sense of humor, for friendship and more. Recent photo and note. 7682 ✉

Smart Scientist—Jewish male, 33, seeks smart Jewish woman. 7663 ✉

Glamorous Wish Granter—Seeks 212 match. Granted: slim, smart, sensual, elegant Jewish beauty, mid 40s, beautiful body. Seeks: very successful, wise Jewish man, 45 plus, overdue for love, laughs, commitment and surprised we'd meet this way. Kids fine. Must risk a recent photo/note for response. 7606 ✉

Pretty, Special Jewish Female—36, slender, blue-eyed blond. Athletic, sincere, thoughtful, bright. I enjoy movies, tennis, crosswords and my job as a teacher, among other things. You are an intelligent, kind, genuine man seeking a committed relationship. Handwritten note preferred/photo, please. 7494 ✉ ☎

You Can Find Me If...—You take the time. Looking for selective, successful man, 46-54, who has the time for skiing, sailing, laughter and intimacy with one very special, pretty woman of substance. Note/photo/phone. 7650 ✉☎

Dentist/Model—I'm 32, 6' male, blue eyes, easygoing, spontaneous, love skiing, sushi, theater, the beach, and my baby blue Doberman. Seeking warm, compassionate, sincere, fit and very attractive, fun woman, 22-34, for great times and possible long term relationship. Photo. 7613 ✉ ☎

On The Ball—Attractive, blond, youthful 67, Manhattan, Jewish widow, nonsmoker, likes theater, music, movies, TV, quiet dining. Seeks compatible, trim, secure, nice looking man, for committed relationship. Note/recent photo. 7610 ✉

Beautiful Blond Model—Jewish, classy, with MBA, seeks handsome, fit, Jewish, successful MD/DDS/JD, 40-45 years old, who is emotionally secure, financially established and marriage-minded. Note/photo, please. 7504 ✉ ☎

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City-Minded, Country-Loving Woman—43, attractive professional (with dog), fit and slim - loves hiking, horseback riding, sailing when can, NYC treasures when can't, stable and caring. Seeks good man with humor, to walk through the world with. Note and photo, please. 7519 ✉☎

Have Hugs, Will Travel—Inspired, offbeat, romantic Jewish male seeks passionate adventuress for magic, mirth and moderate madness. 7622 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Tall, Intelligent, Creative—Warm, honest, good sense of humor, spiritual, 53-year-old man seeking slim woman, 25-40 years old, with similar qualities, beautiful inside and out, for relationship. Photo a must. 7685 ✉ ☎

Bright, Beautiful—Jewish professional, mom of 1, 45, fit, 5'9", blond, seeks caring, professional, single dad. 7539 ✉ ☎

Engaging, Attractive, Down-To-Earth—Professional, divorced Jewish woman who enjoys life, and likes a good laugh, seeks personable man in 50s. 7575 ✉ ☎

Gorgeous, No Doubt About It—Svelte, nice figure, Sophia Loren cheekbones, big dark eyes, long legs. Blond, 43. Sensual contemporary style. NYC born and bred. Successful, down-to-earth. Smart, very visual, very physical, dynamic with fun warm heart, adventurous streak. Passionate about living. More interested in people/culture than museums. Enjoys live theater, movies, British humor, double entendres, travel. Plays squash, getting better. Seeks bright, confident, financially secure, genuinely attractive man, 5'9" plus, 38-52. 7680 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Affluent, Bright—Jewish professional guy seeks bright career woman in medicine, law, PhD, etc., under 40. Terrific stock market investor, joke teller, airplane flyer, athlete, artist, tenured university professor and researcher. E-mail SHARPGUY4U@aol.com. 7687 ✉ ☎

Enlightened, Lovely, Long Legged—Lady exec desires 60 plus, energetic, successful, cultured, unpretentious gentleman companion to share my enthusiasm for life. 7679 ✉

Adventurous, Vibrant—Very young, youthful 50s lady, many interests, slim, 5'7", wants to meet younger guy for TLC, romance, enjoying life. 7524 ✉ ☎

Your Prize—Tall, 5'9", slim, attractive, smart, 43 year old "babe" with a heart of gold and moral compass. Classy aura, somewhat glam, sparkling personality, yet down-to-earth, psychologically and financially together, TV career, Jewish (but you needn't be). I like dinner, theater, the arts, entertaining at home, water, warm weather and my happy dog. You: age appropriate, fit, over 5'10", successful, good heart and mind, humor, at least a little charm, non-smoker. Note/photo please. 7649 ✉ ☎

Seasonal Affective Disorder?—Or spring fever? Pretty, vibrant 50ish widow, loves to laugh, ski, snorkel, entertain. Embraces life fully without Prozac. Ready for a spring fling or all-season relationship? You're a sane, fit, attractive gentleman over 5'9" (50-68), with great depth, humor. You enjoy classical music, good writing and lack of pretense and you seek the company of a classy, professional and fun lady. Note/photo. 7664 ✉ ☎

Voulez-Vouz?—Take a chance with this chic, charming, secure, multilingual Frenchwoman who combines a jet-set lifestyle with a love of all things spiritual. I travel, ski, entertain, cook a deux or for twenty. Seeking a very successful, well-traveled man with similar lifestyle, over 40, 5'10" plus. I am early 40s, 5'6", buxom, one child. 7537 ✉ ☎

Our Turn—Male, white Christian, 51, 6', divorced, children grown, financially secure, works Manhattan, lives Staten Island, may relocate to NJ, seeks down-to-earth female, white, Christian, 45-55, who enjoys beach (Jersey shore), New Hope, PA, dining out, movies, sports. Photo appreciated. 7646 ✉

Beautiful Brunette—Young-looking early 40s, Jewish Manhattanite, cultured, sophisticated, down-to-earth, shapely. Seeks good-looking, marriage-minded professional gentleman, 40-55, for serious romance. Note/photo/phone. 7599 ✉ ☎

Coup De Foudre—Desired by very pretty, green-eyed, slim, shapely, warm, sweet, giving, easygoing, classy woman seeking kind, loving, generous, honest, discerning, sui generis, tall, dark, handsome Jewish man (38-50) who is as selective as I am. Note/photo a must. 7523 ✉ ☎

Cosmopolitan, Caring, Multicultural—Slim, 42, divorced professional, Asian-Indian man with a great sense of humor, who enjoys outdoors, movies and arts. Seeks a warm, attractive, open-minded and multicultural lady. 7578 ✉ ☎

A Sparkle In Your Life—Petite, effervescent, French, blond beauty seeks handsome, caring, sensitive soul mate, nonsmoker, to share eclectic interests. 43-50. Photo/note a must. 7564 ✉ ☎

Please Stop Hiding—I'm a smart, fun, pretty, Jewish, Ivy, editor/writer, pianist, mom. I'm never boring, 43, 5'3" and slim. I laugh alot, give great conversation, and only get on a few people's nerves. You're smart, funny, successful and warm. Note/photo/phone, will reciprocate. 7571 ✉ ☎

Smart, Svelte, Slim—Passionate, beautiful, divorced Jewish woman, 38. Appealing, whimsical smile, lovely, dark, honest eyes, good legs... European heart and soul, American to the core. Gentle, warm, sexy, independent. Culturally adept, successful professional. Favorite pastimes: learning, sailing, singing, skiing, speaking French, eating lobster, studying other cultures. Seeks kind, very smart, 5'8"-plus, 35-52, man with solid career. 7665 ✉ ☎

Brown-Eyed Gal In Tall, Slim, Sexy—Intelligent body - seeks smart, funny, attractive man, 34 plus. Photo. 7509 ✉☎

Lawyer, Businessman—Widower, 59, seeks a petite woman with sunshine in her smile, moonlight in her eyes, and stardust on her wings. Ascob1@aol.com. 7627 ✉

Hunky, Athletic, Intelligent—Successful marketing exec with a spiritual nature, enjoys gym, beach, sailing, bicycling, soccer, movies, reading, performing arts, looking for nonsmoker, 30-50 years, for intimate relationship. Letter/photo. 7693 ✉ ☎

Cute Jewish Guy—39, 6', slim, MBA, never-married, seeks educated, attractive Jewish gal, 27-38, for happily ever after. Photo, please. NY/NJ. 7601 ✉ ☎

Financially Secure Man—Low key, retired professional, 60ish, Jewish, seeks younger, educated Jersey lady: tall, works out, strong, robust. 7495 ✉☎

Irish Born—50, artist, own business, 6', brown/hazel, slim, dog owner, seeks lady, 35-50, for relationship. 7624 ✉ ☎

Genuine, Bright And Warm—39, handsome, fit, active, successful and Jewish, seeks best friend/soul mate with warm heart and big smile. 212 a plus. 7558 ✉ ☎

Pretty—30 year-old, devilish, fit, fun, and Jewish, love tennis, biking, bridge and theater, Boston educated, seeks sweet guy for life adventure. Photo a plus. 7653 ✉

Alluring, Very Attractive—Heartfelt, stylish, professional woman, 46. Curvy, nice figure, 5'7". Offbeat playful humor, pretty amber eyes. Warm, adventurous, artistic, creative, NYC resident, Jewish/Italian lineage, European sensibility. Drawn to the Mediterranean, American Southwest, CA. Passionate about art, photography, beautiful things, dreams, the unconscious mind, travel. Seeks smart, non-smoking, financially comfortable man, 35-55, 5'9"+, who appreciates the soulful/aesthetic things in life. 7666 ✉ ☎

Too Extraordinary For My Own Good Phi Beta Kappa, PhD, stunner, 5'7", leggy AEPi Sweetheart, pianist, heart of gold, seeks counterpart, 47-57. Photo. 7647 ✉☎

Pretty Redhead—With brains, style, substance. Slim, classy, Jewish attorney, dancer, traveler, skier; values quality and integrity. Seeking intelligent, handsome, successful, selective man, 42-55, for lasting relationship. 7658 ✉ ☎

Seeking—Intelligent, happy, successful male with a sense of humor, 58-68, for a serious relationship with a slim, attractive, like-minded, quality lady. 7630 ✉

Seeking to Share The World—With smart, funny, loving, kid-friendly, accomplished man, 45-60, who values ideas, family, friends and social change. I am a smart, attractive, very accomplished Jewish woman, fun-loving, with capacity for intimacy. Let's begin! 7583 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Sophisticated Woman—35, blond, petite, executive, seeks attractive, fit, and highly successful man, 30-40. You must be adventurous, love the outdoors; hiking, mountain biking, tennis and skiing. Ready for commitment. Photo. 7559✉☎

Spectacular Green Eyes—Arrestingly pretty, slim, smart, honey blond, divorced Jewish female, considered perfect combination: warm and cool, sophisticated and down-to-earth. Good figure. Successful professional. Hard working exterior, soft center. Lives balanced life. Enjoys movies, reading, exercising, a great burger and fries or new fusion restaurant, tennis, Paris, New Orleans. Beginning golf. Seeks smart, attractive, 39-57, 5'8" plus man with humor, good mind. 7552 ✉ ☎

Adventure, Humor, Intellect—Share all with pretty, slim, successful woman. You're 50 plus, Jewish, fit, funny, caring, enjoy life, sports, the arts, the outdoors. I'd love to meet. Note/photo. 7661 ✉

Writer/Filmmaker/Professor—Kind, sensitive, affectionate, 5'11', 165, toned, young 41, divorced. Seeks politically progressive, healthy-eating, slim, intelligent woman. Letter/pix. 7501 ✉☎

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NEW YORK

Red-Haired, Green-Eyed Irish Girl—26, looking for interesting man. Photo and note a must. 7621 ✉

Is There A Docotor In The House?—I'm partial to MDs who are compassionate and have a sense of humor. I'm not only limited to doctors. Please be 5'10", 50 plus, clean-cut (no beards) and intelligent. I'm an upscale Manhattan woman, attractive and shapely, independent, intelligent and easy to be with, looking for a relationship. Photo please 7516 ✉ ☎

True Companion Sought—By passionate, slim female, 44, with great smile, and sense of humor. You are a professional Jewish man, 40-50, who love athletics, music and travel. canoesu@aol.com. Photo appreciated. 7538 ✉ ☎

Gay Latina Female, 41—Good-looking, stable, educated professional, with a great sense of humor, enjoys golf, tennis, movies, dining out/in, seeks mature, gay female with similar interests for fun and more... 7585 ✉ ☎

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MARY ANN MADDEN #937

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

"She's Only My Sister's Cousin, But She's More Than a Wife to Me."

"Ridin' High, Feelin' Low."

"I've Been Drunk Since Midnight Baby So I Thought I'd Call You Up."

Above, Country Heard From. Competitors are invited to invent the title of one original song for what artists formerly knew as country and Western.

Results of Competition 934, in which you were asked to supply the name of a made-for-television movie.

Report: Well done, you lot. Murder, biopic, and true-life travail. Ignoring current affairs (so to say), you concentrated on the send-up title, blueprints made only for television. Extravagantly usual, modestly global. Deeply silly. Thanks. Don't know about you, but we here at the plant do not want to hear another word about that woman, Ms. Lewinsky. And not a moment too soon, either.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

"Murder at the Home Shopping Club"
S. B. Tanqredi, N.Y.C.

"Not Without My Personal Trainer"
Bob Klein, Sound Beach, N.Y.

"Too Rich and Too Thin"
James M. Rose, White Plains, N.Y.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

"He'll Come Back and Murder Me, Pretty Bobby Shaftoe"
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

"Internet Bride"
Catherine Lume, Maspeth, N.Y.
also prize to: Margaret Dale, Longmeadow, Mass.

"Rottweiler: Puppy of Death"
Nancy Stewart, N.Y.C.

And Honorable Mention to:

"The Princess and the Pizza Delivery Boy"
Joseph Emanuele, Forest Hills, Pa.

"Route to Nowhere: Black-Market Highway Adoption Ring"
James Morgan, New Brunswick, N.J.

"Runway to Nowhere: The Rise and Fall of a Supermodel"
Bob Sorensen, Herndon, Va.

"Tag . . . You're Dead!"
Tim Hanley, N.Y.C.

"Sugar and Spice and Everything Vice"
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

"Demon Seedling"
Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mass.

"Bored to Death"
John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

"Gutter Balls: The Bowling-League Murders"
Mark McHugh, Miami, Fla.
similarly: Hank Volker, Boca Raton, Fla.

"Turn Away: The Story of a Freak"
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

"Shocking April"
R. A. Honeygosky, Washington, D.C.

"Misunderstood: The Tonya Harding Story"
Jane Abrams, Kew Gardens, N.Y.

"Y2K: Terror at Midnight!"
Bruce Karp, Hackensack, N.J.

"01/01/00: A Dramatization"
Bob Salias, Naples, N.Y.

"Youthful Indiscretions"
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

"Heartthrob: Affair With a Surgeon"
David I. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

"They're Here! They're Big! And There's Lots of Them!—Terror in Iowa"
Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.

"The Fifth Corner"
Mark Wolfson, Lauderhill, Fla.

"Dark Skies Over Denver"
Jerry Zakrzewski, Kearny, N.J.

"I Saw You Leave the Stove On"
Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.

"Bunker Hill: They Didn't Ask, They Didn't Tell"—A TNT Original Movie
D. C. Capps, N.Y.C.

"Miracle in a Time-Share"
Lawrence Eisenberg, N.Y.C.
similarly: Alan Levine, Massapequa, N.Y.

"Tinky Winky: The E! True Hollywood Story"
Norman Charles, N.Y.C.

"Jazz Strikes a Blue Note"
Dom Graizzaro, Dumont, N.J.

"Talk-Television Terror"
Larry Mitchell, Dahlonega, Ga.

"Nobody Spanks My Child"
Mitchell A. Kopnick, Janesville, Wisc.

"What Was Wrong With Your Old Face?"
Tom Montgomery, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"The Double-Cross-Dresser"
Toby Black, Brooklyn

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Mary M. Loveless, Memphis, Tenn.

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David Yarnell, Los Angeles, Calif.

"My Friends Call Me Buzzy: Scandal in the Catskills"
Ivan K. Freeman, N.Y.C.

"Don't Tip the Bouncer"
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

"Body-Surfing the Net"
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

"A Very Brady Transplant"
Fran Manne, Mahwah, N.J.

"A Very Brady Funeral"
J. M. Tribelli, N.Y.C.

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Dan Steinbrocker, Los Angeles, Calif.

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Howard Slenk, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

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Lucy Oblonsky, Newark, Del.

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Paula Doherty, Tiverton, R.I.

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Louise Jackson, Somerset, Mass.

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Coeli Carr, N.Y.C.

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Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring, Md.

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John Koch, Madison, Wisc.

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Barry S. Gillman, East Brunswick, N.J.

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Wendy Glickstein, N.Y.C.

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Phil Di Maggio, Barton, Vt.

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William L. Bennett, Muskegon, Mich.

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Albert Komishane, Elizabeth, N.J.

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David Brubaker, Carlisle, Pa.

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Robert Griffith, Huntington Station, N.Y.

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Sue Ross, Rego Park, N.Y.

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Chuck Smith, Woodbridge, Va.

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Mark S. Greenberg, Bronx

"Love and Death in a Solid-Waste Facility"
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

"Alien Angel"
Elaine Stallworth, New Port Richey, Fla.

"Rollerblade Saint—The Story of a Teenage Evangelist"
Raymond E. Benenson, Niskayuna, N.Y.

"Seduced and Divorced"
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

"I Was Bigfoot's Love Slave"
Jessica Lynne Mathews, North Arlington, Va.

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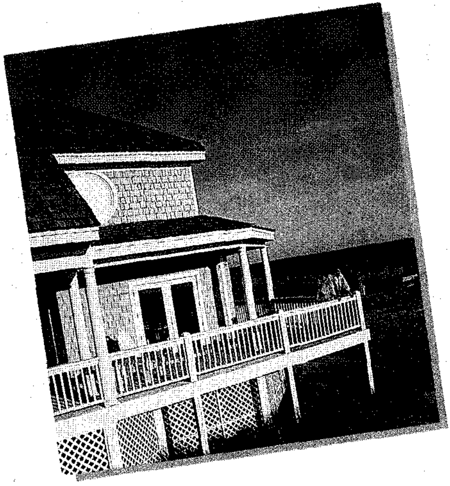

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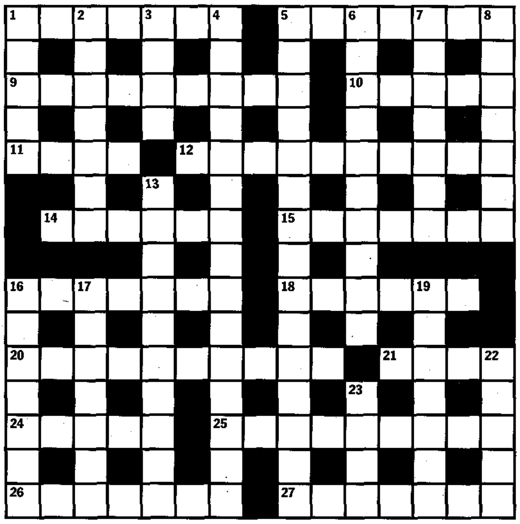
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Varnish lady has to call back for. (7)
5 Son is brought to account on return from gambling halls. (7)
9 Brighten aunt's perm? (7,2)
10 Female of Etruscan Italy. (5)
11 Head of the loch. (4)
12 Starting to light the fireworks? (7,3)
14 Hopelessly at sea in present-day schism. (6)
15 Window in the French upper chamber . . . (7)
16 . . . where the French shot wildly at nothing. (7)
18 Poem in tattered cover partly worn away. (6)
20 Sailors, when at liberty to horse around, do. (5,5)
21 The greater part of the office. (4)
24 South Americans appearing in French case. (5)
25 His new ideas may give hostelry zero VAT alternative. (9)
26 Music casually followed in quick time. (7)
27 General struggle to expand. (7)



DOWN

1 Wrong about when Indian antelope is to be seen. (5)
2 Pleased about having slipped away. (7)
3 Peel a thin piece of wood. (4)
4 Customary state of laity perhaps after assembly. (15)
5 Does the judge use fine prose in awarding it? (7,8)
6 Lack of activity in country without women? (10)
7 Where a robin may fly round one. (7)
8 Get possession of a bit. (7)
13 Upset at hair loss? (10)
16 One with odd external lustre may be more vigorous. (7)
17 Is now capable of supplying high-style winter covering. (7)
19 He may be very hard on old player. (7)
22 Start proceedings in court. (5)
23 Eggs a novice on to get in shape. (4)

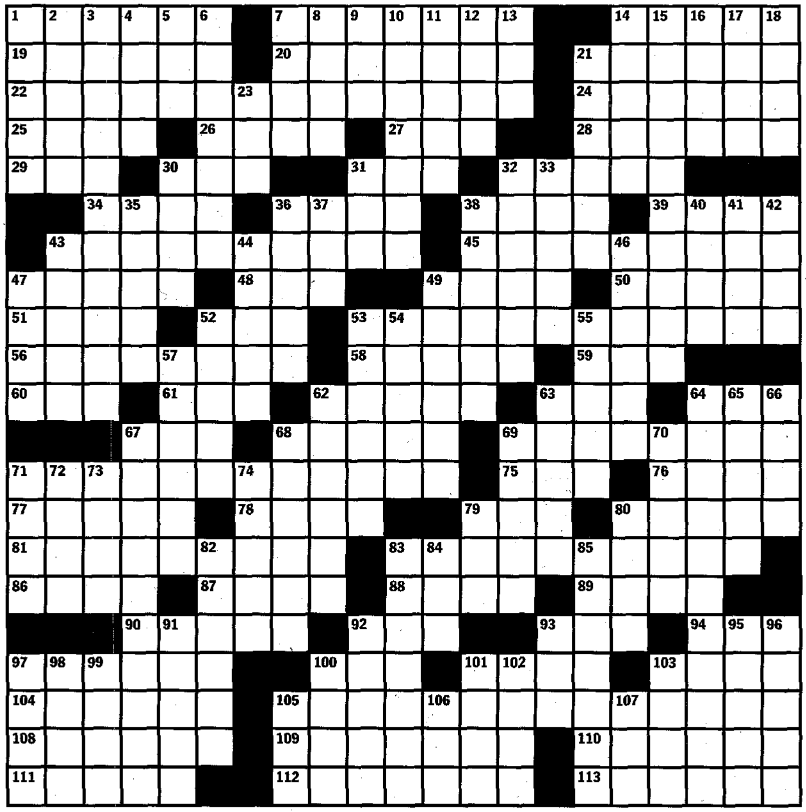
'Writing Music': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Have an impact on
7 TV's Regis
14 Ski-hill carriers
19 Beatrice of the London stage
20 Rear gear
21 Lucre
22 Kin of an IOU
24 Confined one
25 Author's good guy
26 Break a bronco
27 Number for Noah
28 Approached
29 "—— was going to St. Ives . . ."
30 Repair
31 Hit the jackpot
32 Butter-making device
34 Audio-impaired
36 "Uptown Girl" composer Billy
38 Ruler length
39 G.I. truant
43 Certain phone tie-ins
45 Act as mediator
47 Tea variety
48 Eggs, to Caesar
49 Possess
50 "Three Tall Women" playwright
51 Readied champagne
52 Playmate for Tarzan
53 Hershey sale
56 Articles for the newborn
58 Brit's truck
59 Dictionary info: abbr.
60 Jr. naval officer
61 Bricklayer's carryall
62 Temporary cessation
63 Distant
64 Defunct ration agcy.
67 Heston's Hur
68 Crop up
69 On cloud nine
71 Tailors' needs
75 Boathouse item
76 Bouffant hairdo
77 Ralph Kramden's wife
78 Ocean motion
79 Paul's "Exodus" role
80 Au revoir
81 Revert to wrongdoing
83 Astronauts' milieu
86 Oscillate in rhythm
87 Taproom choices
88 Goad
89 Borgia in-law
90 Battens down
92 Place for coal
93 "Diamond Lil" portrayer
94 Wall and Basin: abbr.
97 Prized flower
100 Constellation next to Scorpius
101 Fictional whaler
103 Rat-—— (machine-gun sound)
104 New Orleans campus
105 Completely level
108 Hardened to hardship
109 Bears witness
110 Internet explorer
111 Oozes
112 Boozer
113 Tennis great Edberg

DOWN

1 Archimedes' initial
2 Gives the ax
3 West, Largo, etc.
4 "Tickle me" doll
5 Half CCIV
6 Take the stand in court
7 School formal
8 Roll-call reply
9 College League
10 Soup beans
11 Darker than tan
12 Words in a ratio
13 Maiden-named
14 Copy-machine chemical
15 Novelist's genre
16 Controversial apple spray
17 Aussie friend
18 Backyard building
21 One of sixty on the clock
23 Getz's instrument, familiarly
30 Destiny
31 Like Willie Winkie
32 Escort
33 New York's Plaza, for one
35 Wear away
36 Is a jitterbug
37 Out —— limb
38 Carriage for Gigi
40 "Dragnet" star
41 Old Greek theaters
42 Gloating glance
43 Southern pie ingredient
44 Moved with an easy gait
46 Appraisers
47 Carpet feature
49 "Equus" victims
52 Do penance
53 Actress Bloom
54 "Animal" or "Bleak"
55 Robin of balladry
57 Motifs
62 Bluenoses
63 Natural knack
64 Some business workers
65 Food prepared with a strainer
66 Baseball family name
67 "Vanity Fair" girl
68 Covert stage comments
69 Afflicted with ennui
70 Begin's co-Nobelist
71 Index-card projections
72 "There oughta be ——!"
73 Type of type
74 Leaning to one side
79 From —— Z
80 Altar end of a church
82 Praised
83 Sedatives
84 Object in a Keats ode
85 Atlantic fish
91 Jazz pianist known as "Fatha"
92 Other people's children
93 Road guide
95 —— dim view of
96 Back of the boat
97 Elevator innovator
98 Viking hieroglyphic
99 Lead for Sherlock
100 Lowest female voice
101 Regarding
102 49-Across, when used with "thou"
103 Crusaders' port
105 Liposuction target
106 Kind of viper
107 Bolt's partner



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 127.

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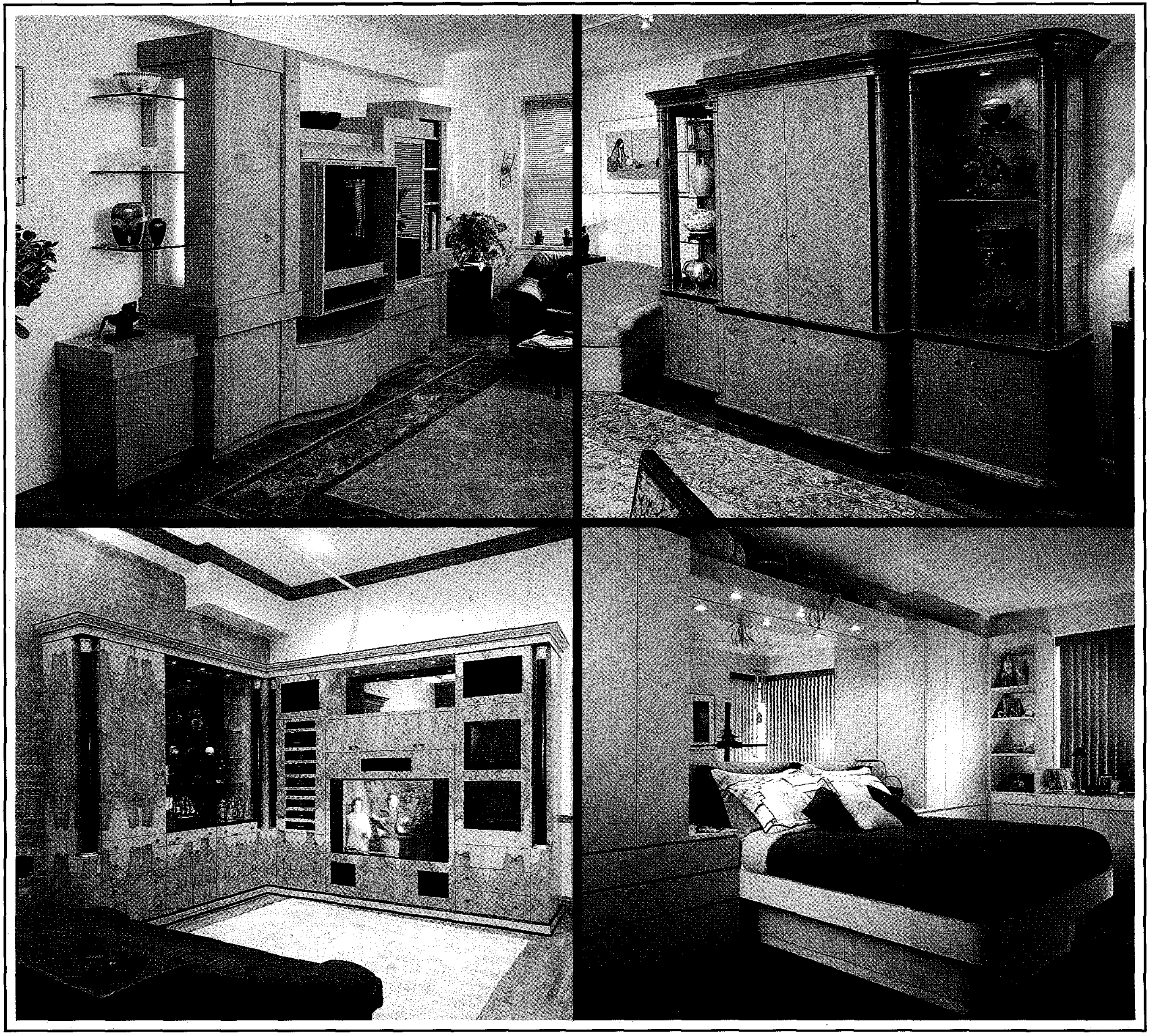

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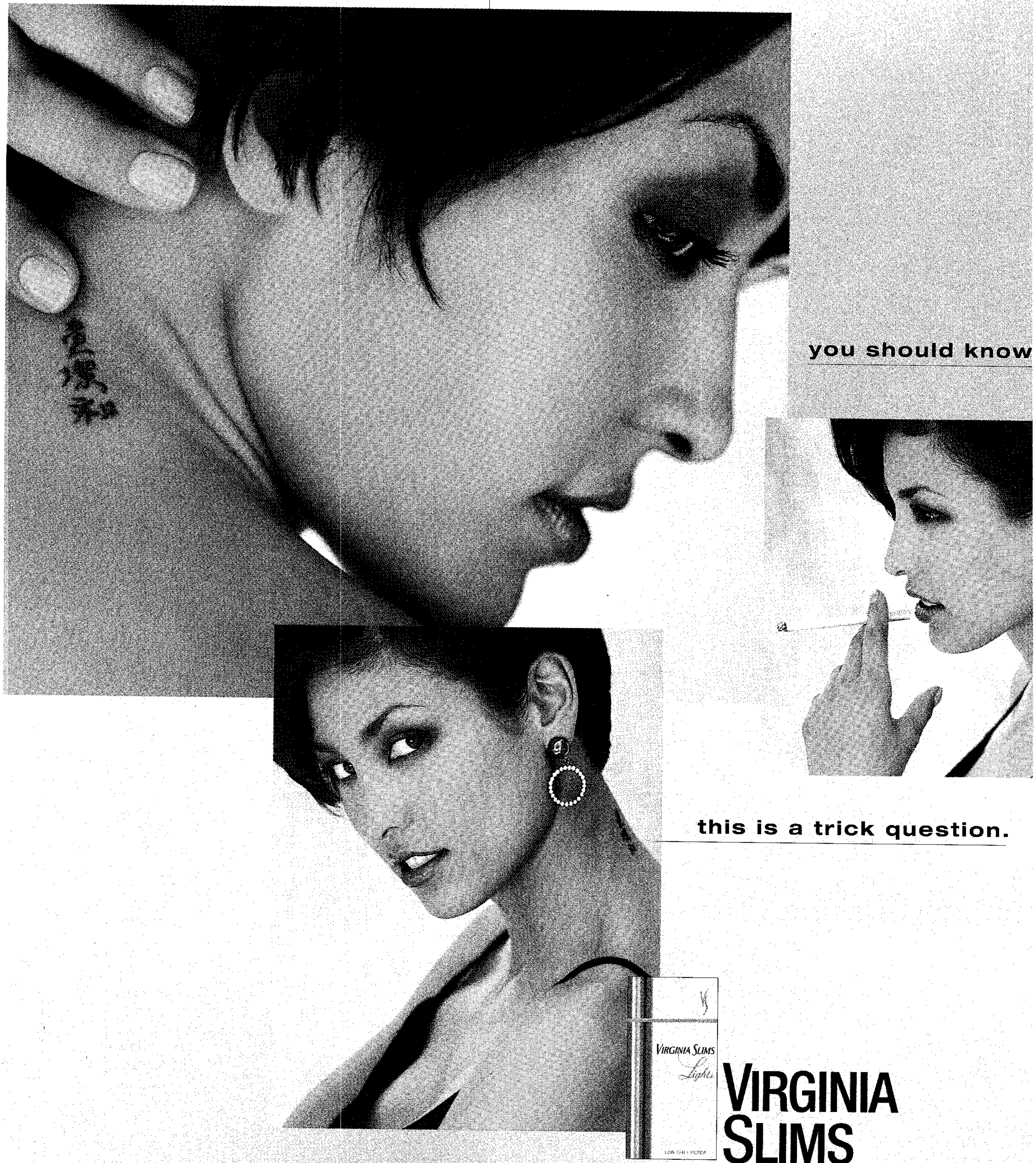
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